BOOK V

NOW we have come to the last act in the drama of youth, but we are not yet at the dénouement. It is not good for man to be alone.[1] Emile is a man. We have promised him a companion. She has to be given to him. That companion is Sophie. In what place is her abode? Where shall we find her? To find her, it is necessary to know her. Let us first learn what she is; then we shall better judge what places she inhabits. And even when we have found her, everything will still not have been done. "Since our young gentleman," says Locke, "is ready to marry, it is time to leave him to his beloved."[2] And with that he finishes his work. But as I do not have the honor of raising a gentleman, I shall take care not to imitate Locke on this point.

Sophie

OR THE WOMAN

Sophie ought to be a woman as Emile is a man—that is to say, she ought to have everything which suits the constitution of her species and her sex in order to fill her place in the physical and moral order. Let us begin, then, by examining the similarities and the differences of her sex and ours.

In everything not connected with sex, woman is man. She has the same organs, the same needs, the same faculties. The machine is constructed in the same way; its parts are the same; the one functions as does the other; the form is similar; and in whatever respect one considers them, the difference between them is only one of more or less.

In everything connected with sex, woman and man are in every respect related and in every respect different. The difficulty of comparing them comes from the difficulty of determining what in their constitutions is due to sex and what is not. On the basis of comparative anatomy

and even just by inspection, one finds general differences between them that do not appear connected with sex. They are, nevertheless, connected with sex, but by relations which we are not in a position to perceive. We do not know the extent of these relations. The only thing we know with certainty is that everything man and woman have in common belongs to the species, and that everything which distinguishes them belongs to the sex. From this double perspective, we find them related in so many ways and opposed in so many other ways that it is perhaps one of the marvels of nature to have been able to construct two such similar beings who are constituted so differently.

These relations and these differences must have a moral influence. This conclusion is evident to the senses; it is in agreement with our experience; and it shows how vain are the disputes as to whether one of the two sexes is superior or whether they are equal—as though each, in fulfilling nature's ends according to its own particular purpose, were thereby less perfect than if it resembled the other more! In what they have in common, they are equal. Where they differ, they are not comparable. A perfect woman and a perfect man ought not to resemble each other in mind any more than in looks, and perfection is not susceptible of more or less.

In the union of the sexes each contributes equally to the common aim, but not in the same way. From this diversity arises the first assignable difference in the moral relations of the two sexes. One ought to be active and strong, the other passive and weak. One must necessarily will and be able; it suffices that the other put up little resistance.

Once this principle is established, it follows that woman is made specially to please man. If man ought to please her in turn, it is due to a less direct necessity. His merit is in his power; he pleases by the sole fact of his strength. This is not the law of love, I agree. But it is that of nature, prior to love itself.

If woman is made to please and to be subjugated, she ought to make herself agreeable to man instead of arousing him. Her own violence is in her charms. It is by these that she ought to constrain him to find his strength and make use of it. The surest art for animating that strength is to make it necessary by resistance. Then *amour-propre* unites with desire, and the one triumphs in the victory that the other has made him win. From this there arises attack and defense, the audacity of one sex and the timidity of the other, and finally the modesty and the shame with which nature armed the weak in order to enslave the strong.

Who could think that nature has indiscriminately prescribed the same advances to both men and women, and that the first to form desires should also be the first to show them? What a strange depravity of judgment! Since the undertaking has such different consequences for the two sexes, is it natural that they should have the same audacity in abandoning themselves to it? With so great an inequality in what each risks in the union, how can one fail to see that if reserve did not impose on one sex the moderation which nature imposes on the other, the result would soon be the ruin of both, and mankind would perish

by the means established for preserving it? If there were some unfortunate region on earth where philosophy had introduced this practice —especially in hot countries, where more women are born than men— men would be tyrannized by women. For, given the ease with which women arouse men's senses and reawaken in the depths of their hearts the remains of ardors which are almost extinguished, men would finally be their victims and would see themselves dragged to death without ever being able to defend themselves.

If females among the animals do not have the same shame, what follows from that? Do they have, as women do, the unlimited desires to which this shame serves as a brake? For them, desires comes only with need. When the need is satisfied, the desire ceases. They no longer feign to repulse the male * but really do so. They do exactly the opposite of Augustus' daughter; they accept no more passengers when the ship has its cargo.[3] Even when they are free, their times of good will are short and quickly pass. Instinct impels them, and instinct stops them. What will be the substitute for this negative instinct when you have deprived women of modesty? To wait until they no longer care for men is equivalent to waiting until they are no longer good for anything.

The Supreme Being wanted to do honor to the human species in everything. While giving man inclinations without limit, He gives him at the same time the law which regulates them, in order that he may be free and in command of himself. While abandoning man to immoderate passions, He joins reason to these passions in order to govern them. While abandoning woman to unlimited desires, He joins modesty to these desires in order to constrain them. In addition, He adds yet another real recompense for the good use of one's faculties—the taste we acquire for decent things when we make them the rule of our actions. All this, it seems to me, is worth more than the instinct of beasts.

Whether the human female shares man's desires or not and wants to satisfy them or not, she repulses him and always defends herself— but not always with the same force or, consequently, with the same success. For the attacker to be victorious, the one who is attacked must permit or arrange it; for does she not have adroit means to force the aggressor to use force? The freest and sweetest of all acts does not admit of real violence. Nature and reason oppose it: nature, in that it has provided the weaker with as much strength as is needed to resist when it pleases her; reason, in that real rape is not only the most brutal of all acts but the one most contrary to its end—either because the man thus declares war on his companion and authorizes her to defend her person and her liberty even at the expense of the agressor's life, or because the woman alone is the judge of the condition she is in, and a child would have no father if every man could usurp the father's rights.

Here, then, is a third conclusion drawn from the constitution of the

* I have already noticed that affected and provocative refusals are common to almost all females, even among animals, even when they are most disposed to give themselves. One has to have never observed their wiles not to agree with this.

sexes—that the stronger appears to be master but actually depends on the weaker. This is due not to a frivolous practice of gallantry or to the proud generosity of a protector, but to an invariable law of nature which gives woman more facility to excite the desires than man to satisfy them. This causes the latter, whether he likes it or not, to depend on the former's wish and constrains him to seek to please her in turn, so that she will consent to let him be the stronger. Then what is sweetest for man in his victory is the doubt whether it is weakness which yields to strength or the will which surrenders. And the woman's usual ruse is always to leave this doubt between her and him. In this the spirit of women corresponds perfectly to their constitution. Far from blushing at their weakness, they make it their glory. Their tender muscles are without resistance. They pretend to be unable to lift the lightest burdens. They would be ashamed to be strong. Why is that? It is not only to appear delicate; it is due to a shrewder precaution. They prepare in advance excuses and the right to be weak in case of need.

The progress of the enlightenment acquired as a result of our vices has greatly changed the old opinions on this point among us. Rapes are hardly ever spoken of anymore, since they are so little necessary and men no longer believe in them.* By contrast, they are very common in early Greek and Jewish antiquity, because those old opinions belong to the simplicity of nature, and only the experience of libertinism has been able to uproot them. If fewer acts of rape are cited in our day, this is surely not because men are more temperate but because they are less credulous, and such a complaint, which previously would have persuaded simple peoples, in our days would succeed only in attracting the laughter of mockers. It is more advantageous to keep quiet. In Deuteronomy there is a law by which a girl who had been abused was punished along with her seducer if the offense had been committed in the city. But if it had been committed in the country or in an isolated place, the man alone was punished: "For," the law says, "the girl cried out and was not heard."[4] This benign interpretation taught the girls not to let themselves be surprised in well-frequented places.

The effect of these differences of opinion about morals is evident. Modern gallantry is their work. Finding that their pleasures depended more on the will of the fair sex than they had believed, men have captivated that will by attentions for which the fair sex has amply compensated them.

Observe how the physical leads us unawares to the moral, and how the sweetest laws of love are born little by little from the coarse union of the sexes. Women possess their empire not because men wanted it that way, but because nature wants it that way. It belonged to women before they appeared to have it. The same Hercules who believed he raped the fifty daughters of Thespitius was nevertheless constrained

* There can be such a disproportion of age and strength that real rape takes place; but treating here the relation between the sexes according to the order of nature, I take them both as they ordinarily are in that relation.

to weave while he was with Omphale; and the strong Samson was not so strong as Delilah.[5] This empire belongs to women and cannot be taken from them, even when they abuse it. If they could ever lose it, they would have done so long ago.

There is no parity between the two sexes in regard to the consequences of sex. The male is male only at certain moments. The female is female her whole life or at least during her whole youth. Everything constantly recalls her sex to her; and, to fulfill its functions well, she needs a constitution which corresponds to it. She needs care during her pregnancy; she needs rest at the time of childbirth; she needs a soft and sedentary life to suckle her children; she needs patience and gentleness, a zeal and an affection that nothing can rebuff in order to raise her children. She serves as the link between them and their father; she alone makes him love them and gives him the confidence to call them his own. How much tenderness and care is required to maintain the union of the whole family! And, finally, all this must come not from virtues but from tastes, or else the human species would soon be extinguished.

The strictness of the relative duties of the two sexes is not and cannot be the same. When woman complains on this score about unjust man-made inequality, she is wrong. This inequality is not a human institution—or, at least, it is the work not of prejudice but of reason. It is up to the sex that nature has charged with the bearing of children to be responsible for them to the other sex. Doubtless it is not permitted to anyone to violate his faith, and every unfaithful husband who deprives his wife of the only reward of the austere duties of her sex is an unjust and barbarous man. But the unfaithful woman does more; she dissolves the family and breaks all the bonds of nature. In giving the man children which are not his, she betrays both. She joins perfidy to infidelity. I have difficulty seeing what disorders and what crimes do not flow from this one. If there is a frightful condition in the world, it is that of an unhappy father who, lacking confidence in his wife, does not dare to yield to the sweetest sentiments of his heart, who wonders, in embracing his child, whether he is embracing another's, the token of his dishonor, the plunderer of his own children's property. What does the family become in such a situation if not a society of secret enemies whom a guilty woman arms against one another in forcing them to feign mutual love?

It is important, then, not only that a woman be faithful, but that she be judged to be faithful by her husband, by those near her, by everyone. It is important that she be modest, attentive, reserved, and that she give evidence of her virtue to the eyes of others as well as to her own conscience. If it is important that a father love his children, it is important that he esteem their mother. These are the reasons which put even appearances among the duties of women, and make honor and reputation no less indispensable to them than chastity. There follows from these principles, along with the moral difference of the sexes, a new motive of duty and propriety which prescribes especially to women the most scrupulous attention to their conduct, their manners, and

their bearing. To maintain vaguely that the two sexes are equal and that their duties are the same, is to lose oneself in vain declaiming; it is to say nothing so long as one does not respond to these considerations.

Is it not a sound way of reasoning to present exceptions in response to such well-grounded general laws? Women, you say, do not always produce children? No, but their proper purpose is to produce them. What! Because there are a hundred big cities in the universe where women living in license produce few children, you claim that it is proper to woman's status to produce few children! And what would become of your cities if women living more simply and more chastely far away in the country did not make up for the sterility of the city ladies? In how many provinces are women who have only produced four or five children taken to be infecund! * Finally, what does it matter that this or that woman produces few children? Is woman's status any less that of motherhood, and is it not by general laws that nature and morals ought to provide for this status?

Even if there were intervals as long as one supposes between pregnancies, will a woman abruptly and regularly change her way of life without peril and risk? Will she be nurse today and warrior tomorrow? Will she change temperament and tastes as a chameleon does colors? Will she suddenly go from shade, enclosure, and domestic cares to the harshness of the open air, the labors, the fatigues, and the perils of war? Will she be fearful † at one moment and brave at another, delicate at one moment and robust at another? If young people raised in Paris have difficulty enduring the profession of arms, will women, who have never endured the sun and hardly know how to walk, endure it after fifty years of softness? Will they take up this harsh profession at the age when men leave it?

There are countries where women give birth almost without pain and nurse their children almost without effort. I admit it. But in these same countries the men go half naked at all times, vanquish ferocious beasts, carry a canoe like a knapsack, pursue the hunt for up to seven or eight hundred leagues, sleep in the open air on the ground, bear unbelievable fatigues, and go several days without eating. When women become robust, men become still more so. When men get soft, women get even softer. When the two change equally, the difference remains the same.

In his *Republic*, Plato gives women the same exercises as men.[6] I can well believe it! Having removed private families from his regime and no longer knowing what to do with women, he found himself forced to make them men. That noble genius had planned everything, foreseen everything. He was forestalling an objection that perhaps no one would have thought of making to him, but he provided a poor solution to the one which is made to him. I am not speaking of that alleged

* Without that, the species would necessarily fade away. In order for it to be preserved, every woman must, everything considered, produce nearly four children; for nearly half of the children who are born die before they can have others, and the two remaining ones are needed to represent the father and the mother. See if the cities will provide you with this population.

† The timidity of women is another instinct of nature against the double risk they run during their pregnancy.

community of women; the often repeated reproach on this point proves that those who make it against him have never read him. I am speaking of that civil promiscuity which throughout confounds the two sexes in the same employments and in the same labors and which cannot fail to engender the most intolerable abuses. I speak of that subversion of the sweetest sentiments of nature, sacrificed to an artificial sentiment which can only be maintained by them—as though there were no need for a natural base on which to form conventional ties; as though the love of one's nearest were not the principle of the love one owes the state; as though it were not by means of the small fatherland which is the family that the heart attaches itself to the large one; as though it were not the good son, the good husband, and the good father who make the good citizen!

Once it is demonstrated that man and woman are not and ought not to be constituted in the same way in either character or temperament, it follows that they ought not to have the same education. In following nature's directions, man and woman ought to act in concert, but they ought not to do the same things. The goal of their labors is common, but their labors themselves are different, and consequently so are the tastes directing them. After having tried to form the natural man, let us also see how the woman who suits this man ought to be formed so that our work will not be left imperfect.

Do you wish always to be well guided? Then always follow nature's indications. Everything that characterizes the fair sex ought to be respected as established by nature. You constantly say, "Women have this or that failing which we do not have." Your pride deceives you. They would be failings for you; they are their good qualities. Everything would go less well if they did not have these qualities. Prevent these alleged failings from degenerating, but take care not to destroy them.

For their part, women do not cease to proclaim that we raise them to be vain and coquettish, that we constantly entertain them with puerilities in order to remain more easily their masters. They blame on us the failings for which we reproach them. What folly! And since when is it that men get involved in the education of girls? Who prevents their mothers from raising them as they please? They have no colleges. What a great misfortune! Would God that there were none for boys; they would be more sensibly and decently raised! Are your daughters forced to waste their time in silliness? Are they made in spite of themselves to spend half their lives getting dressed up, following the example you set them? Are you prevented from instructing them and having them instructed as you please? Is it our fault that they please us when they are pretty, that their mincing ways seduce us, that the art which they learn from you attracts us and pleases us, that we like to see them tastefully dressed, that we let them sharpen at their leisure the weapons with which they subjugate us? So, decide to raise them like men. The men will gladly consent to it! The more women want to resemble them, the less women will govern them, and then men will truly be the masters.

All the faculties common to the two sexes are not equally distributed between them; but taken together, they balance out. Woman is worth

more as woman and less as man. Wherever she makes use of her rights, she has the advantage. Wherever she wants to usurp ours, she remains beneath us. One can respond to this general truth only with exceptions, the constant mode of argument of the gallant partisans of the fair sex.

To cultivate man's qualities in women and to neglect those which are proper to them is obviously to work to their detriment. Crafty women see this too well to be duped by it. In trying to usurp our advantages, they do not abandon theirs. But it turns out that they are unable to manage both well—because the two are incompatible—and they remain beneath their own level without getting up to ours, thus losing half their value. Believe me, judicious mother, do not make a decent man of your daughter, as though you would give nature the lie.[7] Make a decent woman of her, and be sure that as a result she will be worth more for herself and for us.

Does it follow that she ought to be raised in ignorance of everything and limited to the housekeeping functions alone? Will man turn his companion into his servant? Will he deprive himself of the greatest charm of society with her? In order to make her more subject, will he prevent her from feeling anything, from knowing anything? Will he make her into a veritable automaton? Surely not. It is not thus that nature has spoken in giving women such agreeable and nimble minds. On the contrary, nature wants them to think, to judge, to love, to know, to cultivate their minds as well as their looks. These are the weapons nature gives them to take the place of the strength they lack and to direct ours. They ought to learn many things but only those that are suitable for them to know.

Whether I consider the particular purpose of the fair sex, whether I observe its inclinations, whether I consider its duties, all join equally in indicating to me the form of education that suits it. Woman and man are made for one another, but their mutual dependence is not equal. Men depend on women because of their desires; women depend on men because of both their desires and their needs. We would survive more easily without them than they would without us. For them to have what is necessary to their station, they depend on us to give it to them, to want to give it to them, to esteem them worthy of it. They depend on our sentiments, on the value we set on their merit, on the importance we attach to their charms and their virtues. By the very law of nature women are at the mercy of men's judgments, as much for their own sake as for that of their children. It is not enough that they be estimable; they must be esteemed. It is not enough for them to be pretty; they must please. It is not enough for them to be temperate; they must be recognized as such. Their honor is not only in their conduct but in their reputation; and it is not possible that a woman who consents to be regarded as disreputable can ever be decent. When a man acts well, he depends only on himself and can brave public judgment; but when a woman acts well, she has accomplished only half of her task, and what is thought of her is no less important to her than what she actually is. From this it follows that the system of woman's education ought to be contrary in this respect to the system

of our education. Opinion is the grave of virtue among men and its throne among women.

The good constitution of children initially depends on that of their mothers. The first education of men depends on the care of women. Men's morals, their passions, their tastes, their pleasures, their very happiness also depend on women. Thus the whole education of women ought to relate to men. To please men, to be useful to them, to make herself loved and honored by them, to raise them when young, to care for them when grown, to counsel them, to console them, to make their lives agreeable and sweet—these are the duties of women at all times, and they ought to be taught from childhood. So long as one does not return to this principle, one will deviate from the goal, and all the precepts taught to women will be of no use for their happiness or for ours.

But although every woman wants to please men and should want to, there is quite a difference between wanting to please the man of merit, the truly lovable man, and wanting to please those little flatterers who dishonor both their own sex and the one they imitate. Neither nature nor reason can bring a woman to love in men what resembles herself; nor is it by adopting their ways that she ought to seek to make herself loved.

When women leave the modest and composed tone of their sex and adopt the airs of these giddy fellows, far from following their own vocation, they renounce it and divest themselves of the rights they think they are usurping. "If we acted differently," they say, "we would not please men." They lie. One has to be foolish to love fools. The desire to attract these people reveals the taste of the woman who indulges it. If there were no frivolous men, she would be eager to produce some; and she is much more responsible for their frivolities than they are for hers. The woman who loves true men and who wants to please them employs means appropriate to her intention. To be a woman means to be coquettish, but her coquetry changes its form and its object according to her views. Let us regulate her views according to those of nature, and woman will have the education which suits her.

Little girls love adornment almost from birth. Not satisfied with being pretty, they want people to think that they are pretty. One sees in their little airs that this concern preoccupies them already; and when they are hardly in a condition to understand what is said to them, they can already be governed by speaking to them of what will be thought of them. When the same motive is—very inappropriately—suggested to little boys, it by no means has a similar empire over them. Provided that they are independent and that they have pleasure, they care little what might be thought of them. It is only by dint of time and effort that they are subjected to the same law.

From whatever source this first lesson comes to girls, it is a very good one. Since the body is born, so to speak, before the soul, the body ought to be cultivated first. This order is common to the two sexes, but the aim of this cultivation is different. For man this aim is the development of strength; for woman it is the development of attractiveness. Not that these qualities ought to exclude one another; their rank order

is merely reversed in each sex: women need enough strength to do everything they do with grace; men need enough adroitness to do everything they do with facility.

Extreme softness on the part of women leads to softness in men. Women ought not to be robust *like* men, but they should be robust *for* men, so that the men born from them will be robust too. In this respect convents, where the boarders have coarse food but many sports, races, and games outdoors in gardens, are to be preferred to the paternal household, where a girl—delicately fed, always pampered or scolded, always seated within range of her mother's eyes, shut up in a room—does not dare stand up, walk, speak, or breathe, and does not have a moment of freedom to play, jump, run, shout, or indulge in the petulance natural to her age. It is always a case of either dangerous slackness or ill-conceived severity—never anything according to reason. This is how the body and the heart of youth are ruined.

The girls of Sparta exercised in military games like the boys—not to go to war but one day to bear children capable of withstanding war's fatigues.[8] That is not what I recommend. It is not necessary for mothers to have carried the musket and done the Prussian drill in order for them to provide soldiers to the state. But I do find that in general this part of Greek education was very well conceived. The young girls appeared often in public, not mixed in with the boys but gathered together among themselves. There was hardly a festival, a sacrifice, or a ceremony where groups of daughters of the first citizens were not seen crowned with flowers, chanting hymns, forming dancing companies, bearing baskets, vases, and offerings, and presenting to the depraved senses of the Greeks a charming spectacle fit to counterbalance the bad effect of their indecent gymnastic. Whatever impression this practice made on men's hearts, it was still an excellent way of giving the fair sex a good constitution in youth by means of agreeable, moderate, and salutary exercises. It sharpened and formed the girls' taste by means of the continual desire to please and did so without ever endangering their morals.

As soon as these young persons were married, they were no longer seen in public. Shut up in their houses, they limited all their cares to their households and their families. Such is the way of life that nature and reason prescribe for the fair sex. From these mothers were born the healthiest, the most robust, the most well-built men in the world. And in spite of the ill repute of some islands, it is an unchanging fact that of all the peoples of the world—without excepting even the Romans—none is cited where the women were both purer and more lovable, and where they better combined morals with beauty than in ancient Greece.

It is known that comfortable clothing which did not hinder the body contributed a great deal to leaving both sexes among the Greeks with those beautiful proportions seen in their statues—statues which still serve as models for art today, when disfigured nature has ceased furnishing art with models among us. They had not a single one of all these gothic shackles, these multitudes of ligatures which squeeze our bodies on all sides. Their women were ignorant of the use of these whalebone corsets with which our women counterfeit their waists

rather than display them. I cannot believe that this abuse, pushed to an inconceivable extent in England, will not finally cause the species to degenerate, and I even maintain that the attraction that it offers is in bad taste. It is not attractive to see a woman cut in half like a wasp. That is shocking to the sight, and it makes the imagination suffer. The narrowness of the waist has, like everything else, its proportions, its limit, beyond which it is certainly a defect. This defect would even be an assault on the eye when seen naked. Why should it be a beautiful thing under clothing?

I dare not pursue the reasons why women are obstinate about thus putting themselves in armor: a drooping bosom, a fat stomach, etc. This is most displeasing, I agree, in a twenty-year-old, but it is no longer shocking at thirty. And since we must, in spite of ourselves, at all times be what nature pleases, and since man's eye is not deceived, these defects are less displeasing at all ages than the foolish affectation of a little girl of forty.

Everything that hinders and constrains nature is in bad taste. This is as true of the adornments of the body as it is of the ornaments of the mind. Life, health, reason, and well-being ought to go ahead of everything. Grace does not exist without comfort. Delicacy is not sickliness, and it is not requisite to be unhealthy in order to please. One arouses pity when one suffers, but pleasure and desire seek the freshness of health.

The children of both sexes have many common entertainments, and that ought to be so. Is this not also the case when they are grown up? They also have particular tastes which distinguish them. Boys seek movement and noise: drums, boots, little carriages. Girls prefer what presents itself to sight and is useful for ornamentation: mirrors, jewels, dresses, particularly dolls. The doll is the special entertainment of this sex. This is evidently its taste, determined by its purpose. The physical part of the art of pleasing lies in adornment. This is the only part of that art that children can cultivate.

Observe a little girl spending the day around her doll, constantly changing its clothes, dressing and undressing it hundreds and hundreds of times, continuously seeking new combinations of ornaments—well- or ill-matched, it makes no difference. Her fingers lack adroitness, her taste is not yet formed, but already the inclination reveals itself. In this eternal occupation time flows without her thinking of it; the hours pass, and she knows nothing of it. She even forgets meals. She is hungrier for adornment than for food. But, you will say, she adorns her doll and not her person. Doubtless. She sees her doll and does not see herself. She can do nothing for herself. She is not yet formed; she has neither talent nor strength; she is still nothing. She is entirely in her doll, and she puts all her coquetry into it. She will not always leave it there. She awaits the moment when she will be her own doll.

This is a very definite primary taste. You have only to follow and regulate it. It is certain that the little girl would want with all her heart to know how to adorn her doll, to make its bracelets, its scarf, its flounce, its lace. For all of this she is put in such a harsh dependence on the good will of others that it would be far more convenient for

her to owe everything to her own industry. In this way there emerges the reason for the first lessons she is given. They are not tasks prescribed to her, they are kindnesses done for her. In fact, almost all little girls learn to read and write with repugnance. But as for holding a needle, that they always learn gladly. They imagine themselves to be grown up and think with pleasure that these talents will one day be useful for adorning themselves.

Once this first path is opened, it is easy to follow. Sewing, embroidery, and lacemaking come by themselves. Tapestry is not so much to their taste. Furniture is too far from them: it is not connected to the person; it is connected with other sets of opinions. Tapestry is the entertainment of women; young girls will never take a very great pleasure in it.

This voluntary progress is easily extended to drawing, for this art is not without importance for the art of dressing oneself up tastefully. But I would not want them to apply themselves to landscapes, still less to figures. Leaves, fruits, flowers, draperies, everything which is useful for giving an elegant turn to clothing and for making an embroidery pattern for oneself when one does not find any to one's taste—that is enough for them. In general, if it is important for men to limit their studies to useful knowledge, it is even more important for women, because the latter's lives, although less laborious, are—or ought to be—more attached to their cares and more interrupted by various cares. Thus their lives do not permit them to indulge themselves in any preferred talent to the prejudice of their duties.

Whatever humorists may say, good sense belongs equally to the two sexes. Girls are generally more docile than boys, and one should even use more authority with them, as I shall say a little later. But it does not follow that anything ought to be demanded from them whose utility they cannot see. The art of mothers is to show them the utility of everything they prescribe to them, and that is all the easier since intelligence is more precocious in girls than in boys. This rule banishes —for their sex as well as for ours—not only idle studies which lead to no good and do not even make those who have pursued them more attractive to others, but even those which are not useful at their age and whose usefulness for a more advanced age the child cannot foresee. If I do not want to push a boy to learn to read, a fortiori I do not want to force girls to before making them well aware of what the use of reading is. In the way this utility is ordinarily showed to them, we follow our own idea far more than theirs. After all, where is the necessity for a girl to know how to read and write so early? Will she so soon have a household to govern? There are very few girls who do not abuse this fatal science more than they make good use of it. And all of them have too much curiosity not to learn it—without our forcing them to do so—when they have the leisure and the occasion. Perhaps they ought to learn to do arithmetic before anything, for nothing presents a more palpable utility at all times, requires longer practice, and is so exposed to error as calculation. If the little girl were to get cherries for her snack only by doing an arithmetical operation, I assure you that she would soon know how to calculate.

I know a young person who learned to write before learning to read, and who began to write with the needle before writing with the quill. Of all the letters, she first wanted only to make *O*'s. She incessantly made big and little *O*'s, *O*'s of all sizes, *O*'s inside one another, and always drawn backward. Unfortunately, one day when she was busy with this useful exercise, she saw herself in a mirror; and finding that this constrained attitude was not graceful for her, like another Minerva [9] she threw away the pen and no longer wanted to make *O*'s. Her brother did not like to write any more than she did, but what irritated him was the discomfort and not the appearance it gave him. Another tack was taken to bring her back to writing. The little girl was refined and vain. She did not stand for her linen being used by her sisters. Others marked it for her; they no longer wanted to mark it. She had to learn how to mark it herself. The rest of her progress can easily be conceived.

Always justify the cares that you impose on young girls, but always impose cares on them. Idleness and disobedience are the two most dangerous defects for them and the ones least easily cured once contracted. Girls ought to be vigilant and industrious. That is not all. They ought to be constrained very early. This misfortune, if it is one for them, is inseparable from their sex, and they are never delivered from it without suffering far more cruel misfortunes. All their lives they will be enslaved to the most continual and most severe of constraints—that of the proprieties. They must first be exercised in constraint, so that it never costs them anything to tame all their caprices in order to submit them to the wills of others. If they always wanted to work, one would sometimes have to force them to do nothing. Dissipation, frivolity, and inconstancy are defects that easily arise from the corruption and continued indulgence of their first tastes. To prevent this abuse, teach them above all to conquer themselves. Amidst our senseless arrangements a decent woman's life is a perpetual combat against herself. It is just that this sex share the pain of the evils it has caused us.

Prevent girls from being bored by their work and enthusiastic about their entertainment, as is always the case in vulgar educations where, as Fénelon says, all the boredom is put on one side and all the pleasure on the other.[10] If one follows the preceding rules, the first of these two difficulties will arise only when the persons with them are displeasing to them. A little girl who loves her mother or her lady friend will work at her side all day without boredom. Chatter alone will compensate her for all her constraint. But if she finds the woman who governs her unbearable, she will develop the same distaste for everything she does under that woman's eyes. It is very difficult for girls who do not enjoy themselves more with their mothers than with anyone else in the world to turn out well one day. But to judge their true sentiments, one must study them and not trust what they say, for they are flatterers and dissimulators, and they quickly learn to disguise themselves. Neither ought one to prescribe that they love their mother. Affection does not come from duty, and constraint is of no use here. Attachment, care, and mere habit make the mother loved by her daughter, if she does nothing to make herself hated. Even the constraint in which she keeps her daughter, if it is well directed, will, far from

weakening this attachment, only increase it; for dependence is a condition natural to women, and thus girls feel themselves made to obey.

For the same reason that they have—or ought to have—little freedom, they tend to excess in the freedom that is left to them. Extreme in everything, they indulge themselves in their games with even more intensity than boys do. This is the second difficulty of which I was just speaking. This intensity ought to be moderated, for it is the cause of several vices peculiar to women, such as, among others, the capriciousness and infatuation which cause a woman to be in transports today for some object she will not look at tomorrow. Inconstancy of tastes is as deadly for them as is excess, and both come from the same source. Do not deprive them of gaiety, laughter, noise, and frolicsome games, but prevent them from getting their fill of one in order to run to another; do not allow for a single instant in their lives that they no longer know any restraint. Accustom them to being interrupted in the midst of their games and brought back to other cares without grumbling. Habit alone suffices in this as well, because it does nothing other than to reinforce nature.

From this habitual constraint comes a docility which women need all their lives, since they never cease to be subjected either to a man or to the judgments of men and they are never permitted to put themselves above these judgments. The first and most important quality of a woman is gentleness. As she is made to obey a being who is so imperfect, often so full of vices, and always so full of defects as man, she ought to learn early to endure even injustice and to bear a husband's wrongs without complaining. It is not for his sake, it is for her own, that she ought to be gentle. The bitterness and the stubbornness of women never do anything but increase their ills and the bad behavior of their husbands. Men feel that it is not with these weapons that women ought to conquer them. Heaven did not make women ingratiating and persuasive in order that they become shrewish. It did not make them weak in order that they be imperious. It did not give them so gentle a voice in order that they utter insults. It did not give them such delicate features to be disfigured by anger. When they get upset, they forget themselves. They are often right to complain, but they are always wrong to scold. Each sex ought to keep to its own tone. A husband who is too gentle can make a woman impertinent; but unless a man is a monster, the gentleness of a woman brings him around and triumphs over him sooner or later.

Let girls always be subjected, but let mothers not always be inexorable. To make a young person docile, one must not make her unhappy; to make her modest, one must not brutalize her. On the contrary, I would not be upset if she were allowed to use a little cleverness, not to elude punishment for disobedience but to get herself exempted from obeying. It is not a question of making her dependence painful for her; it suffices to make her feel it. Guile is a natural talent with the fair sex, and since I am persuaded that all the natural inclinations are good and right in themselves, I am of the opinion that this one should be cultivated like the others. The only issue is preventing its abuse.

As to the truth of this remark, I rely on every observer of good faith. I do not want women themselves to be examined on this point. Our constraining institutions may have forced them to sharpen their wits. I want girls to be examined—little girls who are, so to speak, just born—and I want them to be compared with little boys of the same age; and if the latter do not appear heavy, giddy, and stupid next to the girls, I shall be incontestably wrong. Permit me a single example taken in all its puerile naïveté.

It is very common to forbid children to ask for anything at meals; for it is believed that their education is never more successful than when it is overburdened with useless precepts—as though a morsel of this or that could not be speedily granted or refused * without making a poor child constantly die of covetousness whetted by hope. Everybody knows the skill of a young boy subjected to this law who had been forgotten at a meal and took it into his head to ask for salt, etc. I shall not say that one could quibble with him for having directly asked for salt and indirectly for meat. The omission was so cruel that, if he had openly infringed the law and straightforwardly said that he was hungry, I cannot believe that he would have been punished for it. But here is how a six-year-old girl went about solving such a problem in my presence. The case was much more difficult. Not only was she strictly forbidden ever to ask for anything either directly or indirectly, but since she had eaten some of all the dishes—except one which they had forgotten to give her and which she coveted very much—disobedience would not have been pardonable.

Now, in order to obtain redress for this oversight without anyone being able to accuse her of disobedience, she stuck out her finger and passed all the dishes in review, saying aloud as she pointed to them, "I have eaten some of that one; I have eaten some of that one." But she made so visible a display of silently passing over the one of which she had not eaten that someone noticed it and said to her, "Didn't you eat some of that one?" "Oh, no," replied the little glutton, sweetly lowering her eyes. I shall add nothing. Compare. This trick is the ruse of a girl; the other is the ruse of a boy.

What is, is good, and no general law is bad. This peculiar cleverness given to the fair sex is a very equitable compensation for their lesser share of strength, a compensation without which women would be not man's companion but his slave. It is by means of this superiority in talent that she keeps herself his equal and that she governs him while obeying him. Woman has everything against her—our defects, her timidity, and her weakness. She has in her favor only her art and her beauty. Is it not just that she cultivate both? But beauty is not general; it is destroyed by countless accidents; it passes with the years; habit destroys its effect. Wit alone is the true resource of the fair sex—not that stupid wit which the social world values so highly and which is of no use for making women's lives happy, but the wit which suits their position and consists in an art of exploiting man's position and putting

* A child becomes importunate when he finds that it is to his advantage to be so. But he will never ask for the same thing twice if the first response is always irrevocable.

our peculiar advantages to their use. We do not recognize how useful this feminine cleverness is to us, how much charm it adds to the society of the two sexes, how much it serves to repress the petulance of children, how many brutal husbands it restrains, how many good households it maintains which would be troubled by discord without it. I know that crafty and wicked women abuse it. But what does vice not abuse? Let us not destroy the instruments of happiness because the wicked sometimes use them to do harm.

One can shine by means of adornment, but one can please only by means of one's person. We are not our clothes. Often they detract from us by their elaborateness. The clothes that make the woman who wears them most noticed are often those that are least noticed in themselves. On this point the education of young girls is completely mistaken. They are promised ornaments as a reward and are taught to like elaborate finery. "How beautiful she is!" we say to them when they are heavily adorned. We ought, on the contrary, to make them understand that so much clothing is put on only to hide some defects and that the true triumph of beauty is to shine by itself. The love of fashions is in bad taste because our visages do not change with them; and since one's looks stay the same, what suits them once, suits them always.

If I saw the young girl strutting in her finery, I would appear anxious about her looks being disguised in this way and about what someone might think about it. I would say, "All these ornaments adorn her too much. That's too bad. Do you believe that she could get by with simpler ones? Is she beautiful enough to do without this one or that one?" Perhaps she will then be the first to beg that this ornament be taken from her, and that she then be judged. This is the case in which she should be applauded, if there are grounds for it. I would never praise her so much as when she is most simply dressed. When she regards adornment only as a supplement to the graces of her person and as a tacit avowal that she needs help in order to please, she will not be proud of her clothes, she will be humble about them. And if, when she is more adorned than usual, she hears someone say, "How beautiful she is!" she will blush with chagrin.

Moreover, some people have looks that need adornment, but none requires rich finery. Costly adornments come from the vanity of rank and not from vanity about one's person; they depend solely on prejudice. True coquetry is sometimes elaborate, but it is never showy; and Juno dressed herself up more superbly than Venus did.[11] "Unable to make her beautiful, you made her rich," said Appelles to a bad painter who painted Helen heavily loaded with finery.[12] I have also noticed that the most sumptuous adornment usually marks ugly women. There could not be a more maladroit kind of vanity. Give some ribbons, gauze, muslin, and flowers to a tasteful young girl who despises fashion. Without diamonds, tassels, or lace * she is going to produce for herself an

* Women who have skin white enough to do without lace would cause a great deal of chagrin to the others if they were not to wear it. It is almost always ugly persons who lead the fashions to which the beautiful ones are so stupid as to subject themselves.

outfit that will make her a hundred times more charming than all the brilliant rags of La Duchapt would.[13]

Since what is good is always good, and one must always do the best one can, women who know something about styles choose good ones and stick to them; and since they are not changing them every day, they are less involved with them than are those who do not know what to choose. True care for adornment requires little time at the dressing table. Young misses rarely indulge in the ceremony of the dressing table;[14] work and lessons fill their day. Nevertheless they are in general made up—with the exception of rouge—with as much care as fashionable ladies, and often in better taste. The abuse of the dressing table is not what one thinks; it comes far more from boredom than from vanity. A woman who spends six hours at her dressing table is not unaware that she does not go out better made up than a woman who only spends half an hour at it, but those hours are subtracted from the tedious march of time; and it is better to be entertained with oneself than to be bored with everything. Without the dressing table what could one do with life from noon to nine o'clock? By gathering around themselves other women to irritate, they can entertain themselves. That is already something. They avoid being alone with a husband whom they see only at this hour. That is much more. And then come the merchants, the salesmen, the fops, the scribblers, the poems, the songs, the pamphlets. Without the dressing table all this could not be so conveniently assembled. The only real profit connected with the thing is the pretext that it gives them for showing off a bit more of themselves than when they are dressed. But this profit is perhaps not as great as is thought, and women at their dressing table do not gain by it as much as they would like to say. Do not scruple to give women a woman's education; see to it that they like the cares of their sex, that they are modest, that they know how to watch over their households and busy themselves in their homes. The dressing table ceremonial will disappear by itself, and they will consequently be dressed in better taste.

The first thing that young persons notice in growing up is that all these external attractions are not sufficient for them if they have none of their own. A girl can never give herself beauty, and she is not all that soon in a condition to acquire the art of coquetry. But she can already seek to give an attractive turn to her gestures and a flattering accent to her voice, to gain composure in her bearing, to walk lightly, to assume gracious attitudes, and to choose situations where she looks her best. The voice's range increases, it gets stronger and gains timbre; the arms develop; the step becomes sure; and she perceives that, however she is dressed, there is an art of getting looked at. From then on, needlework and household tasks are no longer her only concerns. New talents present themselves and already make their utility felt.

I know that severe teachers want neither song nor dance nor any of the pleasing arts to be taught to young girls. That seems amusing to me! And to whom do they want them to be taught? To boys? To whom, men or women, do these talents specially belong? "To no one," they will respond. "Profane songs are nothing but crimes. Dance is an

invention of the Demon. A young girl ought to have only her work and prayer as entertainment." Strange entertainments for a ten-year-old child. As for me, I am very much afraid that these little saints who are forced to spend their childhood in praying to God will spend their youth in something entirely different and when married do their best to make up for the time they think they wasted as girls. I consider it necessary to take account of what is suitable to age as well as to sex—that a young girl ought not to live like her grandmother, that she ought to be lively, playful, and frolicsome, to sing and dance as much as she pleases, and to taste all the innocent pleasures of her age. The time to be composed and to adopt a more serious bearing will come only too soon.

But is there a genuine necessity even for this change in behavior? Is it not perhaps also a fruit of our prejudices? By enslaving decent women only to gloomy duties, we have banished from marriage everything which could make it attractive to men. Ought we to be surprised if the taciturnity they see reigning at home drives them from it or if they are scarcely tempted to embrace so unpleasant a condition? By exaggerating all duties, Christianity makes them impractable and vain. By forbidding women song, dance, and all the entertainments of the world, it makes them sullen, shrewish, and unbearable in their homes. There is no other religion in which marriage is subjected to such severe duties and none in which so holy an obligation is so despised. So much has been done to prevent women from being lovable that husbands have become indifferent. I understand quite well that this ought not to be. But I say that it had to be, since, after all, Christians are men. As for me, I would want a young Englishwoman to cultivate pleasing talents that will entertain her future husband with as much care as a young Albanian cultivates them for the harem of Ispahan. It will be said that husbands do not care too much for all these talents. Indeed, I believe it, when these talents, far from being employed to please them, are used only as bait for attracting to their homes impudent young men who dishonor them. But do you think that a lovable and pure woman who possessed such talents and consecrated them to the entertainment of her husband would not add to the happiness of his life and would not prevent him, when he left his office exhausted, from going to look for recreation outside his home? Has no one seen happy families assembled where each member knows how to provide something of his own for the common entertainments? Let him say whether the confidence and familiarity which are combined there and whether the innocence and the gentleness of the pleasures which are tasted there do not amply compensate for the greater boisterousness of public pleasures.

The pleasing talents have been too much reduced into arts. People have generalized too much about them. Everything has been made into maxims and precepts, and what ought to be only entertainment and frolicsome games for young people has been made quite boring to them. I can imagine nothing more ridiculous than the sight of a dancing or singing master with a scowling aspect approaching young persons eager to laugh and adopting with them a more pedantic and more magisterial tone in order to teach them his frivolous science than if the

subject were their catechism. Does the art of singing, for example, depend on written music? Cannot someone make his voice flexible and true, learn to sing with taste, and even to accompany himself, without knowing a single note? Does the same kind of music suit all voices? Does the same method suit all minds? No one will ever make me believe that the same attitudes, the same steps, the same movements, the same gestures, and the same dances suit a lively and piquant little brunette and a big, beautiful blonde with languid eyes. Therefore, when I see a master giving both exactly the same lessons, I say, "This man follows his routine, but he understands nothing of his art."

It is asked whether girls ought to have male or female masters. I do not know. I would much prefer that they needed neither the one nor the other, that they learned freely what they have so strong an inclination to want to learn, and that so many glittering mountebanks were not constantly seen wandering about our cities. I have some difficulty in believing that relations with these people are not more harmful to young girls than their lessons are useful. Their jargon, their tone, and their airs give the first taste for the frivolities that are so important for them to their pupils; and the pupils will be quick, following their masters' example, to make these their sole occupation.

In the arts which aim only at being pleasing, everything can serve as a master for young people—their fathers, their mothers, their brothers, their sisters, their friends, their governesses, their mirrors, and above all their own taste. They should not be offered lessons; they should be the ones to ask for them. A reward ought not to be made into a chore; and it is especially in this sort of study that the first step toward success is to want to succeed. Finally, if regular lessons are absolutely required, I shall not decide about the sex of those who ought to give them. I do not know whether a dancing master should take a young pupil by her delicate white hand, make her raise her skirt, lift her eyes, spread her arms, and thrust out her palpitating breast; but I know that I would not want to be that master for anything in the world.

Taste is formed by means of industriousness and talents. By means of taste the mind is imperceptibly opened to ideas of the beautiful of every sort and, finally, to the moral notions related to them. This is perhaps one of the reasons why the sentiment of seemliness and decency is to be found sooner in girls than in boys; for to believe that this precocious sentiment is the work of governesses, one would have to be ill informed about the bent of girls' studies and the development of the human mind. Talent at speaking holds first place in the art of pleasing; it is by means of this talent alone that new charms can be added to those to which the senses grow accustomed with habit. It is the mind which not only gives life to the body but in a way renews it. It is by the succession of sentiments and ideas that the mind animates and varies the face; and it is by speech that the mind inspires sustained attention and keeps it focused with the same interest on the same objects for a long time. It is for all these reasons, I believe, that young girls learn to chatter attractively so quickly, that they put expression into their remarks even before having the sentiments that go with them, and that men are entertained by listening to those remarks at so early an

age, even before the girls themselves are able to understand them. The men are spying out the first moment of this intelligence in order to enter into the first moment of sentiment.

Women have flexible tongues; they talk sooner, more easily, and more attractively than men. They are also accused of talking more. This ought to be so, and I would gladly turn this reproach into praise. The mouth and the eyes are both very active among women, and for the same reason. Man says what he knows; woman says what pleases. He needs knowledge to speak; she needs taste. Useful things ought to be his principal object and pleasing things ought to be hers. The truth ought to be the only element common to their discourse.

Therefore, one should not restrain the chatter of girls, like that of boys, with this harsh question: "What is it good for?" but one should put another question, whose response is no easier: "What effect will it have?" At this early age, when they are still unable to discern good and bad and are no one's judges, they ought to impose a law on themselves to say only what is pleasing to those to whom they speak. And what makes the practice of this rule more difficult is that it always remains subordinate to the first law, which is never to lie.

I see many more difficulties as well, but they belong to a more advanced age. For the present, being truthful can cost young girls only the effort of being so without coarseness, and since this coarseness is naturally repugnant to them, education easily teaches them to avoid it. In social relations I note that generally the politeness of men is more obliging and that of women more caressing. This difference does not come from education; it is natural. Man appears to make more of an effort to serve you, and woman to please you. It follows from this that, whatever the character of women may be, their politeness is less false than ours; it only extends their first instinct. But when a man feigns to prefer my interest to his own, no matter what protestations he may make to cover this lie, I am quite sure that he is telling one. It does not, then, cost women much to be polite; nor consequently does it cost girls much to learn to become so. The first lesson comes from nature; art does no more than follow nature and determine in what form politeness ought to be manifested according to our usages. The politeness of women with one another is an entirely different matter. They give it such an air of constraint and their attentions are so cold that, in making one another mutually uncomfortable, they take little care to hide their own discomfort; thus they seem sincere in their lie by scarcely seeking to disguise it. Nevertheless young girls sometimes make genuine and franker friendships. At their age gaiety takes the place of good nature; and since they are satisfied with themselves, they are satisfied with everyone. They also invariably kiss one another more readily and caress one another with more grace in the presence of men; for they take pride in sharpening men's lust by the image of those favors they know how to make men desire.

If one ought not to permit young boys to ask prying questions, one ought a fortiori to forbid them to young girls. The satisfaction of their curiosity—or the clumsy evasion of it—is of much greater significance given their keen sense of—and skill at discovering—the mysteries

one hides from them. But without permitting them to make interrogations, I would wish that they be interrogated a good deal themselves, that care be taken to make them chat, and that they be stirred up in order to make them speak easily, to make them lively at retort, to loosen their minds and their tongues while it can be done without danger. These conversations, which should always be marked by gaiety but also artfully arranged and well directed, would make a charming entertainment at that age and could bring to the innocent hearts of these young persons the first and perhaps the most useful moral lessons they will receive in their lives. While enticing them through pleasure and vanity, these conversations would teach them which qualities men truly esteem and what constitutes the glory and happiness of a decent woman.

One can easily understand that if male children are not in a position to form for themselves any true idea of religion, a fortiori the same idea is beyond the conception of girls. It is for that very reason that I would wish to speak to them about it earlier, for if one had to wait for girls to be in a position to discuss these profound questions methodically, one would run the risk of never speaking to them about it at all. Women's reason is practical and makes them very skillful at finding means for getting to a known end, but not at finding that end itself. The social relationship of the sexes is an admirable thing. This partnership produces a moral person of which the woman is the eye and the man is the arm, but they have such a dependence on one another that the woman learns from the man what must be seen and the man learns from the woman what must be done. If woman could ascend to general principles as well as man can, and if man had as good a mind for details as woman does, they would always be independent of one another, they would live in eternal discord, and their partnership could not exist. But in the harmony which reigns between them, everything tends to the common end; they do not know who contributes more. Each follows the prompting of the other; each obeys, and both are masters.

Due to the very fact that in her conduct woman is enslaved by public opinion, in her belief she is enslaved by authority. Every girl ought to have her mother's religion, and every woman her husband's. If this religion is false, the docility which subjects mother and daughter to the order of nature erases from God's sight the sin of this error. Since women are not in a position to be judges themselves, they ought to receive the decision of fathers and husbands like that of the Church.

Unable to draw the rule of their faith from themselves alone, women cannot set limits of certainty and reason to their faith; they let themselves be carried away by countless external influences, and thus they are always beneath or beyond the true. Always extreme, they are all libertines or fanatics; there are none who know how to join wisdom with piety. The source of this evil is not only in the extravagant character of their sex but in the ill-regulated authority of ours: our libertinism of morals makes piety despised; the terrors of repentance render piety tyrannical; and that is how we always do too much or too little with respect to piety.

Since authority ought to rule the religion of women, the issue is not

so much one of explaining to them the reasons there are for believing as of explaining distinctly what we believe; for faith that is given to obscure ideas is the first source of fanaticism, and faith that one is required to give to absurd things leads to madness or disbelief. I do not know which our catechisms lead to most—impiety or fanaticism—but I certainly know that they necessarily lead to one or the other.

If you are teaching religion to young girls, in the first place never make it an object of gloom and constraint for them, and never make it a task or a duty. Consequently, never make them learn anything relating to it by heart, not even prayers. Be content to say yours in their presence without forcing them to be there. Make your prayers short, according to the teaching of Jesus Christ.[15] Always say them with suitable meditation and respect. Consider that, when we ask the Supreme Being for His attention, it is certainly incumbent upon us to give our attention to what we are going to say to Him.

It is less important that young girls know their religion early than that they know it well and, above all, that they love it. When you make it onerous for them, when you always depict God as being angry with them, when you impose on them in His name countless irksome duties that they never see you fulfilling, what can they think, other than that to know one's catechism and to pray to God are the duties of little girls; thus they desire to be grown-up in order to be exempted like you from all this subjection. Set an example! Otherwise one never succeeds at anything with children.

When you expound articles of faith to them, do it in the form of direct teaching and not by question and answer. They ought to respond only with what they think and never with what has been dictated to them. All the answers of the catechism are misconceived. It is the pupil who teaches the master. In the mouths of children these answers are really lies, since the children expound what they do not understand and affirm what they are not in a position to believe. Even among the most intelligent men, show me those who do not lie in saying their catechism.

The first question I see in our catechism is the following: "Who created you and put you in the world?" To this the little girl, really believing that it is her mother, nevertheless says without hesitation that it is God. The only thing she sees here is that in reply to a question she hardly understands, she gives an answer she does not understand at all.

I wish that a man who knows the development of children's minds would be willing to make a catechism for them. This would perhaps be the most useful book ever written, and in my opinion it would not be the one which would do the least honor to his Author. What is quite certain is that, if this book were good, it would hardly resemble our catechisms.

Such a catechism will be good only if the child, when he is asked the questions, gives the answers on his own without having to learn them. Of course, the child will sometimes be ready to ask questions in turn. To make what I mean understood a sort of model would be needed, and I certainly sense what I lack for outlining it. I shall attempt at least to give some slight idea of it.

I imagine, then, that to get to the first question of our catechism, it would have to begin pretty much as follows:

NURSE Do you remember the time when your mother was a girl?
LITTLE GIRL No, nurse.
NURSE Why not, since you have so good a memory?
LITTLE GIRL Because I was not yet in the world.
NURSE Then you have not always been alive?
LITTLE GIRL No.
NURSE Will you always be alive?
LITTLE GIRL Yes.
NURSE Are you young or old?
LITTLE GIRL I am young.
NURSE And is your grandmother young or old?
LITTLE GIRL She is old.
NURSE Was she once young?
LITTLE GIRL Yes.
NURSE Why isn't she young anymore?
LITTLE GIRL Because she got old.
NURSE Will you get old like her?
LITTLE GIRL I don't know.*
NURSE Where are your last year's dresses?
LITTLE GIRL They have been torn up.
NURSE And why were they torn up?
LITTLE GIRL Because they were too small for me.
NURSE And why were they too small for you?
LITTLE GIRL Because I have grown.
NURSE Will you still grow?
LITTLE GIRL Oh, yes.
NURSE And what do big girls become?
LITTLE GIRL They become women.
NURSE And what do women become?
LITTLE GIRL They become mothers.
NURSE And what do mothers become?
LITTLE GIRL They become old.
NURSE Will you, then, become old?
LITTLE GIRL When I am a mother.
NURSE And what do old people become?
LITTLE GIRL I don't know.
NURSE What became of your grandfather?
LITTLE GIRL He died.†
NURSE And why did he die?
LITTLE GIRL Because he was old.

* If at any point where I have put, "I don't know," the little girl answers otherwise, her answer must be distrusted, and she must be made to explain it carefully.

† The little girl will say this because she has heard it said, but it must be verified whether she has some accurate idea of death; for this idea is not so simple or so much within the reach of children as is thought. One can see in the little poem "Abel" an example of the way in which it ought to be imparted to them. This charming work breathes a delicious simplicity which one cannot draw upon too much for one's conversations with children.[16]

NURSE What, then, becomes of old people?
LITTLE GIRL They die.
NURSE And you, when you are old, what . . .
LITTLE GIRL (*interrupting her*) O, nurse, I don't want to die.
NURSE My child, no one wants to die, but everyone dies.
LITTLE GIRL What? Will mama die, too?
NURSE Like everyone else. Women get old just as men do, and old age leads to death.
LITTLE GIRL What must be done to grow old very late?
NURSE Be good when one is young.
LITTLE GIRL Nurse, I shall always be good.
NURSE So much the better for you. But, still, do you believe you will live forever?
LITTLE GIRL When I am very old, very old . . .
NURSE Well, then?
LITTLE GIRL Finally, when one is so old, you say that one has to die.
NURSE Will you, then, die sometime?
LITTLE GIRL Alas, yes.
NURSE Who was alive before you?
LITTLE GIRL My father and my mother.
NURSE Who was alive before them?
LITTLE GIRL Their father and their mother.
NURSE Who will be alive after you?
LITTLE GIRL My children.
NURSE Who will be alive after them?
LITTLE GIRL Their children, etc.

In following this route one finds, by easily sensed inductions, a beginning and an end for the human race as for all things—that is to say, a father and a mother who had neither father nor mother and children who will have no children.* It is only after a long series of such questions that the way is sufficiently paved for the first question of the catechism. Then only can one ask it, and the child understand it. But from there to the second answer—which is, so to speak, the definition of the divine essence—what an immense leap! When will this gap be filled? God is a spirit! And what is a spirit? Will I launch the mind of a child into this obscure metaphysics from which men have such trouble extricating themselves? It is not for a little girl to resolve these questions. At most, she can pose them. Then I would simply answer her, "You ask me what God is? It is not easy to say. God can neither be heard nor seen, nor touched. He is known only by His works. To judge what He is, wait until you know what He has done."

If our dogmas are all of equal truth, they are not for that reason all of equal importance. It is quite unimportant for the glory of God that it be known to us in all things; but it is important for human society and for each of its members that every man know and fulfill the duties toward his neighbor and toward himself which the law of God imposes on him. This is what we ought to teach one another constantly, and

* The mind will not consent to apply the idea of eternity to human generations. Actually going through any numerical succession is incompatible with this idea.

it is above all about this that fathers and mothers are obliged to instruct their children. Whether a virgin is the mother of her Creator, whether she gave birth to God or only to a man with whom God joined Himself, whether the substance of the Father and the Son are the same or only similar, whether the Spirit proceeds from one of these two who are the same or from both conjointly—I do not see that the decision about these apparently essential questions is more important to the human species than knowing on what day of the moon one ought to celebrate Easter, whether one ought to tell one's beads, fast, abstain from meat, speak Latin or French in church, adorn the walls with images, say or hear Mass, and not have a wife of one's own. Let each person think about these things as he pleases. I do not know in what way it can interest others; it does not interest me at all. But what interests me and all my fellow men is that each person know that an arbiter of the fate of human beings exists and that we are all His children; that He prescribes that we all be just, love one another, be beneficent and merciful, and keep our promises to everyone—even to our enemies and His; that the apparent happiness of this life is nothing; that there is another life after it in which this Supreme Being will be the rewarder of the good and the judge of the wicked. These and similar dogmas are the ones it is important to teach the youth and to persuade all the citizens to accept. Whoever combats them doubtless deserves punishment. He is the disturber of order and the enemy of society. Whoever goes beyond them and wants to enslave us to his private opinions gets to the same point by the opposite route. To establish order in his way, he disturbs the peace; in his reckless pride he makes himself the interpreter of the divinity. He demands in its name the homage and the respect of men. He makes himself God and tries, insofar as he can, to take His place. He ought to be punished for being sacrilegious, if he were not punished for being intolerant.

Therefore, neglect all these mysterious dogmas which are only words without ideas for us—all these bizarre doctrines whose vain study takes the place of virtues in those who indulge in it and serves to make them mad rather than good. Always keep your children within the narrow circle of the dogmas connected with morality. Persuade them that there is nothing useful for us to know except that which teaches us to do good. Do not make your daughters theologians and reasoners; teach them regarding heaven only those things that serve human wisdom. Accustom them always to feel themselves under the eyes of God; to have Him as witness of their actions, their thoughts, their virtue, and their pleasures; to do good without ostentation because He loves it; to suffer evil without a murmur because He will compensate them for it; finally, to be all the days of their lives as they will be glad to have been when they appear before Him. This is the true religion; this is the only one which is susceptible of neither abuse nor impiety nor fanaticism. Let them preach more sublime religions as much as they want; I recognize none other than this.

Moreover, it is well to observe that up to the age when reason is enlightened, and when nascent sentiment makes the conscience speak, what is good or bad for young girls is what the people around them

have decided it to be. What is commanded them is good; what is forbidden them is bad. They ought not to know more. From this one can see how important—even more so for them than for boys—is the choice of the persons who are going to be near them and have some authority over them. Finally, the moment comes when they begin to judge things by themselves, and then it is time to change the plan of their education.

Perhaps I have said too much about it up to now. To what will we reduce women if we give them as their law only public prejudices? Let us not bring down so low the sex that governs us and honors us when we have not abased it. A rule prior to opinion exists for the whole human species. It is to the inflexible direction of this rule that all the others ought to be related. This rule judges prejudice itself, and only insofar as the esteem of men accords with it ought this esteem to be authoritative for us.

This rule is the inner sentiment. I shall not repeat what has been said about it above. It suffices for me to remark that if these two rules do not cooperate in the education of women, that education will always be defective. Sentiment without opinion will not give them that delicacy of soul which adorns good morals with worldly honor; and opinion without sentiment will only make them false and dishonest women who put appearance in the place of virtue.

It is important, therefore, that they cultivate a faculty that serves as arbiter between the two guides, which does not let the conscience go astray, and which corrects the errors of prejudice. That faculty is reason. But how many questions are raised by this word! Are women capable of solid reasoning? Is it important that they cultivate it? Will they succeed in cultivating it? Is its cultivation useful for the functions which are imposed on them? Is it compatible with the simplicity that suits them?

The various ways of envisaging and resolving these questions result in opposite extremes: those on one side limit woman to sewing and weaving in her household with her servants and thus make her only the master's first servant; those on the other side, not content with ensuring her rights, make her also usurp ours. For to leave her above us in the qualities proper to her sex and to make her our equal in all the rest is to transfer to the wife the primacy that nature gives to the husband.

The use of reason that leads man to the knowledge of his duties is not very complex. The use of reason that leads woman to the knowledge of hers is even simpler. The obedience and the fidelity she owes to her husband and the tenderness and the care she owes to her children are consequences of her position so natural and easily sensed that she cannot without bad faith refuse her consent to the inner sentiment that guides her, nor fail to recognize her duty if her inclinations are still uncorrupted.

I would not indiscriminately object to a woman's being limited to the labors of her sex alone and left in profound ignorance of all the rest. But that would require very simple and very healthy public morals

or a very retired way of life. In big cities and among corrupt men such a woman would be too easy to seduce. Often her virtue would depend only on the occasion; in this philosophic age she needs a virtue that can be put to the test. She needs to know beforehand what might be said to her and what she ought to think about it.

Moreover, since she is subject to the judgment of men, she ought to merit their esteem. She ought, above all, to obtain the esteem of her spouse. She ought to make him not only love her person but also approve her conduct. She ought to justify the choice he has made before the public and make her husband honored through the honor given to his wife. How will she go about all this if she is ignorant of our institutions, if she knows nothing of our practices and our proprieties, if she knows neither the source of human judgments nor the passions determining them? As soon as she depends on both her own conscience and the opinions of others, she has to learn to compare these two rules, to reconcile them, and to prefer the former only when the two are in contradiction. She becomes the judge of her judges; she decides when she ought to subject herself to them and when she ought to take exception to them. Before rejecting or accepting their prejudices, she weighs them. She learns to go back to their source, to anticipate them, to use them to her advantage. She is careful never to attract blame to herself when her duty permits her to avoid it. None of this can be done well without cultivating her mind and her reason.

I always return to my principle, and it provides me with the solution to all my difficulties. I study what is, I seek its cause, and I finally find that what is, is good. I go to parties at which master and mistress jointly do the honors. Both have had the same education; both are equally polite, equally endowed with taste and wit, and animated by the same desire to receive their guests well and to send each away satisfied with them. The husband omits no care in order to be attentive to all. He goes; he comes; he makes his rounds and puts himself out in countless ways; he would like to be all attentiveness. The woman stays put; a little circle forms around her and seems to hide the rest of the gathering from her. However, nothing takes place that she does not notice; no one leaves to whom she has not spoken; she has omitted nothing that could interest everyone; she has said nothing to anyone that was not agreeable to him; and without in any way upsetting the order, the least important person among her company is no more forgotten than the most important. Dinner is served. All go to the table. The man, knowledgeable about who gets along with whom, will seat them on the basis of what he knows. The woman, without knowing anything, will make no mistakes about it. She will have already read, in their eyes and in their bearing, everything about who belongs with whom, and each guest will find himself placed where he wants to be. I do not say that when the food is served, no one is forgotten. But even though the master of the house may have forgotten no one when he passed around the food, his wife goes further and divines what you look at with pleasure and offers you some. In speaking to her neighbor, she has her eye on the end of the table; she distinguishes between the guest

who does not eat because he is not hungry, and the one who does not dare to help himself or to ask because he is awkward or timid. On leaving the table each guest believes that she has thought only of him. All think that she has not had time to eat a single bite. But the truth is that she has eaten more than anyone.

When everyone has left, they talk about what has happened. The man reports what was said to him, what those with whom he conversed said and did. It is not always here that the woman is most accurate, but she has seen what was whispered at the other end of the room. She knows what this person thought, to what this remark or that gesture related. Hardly a meaningful gesture was made for which she does not have a ready interpretation, and one almost always in conformity with the truth.

The same turn of mind that makes a woman of the world excel in the art of being a hostess makes a coquette excel in the art of entertaining several suitors. The skills of coquetry require a discernment even more refined than those of politeness; for provided that a woman be polite toward everyone, she has always done well enough; but the coquette would soon lose her empire by this maladroit uniformity. By dint of wanting to oblige all her lovers, she would repel them all. In society, the manners a woman adopts with all men do not fail to please each. Provided that a man is well treated, he does not look too closely for preferences. But in love, the favors which are not exclusive are an insult. A sensitive man would prefer a hundred times over to be the only one ill treated than to be caressed with all the others, and the worst thing that can happen to him is not to be singled out. Therefore, a woman who wants to preserve several lovers has to persuade each of them that she prefers him, and she has to persuade him of it under the eyes of all the others—whom she is persuading of the same thing under his eyes.

Do you want to see an embarrassed person? Put a man between two women with whom he has secret relations, and then observe what a foolish figure he cuts. Put a woman in the same situation between two men (and surely the example will be no rarer); you will be amazed at the skill with which she will put both off the scent and act so that each will laugh at the other. Now if this woman gave witness of the same confiding behavior to both and adopted the same familiarity with both, how would they be her dupes for an instant? By treating them equally, would she not show that they have the same rights over her? Oh, how much better than that she goes about it! Far from treating them in the same way, she affects to establish an inequality between them. She does so well that the one she flatters believes it is out of tenderness, and the one she maltreats believes that it is out of spite. Thus each is content with his share and always believes she is concerned with him, while actually she is concerned with herself alone.

Coquetry suggests similar means to the general desire to please; capriciousness would only repel if it were not prudently managed, and it is by dispensing it artfully that she makes the strongest chains for her slaves.

Usa ogn' arte la donna, onde sia colto
Nella sua rete alcun novello amante;
Ne con tutti, ne sempre un stesso volto
Serba, ma cangia a tempo atto e sembiante.[17]

On what does this whole art depend if not on sharp and continuous observations which make her see what is going on in men's hearts at every instant, and which dispose her to bring to each secret movement that she notices the force needed to suspend or accelerate it? Now, is this art learned? No, it is born with women. They all possess it, and men never have it to the same degree. This is one of the distinctive characteristics of the fair sex. Presence of mind, incisiveness, and subtle observations are the science of women; cleverness at taking advantage of them is their talent.

This is what is, and it has been seen why it ought to be. We are told that women are false. They become so. Their particular gift is skill and not falseness. According to the true inclinations of their sex, even when they are lying they are not false. Why do you consult their mouth when it is not the mouth which ought to speak? Consult their eyes, their color, their breathing, their fearful manner, their soft resistance. This is the language nature gives them for answering you. The mouth always says no and ought to say so. But the accent it adds to this answer is not always the same, and this accent does not know how to lie. Does not woman have the same needs as man without having the same right to express them? Her fate would be too cruel if, even in the case of legitimate desires, she did not have a language equivalent to the one she dare not use. Must her modesty make her unhappy? Must she not have an art of communicating her inclinations without laying them bare? What skill she needs to get stolen from her what she is burning to give! How important it is for her to learn to touch the heart of man without appearing to think of him! Is not Galatea's apple and her maladroit flight a charming speech? [18] What will she need to add to that? Will she go and tell the shepherd who follows her among the willows that she flees there only with the design of attracting him? She would be lying, so to speak, for then she would no longer attract him. The more reserve a woman has, the more art she must have, even with her husband. Yes, I maintain that in keeping coquetry within its limits, one makes it modest and true; one makes it a law of decency.

Virtue is one, as one of my adversaries has very well said.[19] One cannot split virtue up to accept one part and reject another. When someone loves it, he loves it in all its wholeness; and he closes his heart when he can—and always closes his mouth—to sentiments he ought not to have. Moral truth is not what is, but what is good. What is bad ought not to be and ought not to be admitted, especially when this admission gives it an effect it would not otherwise have had. If I were tempted to steal and by saying so I tempted another to be my accomplice, would not declaring my temptation to him be to succumb to it? Why do you say that modesty makes women false? Are those who lose it most completely also truer than the others? Far from it. They

are a thousand times more false. One gets to that point of depravity only by dint of vices all of which one keeps and which reign only under the cover of intrigues and lies.* On the contrary, those who still have shame, who do not take pride in their faults, who know how to hide their desires from the very persons who inspire them, and whose avowals are the hardest to extract are also the truest, the most sincere, and the most constant in all their engagements and those on whose faith one can generally most rely.

I know of no one other than Mademoiselle de l'Enclos who can be cited as a known exception to these remarks. And Mademoiselle de l'Enclos passed for a marvel. In her contempt for the virtues of her sex, she had, it is said, preserved those of ours. People praise her frankness, her rectitude, the security one had in associating with her, her fidelity in friendship. Finally, to complete the picture of her glory, it is said that she had made herself a man. Wonderful. But with all her great reputation, I would have no more wanted that man for my friend than for my mistress.[21]

All this is not so much off the subject as it appears to be. I see where the maxims of modern philosophy lead in ridiculing the modesty of the fair sex and its alleged falseness, and I see that the most certain effect of this philosophy will be to take from the women of our age the bit of honor remaining to them.

On the basis of these considerations I believe that one can determine in general what kind of cultivation suits the minds of women and toward what objects their reflections ought to be turned from their youth.

I have already said that the duties of their sex are easier to see than to fulfill. The first thing that they ought to learn is to love their duties out of regard for their advantages. This is the only way to make their duties easy for them. Each station and each age has its duties. We soon know our own, provided we love them. Honor woman's station, and in whatever rank heaven puts you, you will always be a good woman. The essential thing is to be what nature made us. A woman is always only too much what men want her to be.

The quest for abstract and speculative truths, principles, and axioms in the sciences, for everything that tends to generalize ideas, is not within the competence of women. All their studies ought to be related to practice. It is for them to apply the principles man has found, and to make the observations which lead man to the establishment of principles. Regarding what is not immediately connected with their duties, all the reflections of women ought to be directed to the study of men or to the pleasing kinds of knowledge that have only taste as their aim; for, as regards works of genius, they are out of the reach of women.

* I know that women who have openly taken a position on a certain question claim that they make the most of this frankness, and swear that, with only this exception, there is nothing estimable which is not to be found in them. But I do know that they never persuaded anyone but a fool of that. With the greatest curb on their sex removed, what remains to restrain them, and what part of honor will they take seriously when they have renounced that which belongs to them? Once having put their passions at ease, they no longer have any interest in resisting: *nec femina amissa pudicitia alia abnuerit.*[20] Did an author ever know the human heart in the two sexes better than the one who said that?

Nor do women have sufficient precision and attention to succeed at the exact sciences. And as for the physical sciences, they are for the sex which is more active, gets around more, and sees more objects, the sex which has more strength and uses it more to judge the relations of sensible beings and the laws of nature. Woman, who is weak and who sees nothing outside the house, estimates and judges the forces she can put to work to make up for her weakness, and those forces are men's passions. Her science of mechanics is more powerful than ours; all her levers unsettle the human heart. She must have the art to make us want to do everything which her sex cannot do by itself and which is necessary or agreeable to it. She must, therefore, make a profound study of the mind of man—not an abstraction of the mind of man in general, but the minds of the men around her, the minds of the men to whom she is subjected by either law or opinion. She must learn to penetrate their sentiments by their words, their actions, their looks, their gestures. She must know how to communicate to them—by her words, her actions, her looks, her gestures—the sentiments that she wishes to communicate without appearing even to dream of it. Men will philosophize about the human heart better than she does; but she will read in men's hearts better than they do. It is for women to discover experimental morality, so to speak, and for us to reduce it to a system. Woman has more wit, man more genius; woman observes, and man reasons. From this conjunction results the clearest insight and the most complete science regarding itself that the human mind can acquire—in a word, the surest knowledge of oneself and others available to our species. And this is how art can constantly tend to the perfection of the instrument given by nature.

The world is the book of women. When they do a bad job of reading it, it is their fault, or else some passion blinds them. Nevertheless, the true mother of a family is hardly less of a recluse in her home than a nun is in her cloister. Thus it is necessary to do for young persons who are about to be married what is done or ought to be done for those who are put in convents—to show them the pleasures they abandon before letting them renounce them, lest the false image of those pleasures which are unknown to them come one day to lead their hearts astray and disturb the happiness of their retreat. In France girls live in convents and women frequent society. With the ancients it was exactly the opposite. Girls, as I have said, had many games and public festivals. Women led retired lives. This practice was more reasonable and maintained morals better. A sort of coquetry is permitted to marriageable girls; enjoying themselves is their chief business. Women have other concerns at home and no longer have husbands to seek; but they would not find this reform to their advantage, and unfortunately they set the tone. Mothers, at least make your daughters your companions. Give them good sense and a decent soul; then hide nothing from them which a chaste eye can look at. Balls, feasts, games, even the theater—everything which, seen in the wrong way, constitutes the charm of an imprudent youth—can be offered without risk to healthy eyes. The better they see these boisterous pleasures, the sooner they will be disgusted by them.

I hear the clamor raised against me. What girl resists such dangerous examples? They have hardly seen society before all their heads are turned. Not one of them wants to leave it. That may be so. But before presenting this deceptive picture to them, did you prepare them to see it without emotion? Have you made the objects it represents quite clear to them? Have you carefully depicted these objects as they are? Did you arm these girls well against the illusions of vanity? Did you impart to their young hearts a taste for the true pleasures which are not found amidst this tumult? What precautions, what measures have you taken to preserve them from the false taste that leads them astray? Far from opposing in any way the empire of public prejudices over their minds, you have fed these prejudices! You have made these girls love every frivolous entertainment before they experienced it. You make them love these entertainments even more when they indulge in them. Young persons entering society have no governess other than their mother, who is often more foolish than they are and who cannot show them objects other than as she herself sees them. Her example, which is stronger than reason itself, justifies them in their own eyes, and the mother's authority is an unanswerable excuse for the daughter. When I say that I want a mother to introduce her daughter into society, I make the supposition that she will make her daughter see it as it is.

The evil begins even earlier. Convents are veritable schools of coquetry—not of that decent coquetry about which I spoke, but of a coquetry which leads to all the perversities of women and produces the most extravagant ladies of high fashion. When young women make the abrupt transition from the convent to wild company, they immediately feel they belong. They have been raised to live there. Should one be surprised that they are content there? I do not advance what I am going to say without fear of taking a prejudice for an observation, but it seems to me that in Protestant countries there is generally more attachment to family and there are worthier wives and tenderer mothers than in Catholic countries; and if this is the case, one cannot doubt that this difference is in part due to convent education.

In order to love the peaceful and domestic life, we must know it. We must have sensed its sweetness from childhood. It is only in the paternal home that one gets the taste for one's own home, and any woman whose mother has not raised her will not like raising her own children. Unfortunately there is no longer private education in the big cities. Society there is so general and so mixed that there is no longer a refuge to which to retire, and a person is in public even in his own home. By dint of living with everyone, he no longer has a family, and he hardly knows his own parents. They are viewed as strangers, and the simplicity of domestic morals is extinguished along with the sweet familiarity which constituted their charm. It is thus that we suck with our mother's milk a taste for the pleasures of the age and its reigning maxims.

An apparent constraint is imposed on girls for the sake of finding the dupes who marry them on the strength of their bearing. But study these young persons for a moment. The lust that devours them is poorly disguised under a constrained air, and one already reads in their

eyes the ardent desire to imitate their mothers. What they covet is not a husband but the license of marriage. What need is there of a husband with so many resources for doing without one? But a husband is needed as a screen for the use of these resources.* Modesty is on their faces, and libertinism is in the depths of their hearts. This feigned modesty itself is a sign of libertinism. They affect modesty only to be able to get rid of it sooner. Women of Paris and London, pardon me, I beg you. No locale excludes miracles, but I do not know of any; and if a single one of you has a truly decent soul, I understand nothing of our institutions.

All these diverse educations equally deliver young persons over to a taste for the pleasures of high society and to the passions soon born of this taste. In big cities depravity begins with life, and in little cities it begins with reasoning. Young provincial women, taught to despise the happy simplicity of their morals, hurry to Paris to share the corruption of ours. The vices, adorned with the fair name of talents, are the sole object of their trip. When they arrive, they are ashamed to find themselves so far behind the noble license of the local women, and they do not delay in becoming worthy to live in the capital. Where does the evil begin, in your opinion? In the places where the project is formed, or in those where it is accomplished?

I do not want a sensible mother to take her daughter from the provinces to Paris to show her these scenes which are so pernicious for others. But I say that even if she did this, unless her daughter is badly raised, these scenes will hold little danger for her. If one has taste, sense, and a love of decent things, one does not find them so attractive as they are for those who let themselves be charmed by them. In Paris one notices young scatterbrains who hurry to adopt the local tone and make themselves fashionable for six months, only to be hooted for the rest of their lives. But who notices those who are repelled by all this uproar and go back to their provinces, content with their fate after having compared it to the one others envy? How many young women I have seen who were brought to the capital by obliging husbands able to take up residence there, and who then persuaded them not to remain, who left more gladly than they came, and who said with emotion on the eve of their departure, "Ah, let us return to our cottage! One lives more happily there than in the palaces here." One does not know, moreover, how many good folk there are who have never bent their knees before the idol and despise its senseless worship. Only foolish women are boisterous; wise women do not make a sensation.

If in spite of the general corruption, in spite of universal prejudices, and in spite of the bad education of girls, some still preserve a judgment that withstands the test, what will it be when this judgment has been nourished by suitable instruction—or, to put it better, when it has not been corrupted by vicious instruction, for everything always consists in preserving or in restoring the natural sentiments? The object is not to bore young girls with your long sermons or to recite your

* The way of man in his youth was one of the four things the wise man could not understand. The fifth was the impudence of the adulterous woman, *quae comedit, et tergens os suum dicit: non sum operata malum* (Proverbs 30:20).[22]

dry moralisms to them. Moralizing is, for both sexes, the death of all good education. Gloomy lessons are good only for producing hatred of those who give them and everything they say. In speaking to young persons, the aim is not to make them afraid of their duties nor to aggravate the yoke imposed on them by nature. In expounding these duties to them, be precise and simple; do not let them believe that a girl is afflicted when she fulfills these duties—no aggrieved bearing, no pomposity. Everything that is to reach the heart must come from it. Their moral catechism ought to be as short and as clear as their religious catechism, but it ought not to be as grave. Show them in their very duties the source of their pleasures and the foundation of their rights. Is it so hard to love in order to be loved, to make oneself lovable in order to be happy, to make oneself estimable in order to be obeyed, to honor oneself in order to be honored? How fine these rights are! How respectable they are! How dear they are to the heart of man when woman knows how to turn them to account! To enjoy them, she does not have to await the passage of the years or the coming of old age. Her empire begins with her virtues. Although her attractions have hardly developed, she already reigns by the sweetness of her character and makes her modesty imposing. What insensitive and barbarous man does not soften his pride and adopt more attentive manners near a sixteen-year-old girl who is lovable and pure, who speaks little, who listens, whose bearing is seemly and whose conversation is decent, whose beauty does not make her forget either her sex or her youth, who knows how to inspire interest by her very timidity and to gain for herself the respect she gives to everyone?

Although external, these testimonials are not frivolous. They are not founded solely on the attraction of the senses. They come from the intimate sentiment we all have that women are the natural judges of men's merit. Who wants to be despised by women? No one in the world, not even a man who no longer wishes to love them. And I who tell them such harsh truths, do you believe that their judgments are indifferent to me? No, their approval is dearer to me than yours, readers—you who are often more womanish than they are. In despising their morals, I still wish to honor their justice. It is of little importance to me that they hate me if I force them to esteem me.

How many great things could be done by means of this motive if one knew how to set it in motion! Woe to the age in which women lose their ascendancy and in which their judgments no longer have an effect on men! This is the last degree of depravity. All peoples who have had morals have respected women. Look at Sparta; look at the ancient Germans; look at Rome—Rome, home of glory and of virtue if ever they had one on earth. It is there that women honored the exploits of great generals, that they wept publicly for the fathers of the fatherland, that their vows or their mourning were consecrated as the most solemn judgment of the republic. All the great revolutions there came from women. Due to a woman Rome acquired liberty; due to a woman the plebeians obtained the consulate; due to a woman the tyranny of the Decemvirs was ended; due to women Rome, when besieged, was saved from the hands of an outlaw. Gallant Frenchman, what would

you have said when you saw this procession, so ridiculous to your mocking eyes, passing by? You would have accompanied it with your jeers. How we see the same objects with a different eye! And perhaps all of us are right. Form this cortege of fair French ladies; I know nothing more indecent. But compose it of Roman women, and you will have the eyes of all the Volsci and the heart of Coriolanus.[23]

I shall say more, and I maintain that virtue is no less favorable to love than to the other rights of nature, and that the authority of the beloved gains no less from virtue than does the authority of wives and mothers. There is no true love without enthusiasm, and no enthusiasm without an object of perfection, real or chimerical, but always existing in the imagination. What will enflame lovers for whom this perfection no longer exists and who see in what they love only the object of sensual pleasure? No, it is not thus that the soul is warmed and delivered to those sublime transports which constitute the delirium of lovers and the charm of their passion. In love everything is only illusion. I admit it. But what is real are the sentiments for the truly beautiful with which love animates us and which it makes us love. This beauty is not in the object one loves; it is the work of our errors. So, what of it? Does the lover any the less sacrifice all of his low sentiments to this imaginary model? Does he any the less suffuse his heart with the virtues he attributes to what he holds dear? Does he detach himself any the less from the baseness of the human *I*? Where is the true lover who is not ready to immolate himself for his beloved, and where is the sensual and coarse passion in a man who is willing to die? We make fun of the paladins.[24] That is because they knew love, and we no longer know anything but debauchery. When these romantic maxims began to become ridiculous, the change was less the work of reason than of bad morals.

Throughout the ages the natural relations do not change, and the standards of what is or is not suitable that result from them remain the same. Prejudices parading under the vain name of reason change nothing but the appearance of these standards. It will always be a grand and beautiful thing to be in command of oneself, even in order to obey fantastic opinions; and the true motives of honor will always speak to the heart of every woman of judgment who knows how to seek life's happiness in her position. Chastity must be a delicious virtue for a beautiful woman who has an elevated soul. While she sees the whole earth at her feet, she triumphs over all and over herself. She raises in her own heart a throne to which all come to render homage. The tender or jealous but always respectful feelings of both sexes toward her, the universal esteem she enjoys, and her own self-esteem constantly reward her with a tribute of glory for a few momentary struggles. The privations are fleeting, but the reward for them is permanent. What a joy for a noble soul when the pride of virtue is joined to beauty! Bring the heroine of a romantic novel into reality. She will taste delights more exquisite than the Laïses [25] or the Cleopatras tasted. And when her beauty is no more, her glory and her pleasure will still remain. She alone will know how to enjoy the past.

The more our duties are great and difficult, the more they ought to

be founded on both strong and easily sensed reasons. There is a certain pious language about the gravest subjects which is drummed into the ears of young girls without persuading them. This language, which is all out of proportion with their ideas and to which they secretly attach little importance, promotes in them a facility at yielding to their inclinations, inasmuch as they lack reasons for resistance founded on things themselves. A girl who is soberly and piously raised doubtless has powerful arms against temptations; but one whose heart—or, rather, whose ears—is fed solely with a mystical jargon infallibly becomes the prey of the first adroit seducer who goes after her. A young and beautiful girl will never despise her body, she will never in good faith grieve for the great sins her beauty causes to be committed, she will never sincerely shed tears before God for being a coveted object, and she will never be able to believe within herself that the sweetest sentiment of the heart is an invention of Satan. Give her other reasons that she can believe within and for herself, for these will never get through to her. It will be worse yet if, as is almost always the case, one gives her contradictory ideas, and after having humiliated her by disparaging her body and its charms as the dirtiness of sin, one then makes her respect as the temple of Jesus Christ the very body which has been made so contemptible to her. Ideas that are too sublime and ideas that are too base are equally insufficient and cannot be combined. A reason within the reach of her sex and her age is needed. Considerations of duty have real force only to the extent that motives which lead us to fulfill that duty are joined to it.

Quae quia non liceat non facit, illa facit [26]

One would not suspect that it is Ovid who passes so severe a judgment.

Do you want, then, to inspire young girls with the love of good morals? Without constantly saying to them "Be pure," give them a great interest in being pure. Make them feel all the value of purity, and you will make them love it. It does not suffice to place this interest in the distant future. Show it to them in the present moment, in the relationships of their own age, in the character of their lovers. Depict for them the good man, the man of merit; teach them to recognize him, to love him, and to love him for themselves; prove to them that this man alone can make the women to whom he is attached—wives or beloveds—happy.[27] Lead them to virtue by means of reason. Make them feel that the empire of their sex and all its advantages depend not only on the good conduct and the morals of women but also on those of men, that they have little hold over vile and base souls, and that a man will serve his mistress no better than he serves virtue. You can then be sure that in depicting to them the morals of our own days, you will inspire in them a sincere disgust. In showing them fashionable people, you will make them despise them; you will only be keeping them at a distance from their maxims and giving them an aversion for their sentiments and a disdain for their vain gallantry. You will cause a nobler ambition to be born in them—that of reigning over great and strong

souls, the ambition of the women of Sparta, which was to command men.[28] A bold, brazen, scheming woman who knows how to attract her lovers only by coquetry and to keep them only by favors makes them obey her like valets in servile and common things; however, in important and weighty things she is without authority over them. But the woman who is at once decent, lovable, and self-controlled, who forces those about her to respect her, who has reserve and modesty, who, in a word, sustains love by means of esteem, sends her lovers with a nod to the end of the world, to combat, to glory, to death, to anything she pleases. This seems to me to be a noble empire, and one well worth the price of its purchase.*

This is the spirit in which Sophie has been raised—with more care than effort, and more by following her taste than by hindering it. Let us now say a word about her person in accordance with the portrait I made of her for Emile, on the basis of which he himself imagines the wife who can make him happy.

I shall never repeat often enough that I am leaving prodigies aside. Emile is no prodigy, and Sophie is not one either. Emile is a man and Sophie is a woman; therein consists all their glory. In the confounding of the sexes that reigns among us, someone is almost a prodigy for belonging to his own sex.

Sophie is well born; she has a good nature; she has a very sensitive heart, and this extreme sensitivity sometimes makes her imagination so active that it is difficult to moderate. Her mind is less exact than penetrating; her disposition is easy but nevertheless uneven; her face is ordinary but agreeable; her expression gives promise of a soul and does not lie. One can approach her with indifference but not leave her without emotion. Some have good qualities that are lacking to her; others have a greater measure of those good qualities she does possess; but none has a better combination of qualities for making a favorable character. She knows how to take advantage even of her defects, and if she were more perfect, she would be much less pleasing.

Sophie is not beautiful, but in her company men forget beautiful women, and beautiful women are dissatisfied with themselves. She is hardly pretty at first sight, but the more one sees her, the better she looks; she gains where so many others lose, and what she gains, she never loses again. Someone else may have more beautiful eyes, a more beautiful mouth, a more impressive face; but no one could have a better figure, a more beautiful complexion, a whiter hand, a daintier foot, a gentler glance, or a more touching expression. Without dazzling, she inspires interest, she charms, and one cannot say why.

Sophie loves adornment and is an expert at it. She is her mother's

* Brantôme says that in the time of François I a young girl who had a talkative lover imposed an absolute and unlimited silence on him, which he kept so faithfully for two whole years that it was believed he had become mute as a result of illness. One day in the midst of company, his beloved—who, in those times when love was practiced with mystery, was not known to be such—boasted that she would cure him on the spot and did so with the single word "Speak." Is there not something grand and heroic in that love? What more could the philosophy of Pythagoras—for all its ostentation—have accomplished? What woman today could count on a similar silence for one day, even if she were to reward it with the greatest prize she can offer? [29]

only lady's maid. She has considerable taste in dressing herself up to advantage, but she hates rich apparel; in her clothes one always sees simplicity joined with elegance. She likes not like what is brilliant but what is suitable. She is ignorant of what colors are fashionable, but she knows marvelously which look well on her. There is no young girl who appears to be dressed with less study and whose outfit is more studied; not a single piece of her clothing is chosen at random, and yet art is apparent nowhere. Her adornment is very modest in appearance and very coquettish in fact. She does not display her charms; she covers them, but, in covering them, she knows how to make them imagined. When someone sees her, he says, "Here is a modest, temperate girl." But so long as he stays near her, his eyes and his heart roam over her whole person without his being able to take them away; and one would say that all this very simple attire was put on only to be taken off piece by piece by the imagination.

Sophie has natural talents. She is aware of them and has not neglected them. But not having been in a position to devote much art to their cultivation, she was content to train her pretty voice to sing tunefully and tastefully, her little feet to walk lightly, easily, and gracefully and to curtsey in all sorts of situations without difficulty and without awkwardness. Furthermore, she has had no singing master other than her father and no dancing master other than her mother. An organist in the neighborhood gave her some lessons in accompaniment on the harpsichord which she has since cultivated alone. At first, she thought only of making her hands appear to advantage on its black keys. Then she found that the harsh, dry sound of the harpsichord made the sound of her voice sweeter. Little by little she became sensitive to harmony. Finally, as she was growing up, she began to feel the charms of expression and to love music for itself. But it is a taste rather than a talent. She does not know how to read the notes of a tune.

What Sophie knows best and has been most carefully made to learn are the labors of her own sex, even those that are not usually considered, like cutting and sewing her dresses. There is no needlework which she does not know how to do and which she does not do with pleasure. But the work she prefers to every other is lacework, because there is none which results in a more agreeable pose and in which the fingers are put to use more gracefully and lightly. She has also devoted herself to all the details of the household. She understands the kitchen and the pantry. She knows the price of foodstuffs and their qualities; she knows very well how to keep the accounts; she serves her mother as butler. Destined to be mother of a family herself one day, she learns to govern her own household by governing her parents'. She can substitute for the domestics in the performance of their functions, and she always does so gladly. One can never command well except when one knows how to do the job oneself. That is her mother's reason for keeping her busy in this way. Sophie herself does not think so far ahead. Her first duty is that of a girl, and it is now the only one she thinks of fulfilling. The only thing she has in view is serving her mother and relieving her of a part of her cares. It is nevertheless true that she does not undertake them all with equal pleasure. For example, although she is a glutton,

she does not like the kitchen. There is something that disgusts her in its details; she never finds it clean enough. In this regard she has an extreme delicacy, and its excessiveness has become one of her failings. She would rather let her whole dinner be thrown into the fire than get a spot on her cuff. She has never wanted to oversee the garden for the same reason. The earth seems unclean to her. As soon as she sees manure, she believes she smells its odor.

She owes this defect to her mother's lessons. According to the latter, cleanliness is one of the first duties of women—a special duty, indispensable, imposed by nature. Nothing in the world is more disgusting than an unclean woman, and the husband who is disgusted by her is never wrong. Sophie's mother has so often preached this duty to her daughter since childhood, has so often demanded cleanliness in Sophie's person, her things, her room, her work, her grooming, that all these attentions, which have turned into a habit, take a rather large part of her time and also preside over the rest of it. The result is that to do what she does well is only the second of her cares. The first is always to do it cleanly.

However, all this has not degenerated into vain affectation or softness. The refinements of luxury play no part in it. In her rooms there was never anything but simple water. She knows no perfume other than that of flowers; and her husband will never smell anything sweeter than her breath. Finally, the attention she gives to her exterior does not make her forget that she owes her life and her time to nobler cares. She is ignorant of or disdains that excessive cleanliness of body which soils the soul. Sophie is much more than clean. She is pure.

I said that Sophie was a glutton. She was naturally so. But she became moderate through habit, and now she is so through virtue. The case is not the same for girls as for boys, whom one can govern by gluttony up to a certain point. This inclination is not inconsequential for the fair sex. It is too dangerous to be left unchecked. When little Sophie went into her mother's cupboard as a child, she did not always come back empty-handed, and her fidelity was not above every temptation so far as sugarplums and bonbons were concerned. Her mother surprised her, scolded her, punished her, and compelled her to fast. She finally succeeded in persuading Sophie that bonbons spoil the teeth and that eating too much fattens the figure. Thus Sophie mended her ways. In growing up, she acquired other tastes which diverted her from this base sensuality. In women as in men, as soon as the heart becomes animated, gluttony is no longer a dominant vice. Sophie has preserved the taste proper to her sex. She loves dairy products and sugared things. She loves pastry and sweets but has very little taste for meat. She has never tasted either wine or hard liquor. Moreover, she eats very moderate amounts of everything. Her sex, which is less laborious than ours, has less need of restoratives. In all things she loves what is good and knows how to appreciate it. She also knows how to accommodate herself to what is not good without this privation being painful to her.

Sophie has a mind that is agreeable without being brilliant, and solid without being profound—a mind about which people do not say any-

thing, because they never find in it either more or less than what they find in their own minds. She has a mind which always pleases people who speak with her, although it is not ornamented according to the idea we have of the cultivation of women's minds; for hers is formed not by reading but only by the conversations of her father and mother, by her own reflections, and by the observations she has made in the little bit of the world she has seen. Gaiety is natural to Sophie; she was even frolicsome in her childhood, but her mother took care to repress her dizzy moods little by little, lest too sudden a change would give her instruction in the circumstance which made the repression necessary. She has therefore become modest and reserved even before the time to be so; and now that this time has come, it is easier for her to maintain the tone she has acquired than it would be for her to adopt it without an indication of the reason for this change. It is amusing to see her, due to a remnant of habit, abandon herself sometimes to childhood vivacities, and then suddenly come back to herself, become silent, lower her eyes, and blush. The intermediate stage between the two ages has to partake a bit of both.

Sophie's sensitivity is too great for her to preserve a perfect stability of disposition, but she is too gentle for that sensitivity to importune others very much; she harms only herself. Let one word which wounds her be spoken—she does not pout, but her heart swells. She tries to get away to cry. In the midst of her tears, let her father or her mother recall her and say one word, and she comes immediately to play and laugh while adroitly drying her tears and trying to stifle her sobs.

Nor is she entirely exempt from caprice. Her disposition, which is a bit too intense, degenerates into refractoriness, and then she is likely to forget herself. But leave her time to come back to herself, and her way of blotting out her wrong will almost make a merit of it. If she is punished, she is docile and submissive, and one sees that her shame comes not so much from the punishment as from the offense. If nothing is ever said to her, she will not fail to make amends for her offense herself, and so frankly and with such good grace that it is impossible to bear a grudge against her. She would kiss the ground before the lowliest domestic without this abasement causing her the least discomfort; and as soon as she is pardoned, her joy and her caresses show what a weight has been removed from her good heart. In a word, she suffers the wrongs of others with patience and makes amends for her own with pleasure. Such is the lovable nature of her sex before we have spoiled it. Woman is made to yield to man and to endure even his injustice. You will never reduce young boys to the same point. The inner sentiment in them rises and revolts against injustice. Nature did not constitute them to tolerate it.

gravem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii.[30]

Sophie is religious, but her religion is reasonable and simple, with little dogma and less in the way of devout practices—or, rather, she knows no essential practice other than morality, and she devotes her

entire life to serving God by doing good. In all the instructions her parents have given her on this subject, they have accustomed her to a respectful submission by always saying to her, "My daughter, this knowledge is not for your age. Your husband will instruct you in it when the time comes." For the rest, instead of long speeches about piety, they are content to preach piety to her by their example, and that example is engraved on her heart.

Sophie loves virtue. This love has become her dominant passion. She loves it because there is nothing so fine as virtue. She loves it because virtue constitutes woman's glory and because to her a virtuous woman appears almost equal to the angels. She loves it as the only route of true happiness and because she sees only misery, abandonment, unhappiness, and ignominy in the life of a shameless woman. She loves it, finally, as a thing that is dear to her respectable father and to her tender and worthy mother. They are not content with being happy because of their own virtue; they also want to be happy because of hers, and her chief happiness for herself is the hope of causing theirs. All these sentiments inspire in her an enthusiasm which lifts her soul and keeps all her petty inclinations subjected to so noble a passion. Sophie will be chaste and decent until her last breath. She has sworn it in the depth of her soul, and she has sworn it at a time when she already senses all that it costs to keep such an oath. She has sworn it at a time when she would have had to revoke the commitment if her senses were made to reign over her.

Sophie does not have the good fortune to be an amiable French woman, cold by temperament and coquettish by vanity, who wants to shine more than to please, and who seeks entertainment and not pleasure. The need to love by itself devours her. It comes to distract her and trouble her heart at festivals. She has lost her former gaiety; frolicsome games no longer suit her. Far from fearing the boredom of solitude, she seeks it. She thinks of him who is going to make solitude sweet for her. All men to whom she is indifferent importune her; she wants not a courtship but a lover. She would rather please a single decent man—and please him forever—than gain the acclaim of the fashionable which lasts one day and then changes into jeers the next.

Women's judgment is formed earlier than men's. Since almost from infancy women are on the defensive and entrusted with a treasure that is difficult to protect, good and evil are necessarily known to them sooner. Sophie, who is precocious in everything because her temperament inclines her to be so, also has had her judgment formed sooner than other girls her age. There is nothing very extraordinary about that. Maturity is not everywhere the same at the same time.

Sophie is knowledgeable about the duties and rights of her sex and of ours. She knows the failings of men and the vices of women. She also knows the corresponding good qualities and virtues and has engraved them all in the depths of her heart. No one could have a higher idea of the decent woman than the idea she has conceived. And this idea does not dismay her; rather, she thinks with more satisfaction of the decent man, the man of merit; she feels that she is made for that man, that she is worthy of him, that she can return to him the happiness she will re-

ceive from him. She feels that she will surely know how to recognize him. The only problem is finding him.

Women are the natural judges of men's merit as men are of women's merit. That is their reciprocal right, and neither men nor women are ignorant of it. Sophie knows she has this right and makes use of it, but with the modesty suitable to her youth, her inexperience, and her position. She judges only things within her reach, and she judges only when it serves to develop some useful maxim. She speaks of those who are absent only with the greatest circumspection, especially if they are women. She thinks that what makes women slanderous and satirical is to speak of their own sex. So long as they limit themselves to speaking of ours, they are only equitable. Sophie, therefore, limits herself to that. As for women, she never speaks about them except to say the good things about them which she knows. It is an honor she believes she owes to her own sex. And as for those about whom she knows nothing good to say, she says nothing at all—and what that means is clear.

Sophie has little experience of the practices of society, but she is obliging and attentive, and she puts grace in everything she does. A happy nature serves her better than would a great deal of art. She has a certain politeness of her own which does not depend on formulas. This politeness is not enslaved to fashions nor does it change with them; it does nothing on the basis of custom but comes from a true desire to please—and it does please. She is not acquainted with the trivial compliments, and she invents none that are more studied. She does not say that she is very obliged, that one does her great honor, that one should not take the trouble, etc. Still less does she take it into her head to turn phrases. She responds to an attention or to an act of routine politeness with a curtsey or a simple "thank you," but from her mouth that expression is well worth any other. In response to a true service, she lets her heart speak, and it is not a compliment that it finds. She has never allowed French customs to enslave her to the yoke of affectations —such as, when passing from one room to the next, placing her hand on the arm of a sexagenarian whom she would very much like to support. When an affected gallant offers her this impertinent service, she announces that she is not crippled and, leaving the officious fellow, bounds up the stairs and into the room with two leaps. In fact, although she is not tall, she has never wanted high heels. She has feet small enough to do without them.

She is quiet and respectful not only with women, but even with men married or men much older than she is. She will never accept a place above them except out of obedience, and she will resume her own below them as soon as she can. For she knows that the rights of age go before those of sex, since they have in their favor the prejudice of wisdom, which ought to be honored before everything else.

With young people of her own age, it is another matter. She needs a different tone to command respect from them, and she knows how to adopt it without abandoning the modest manner suitable to her. If they are modest and reserved themselves, she will gladly maintain with them the amiable familiarity of youth. Their conversations, full of in-

nocence, will be bantering but decent. If they become serious, she wants them to be useful. If they degenerate into insipidity, she will soon make them stop, for she especially despises the petty jargon of gallantry, which she regards as very offensive to her sex. She knows that the man she seeks does not use that jargon, and she never willingly tolerates from another man anything that does not suit the one whose character is imprinted in the depth of her heart. The high opinion she has of the rights of her sex, the pride of soul which the purity of her sentiments gives her, that energy of virtue which she feels in herself and which makes her respectable in her own eyes—all cause her to hear with indignation the sugary remarks intended for her entertainment. She receives them not with an evident anger but with a disconcerting, ironical approval or an unexpectedly cold tone. Let a fair Phoebus [31] retail his kindnesses to her, cleverly praise her for her cleverness, for her beauty, for her graces, for the reward of happiness that comes from pleasing her; she is the girl to interrupt him politely and say, "Monsieur, I am very much afraid I know all those things better than you do. If we have nothing less banal to say, I believe we can terminate the conversation here." To accompany these words with a full curtsey and then be twenty steps from him is the matter of only an instant. Ask your pleasing little fellows if it is easy to display their chitchat to a mind as prickly as this one.

It is not the case that she lacks a strong love of praise, provided that it is the real thing and she can believe that the good which is said of her is actually thought. To appear touched by her merit, it is necessary to begin by showing that one has some oneself. A homage founded on esteem can flatter her haughty heart, but all gallant persiflage is always rebuffed. Sophie is not constituted to give exercise to the small talents of a clown.

Possessing so great a maturity of judgment and full-grown in all respects like a girl of twenty, Sophie at fifteen will not be treated as a child by her parents. As soon as they perceive the first restlessness of youth in her, they will hasten to provide against it before it develops any further. They will make tender and sensible speeches to her. Tender and sensible speeches are suitable to her age and her character. If that character is such as I imagine it, why would her father not speak to her pretty much as follows:

"Sophie, you are a big girl now, and it is not for the purpose of remaining a big girl forever that you have become one. We want you to be happy. It is for our sake that we want it, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a decent girl lies in causing the happiness of a decent man. You must therefore think about getting married. You must think about it early, for the destiny of life depends on marriage, and there is never too much time to think about it.

"Nothing is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, unless it is perhaps the choice of a good wife. Sophie, you will be that rare woman, you will be the glory of our life and the happiness of our old age. But no matter how much merit you possess, the earth is not lacking in men who have still greater merit than you do. There is no

man who ought not to be honored to get you; there are many who would honor you even more. The issue is to find among this number one who suits you, to know him, and to make yourself known to him.

"The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many kinds of suitability that it is folly to want to obtain all of them together. It is necessary first to secure the most important ones. If the others happen to be there, one takes advantage of them; if they are lacking, one does without them. Perfect happiness is not of this earth, but the greatest unhappiness, and the one that can always be avoided, is being unhappy due to one's own fault.

"Some kinds of suitability are natural, others come from convention, and some depend only on opinion. Parents are the judges of the two latter kinds. Children alone are the judges of the former. Marriages made by the authority of fathers are guided uniquely by the suitability of convention and by that of opinion. It is not persons who are married; it is positions and wealth. But those things can change. The persons alone always remain, wherever the couple may go. In spite of fortune, it is only as a result of personal relations that a marriage can be happy or unhappy.

"Your mother had position. I was rich. These were the only considerations which led our parents to unite us. I lost my wealth. She lost her name and was forgotten by her family. Of what use is it to her today to have been born a lady? In our disasters the union of our hearts consoled us for everything. The similarity of our tastes caused us to choose this retreat. We live here happily in poverty. We take the place of everything else for each other. Sophie is our common treasure. We bless heaven for having given us this and taken away all the rest. See, my child, where providence has led us! The kinds of suitability which caused us to be married have vanished. We are happy due only to those that were counted for nothing.

"It is up to the spouses to match themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first bond. Their eyes and their hearts ought to be their first guides. Their first duty once they are united is to love each other; and since loving or not loving is not within our control, this duty necessarily involves another, which is to begin by loving each other before being united. This is the right of nature, which nothing can abrogate. Those who have hindered it by so many civil laws have paid more attention to the appearance of order than to the happiness of marriage and the morals of citizens. You see, my Sophie, that we are not preaching a difficult morality to you. It leads only to making you your own mistress and having us rely on you for the choice of your husband.

"After having told you our reasons for leaving you entirely at liberty, it is just that we also speak to you about the reasons why you should use this liberty wisely. My daughter, you are good and reasonable, you have rectitude and piety. you have talents which suit decent women, and you are not unendowed with attractions. But you are poor. You have the most estimable goods, and you lack only those which are most esteemed. Therefore, aspire only to what you can get, and guide your ambition not by your judgments nor by ours, but by the opinion of

men. If it were only a question of an equality of merit, I do not know any limit that I ought to put on your hopes. But do not raise them above your fortune, and do not forget that it is of the lowest rank. Although a man worthy of you would not count this inequality as an obstacle, you ought to do what he will not do. Sophie ought to imitate her mother, and enter only into a family which considers itself honored by her. You did not see our opulence; you were born during our poverty. You make that poverty sweet for us, and you share it without difficulty. Believe me, Sophie, do not seek goods that we bless heaven for having delivered us from. We have tasted happiness only after having lost our riches.

"You are too lovable to please no one, and your poverty is not so great that a decent man would be embarrassed by you. You will be sought after, possibly by people who are not worthy of you. If they revealed themselves to you as they are, you would esteem them for what they are worth; all their pomp would not impress you for long. But although you have good judgment and you know what merit is, you lack experience and you are ignorant of the extent to which men can counterfeit themselves. A skillful faker can study your tastes in order to seduce you and feign virtues in your presence which he does not have. He would ruin you before you were aware of it, Sophie, and when you recognized your error, you would only be able to weep for it. The most dangerous of all traps, and the only one reason cannot avoid, is that of the senses. If you ever have the misfortune of falling into this trap, you will no longer see anything but illusions and chimeras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment clouded, your will corrupted. Your very error will be dear to you, and even if you were in a condition to recognize it, you would not want to recover from it. My daughter, it is to Sophie's reason that I entrust you; I do not entrust you to the inclination of her heart. So long as your blood is cool, remain your own judge. But as soon as you are in love, return yourself to your mother's care.

"I propose an agreement which is a mark of our esteem for you and re-establishes the natural order among us. Parents choose the husband of their daughter and consult her only for the sake of form. Such is the usual practice. We shall do exactly the opposite. You will choose, and we will be consulted. Use your right, Sophie; use it freely and wisely. The husband who suits you ought to be of your choice and not of ours. But it is for us to judge whether you are mistaken concerning this suitability and whether, without knowing it, you do something other than what you want. Birth, wealth, rank, and opinion will in no way enter in our decision. Take a decent man whose person pleases you and whose character suits you; whatever else he is, we will accept him as our son-in-law. His wealth will always be great enough if he can use his arms to work and if he has morals and loves his family. His rank will always be illustrious enough if he ennobles it by virtue. If the whole world should blame us, what difference does it make? We do not seek public approval. Your happiness is enough for us."

Readers, I do not know what effect a similar speech would have on girls raised in your way. As for Sophie, it is possible she will not respond

with words. Shame and tenderness would not easily let her express herself. But I am quite sure that such a speech will remain engraved on her heart for the rest of her life, and that if one can count on any human resolution, it is on her heartfelt resolution to be worthy of her parents' esteem.

Let us take the worst case and give her an ardent temperament which makes a long wait painful for her. I say that her judgment, her knowledge, her taste, her delicacy, and especially the sentiments on which her heart has been fed in her childhood will oppose to the impetuosity of her senses a counterweight sufficient to vanquish them or at least to resist them for a long time. She would rather die a martyr to her condition than afflict her parents, wed a man without merit, and expose herself to the unhappiness of an ill-matched marriage. The very liberty she has received has the effect only of giving her a new elevation of soul and making her harder to please in the choice of her master. Possessing the temperament of an Italian woman and the sensitivity of an Englishwoman, Sophie combines with them—in order to control her heart and her senses—the pride of a Spanish woman, who, even when she is seeking a lover, does not easily find one she esteems worthy of her.

It does not belong to everyone to feel what a source of energy the love of decent things can give the soul and what force one can find within oneself when one wants to be sincerely virtuous. There are people to whom everything great appears chimerical, and who in their base and vile reasoning will never know what effect even a mania for virtue can have upon the human passions. To these people one must speak only with examples; so much the worse for them if they persist in denying these examples. If I said to them that Sophie is not an imaginary being, that her name alone is of my invention, that her education, her morals, her character, and even her looks have really existed, and that her memory still brings tears to every member of a decent family, they undoubtedly would believe nothing of it. Nonetheless, what would I risk in straightforwardly completing the history of a girl so similar to Sophie that her story could be Sophie's without occasioning any surprise? Whether it is believed to be true or not, it makes little difference. I shall, if you please, have told fictions, but I shall still have explicated my method, and I shall still be pursuing my ends.

The young person with the temperament I have just given to Sophie also resembled her in all the ways which could make her merit the name, and I shall continue to call her by it. After the conversation I have reported, her father and her mother, judging that eligible men would not come to offer themselves in the hamlet where they lived, sent her to spend a winter in the city at the home of an aunt, who was secretly informed of the purpose of this trip. For the haughty Sophie carried in the depth of her heart a noble pride in knowing how to triumph over herself; and whatever need she had of a husband, she would die a maiden rather than resolve to look for one.

To fulfill the intentions of Sophie's parents, her aunt presented her in homes, took her out to groups and parties, and made her see society

—or rather made society see her, for Sophie cared little for all this bustle. It was noted, however, that she did not flee young people with agreeable appearances who appeared decent and modest. In her very reserve, she had a certain art of attracting them which rather resembled coquetry. But after having conversed with them two or three times, she gave up. She soon substituted for that air of authority which seems to accept homages a more humble bearing and a more forbidding politeness. Always attentive to herself, she no longer gave them the occasion to do her the least service. This was an adequate way of saying she did not want to be their beloved.

Sensitive hearts never like boisterous pleasures, the vain and sterile happiness of people who feel nothing and who believe that to numb one's life is to enjoy it. Sophie had not found what she was seeking and, despairing of finding it in this way, she became bored by the city. She loved her parents tenderly; nothing compensated her for their absence, nothing was able to make her forget them. She went back to join them long before the date fixed for her return.

She had hardly resumed her functions in her parents' household before it was observed that, although she maintained the same conduct, her disposition had changed. She had moments of distraction and impatience; she was sad and dreamy; she hid herself in order to cry. At first they believed she was in love and was ashamed of it. They spoke to her about it; she denied it. She protested that she had seen no one who could touch her heart, and Sophie did not lie.

However, her languor constantly increased, and her health began to deteriorate. Her mother, upset by this change, finally resolved to find out its cause. She took Sophie aside and set to work on her with that winning language and those invincible caresses that only maternal tenderness knows how to employ. "My daughter, you whom I carried in my womb and whom I unceasingly carry in my heart, pour out the secrets of your heart on your mother's bosom. What are these secrets that a mother cannot know? Who pities your troubles? Who shares them? Who wants to relieve them, if not your father and mother? Ah, my child, do you want me to die of your pain without knowing what it is?"

Far from hiding her chagrins from her mother, the young girl asked for nothing better than to have her as a consoler and confidant. But shame prevented Sophie from speaking, and her modesty found no language to describe a condition so little worthy of her as the emotion which was disturbing her senses in spite of herself. Finally, her very shame served her mother as an indication, and she drew out these humiliating admissions from her daughter. Far from afflicting Sophie with unjust reprimands, her mother consoled her, pitied her, cried for her. She was too wise to make a crime out of an ill that Sophie's virtue alone made so cruel. But why endure without necessity an ill for which the remedy was so easy and so legitimate? Why did she not make use of the freedom she had been given? Why did she not accept a husband, why did she not choose one? Did she not know that her fate depended on herself alone, and that, whomever she chose, he would

be approved, since she could not choose a man who was not decent? She had been sent to the city. She had not wanted to remain. Several eligible men had presented themselves; she had rebuffed them all. What was she waiting for, then? What did she want? What an inexplicable contradiction!

The answer was simple. If she had only to find someone to help satisfy youthful needs, the choice would soon be made. But a master for the whole of life is not so easy to choose. And since these two choices cannot be separated, a girl must simply wait, and often lose her youth before finding the man with whom she wants to spend all the days of her life. Such was Sophie's case. She needed a lover, but that lover had to be a husband; and given the heart needed to match hers, the former was almost as difficult to find as the latter. All these glamorous young people were suitable to her only from the point of view of age; they always failed to suit her in all other ways. Their superficial minds, their vanity, their jargon, their unruly morals, and their frivolous imitations disgusted her. She sought a man and found only monkeys; she sought a soul and found none.

"How unhappy I am!" she said to her mother. "I need to love, and I see nothing pleasing to me. My heart rejects all those who attract my senses. I see not one who does not excite my desires, and not one who does not repel my desires. An attraction that is not accompanied by esteem cannot endure. Ah, that is not the man for your Sophie! The charming model of the man for her is imprinted too deeply on her soul. She can love only him; she can make only him happy; she can be happy with him alone. She prefers to pine away and do constant battle; she prefers to die unhappy and free rather than in despair with a man she does not love and whom she would make unhappy. It is better no longer to exist than to exist only to suffer."

Struck by this singular discourse, her mother found it too bizarre not to suspect some mystery. Sophie was neither affected nor silly. How had this extravagant delicacy been able to take root in her—she who had been taught from her childhood nothing so much as to adjust herself to the people with whom she had to live and to make a virtue of necessity? This model of the lovable man with which she was so enchanted and which returned so often in all her conversations caused her mother to conjecture that this caprice had some other foundation of which she was still ignorant, and that Sophie had not told all. The unfortunate girl, oppressed by her secret pain, sought only to unburden herself. Her mother pressed. Sophie hesitated; she finally yielded, and, going out without saying anything, returned a moment later with a book in her hand. "Pity your unhappy daughter. Her sadness is without remedy. Her tears will never dry up. You want to know the cause. Well, here it is," she said, throwing the book on the table. The mother took the book and opened it. It was *The Adventures of Telemachus*.[32] At first she understood nothing of this enigma. But by dint of questions and obscure answers, she finally saw, with a surprise that is easy to conceive, that her daughter was the rival of Eucharis.[33]

Sophie loved Telemachus and loved him with a passion of which

nothing could cure her. As soon as her father and her mother knew of her mania, they laughed about it and believed they would bring her around by reason. They were mistaken. Reason was not entirely on their side. Sophie also had her own reason and knew how to turn it to account. How many times she reduced them to silence by using their own reasoning again them, by showing them that they had done all the harm themselves: that they had not formed her for a man of her times; that she would necessarily have to adopt her husband's ways of thinking or convert him to her own; that they had made the first means impossible by the way they had raised her, and that the other was precisely what she was seeking. "Give me," she said, "a man imbued with my maxims or one whom I can bring around to them, and I shall marry him. But until then, why do you scold me? Pity me. I am unhappy, not mad. Does the heart depend on the will? Didn't my father say so himself? Is it my fault if I love what does not exist? I am not a visionary. I do not want a prince. I do not seek Telemachus. I know that he is only a fiction. I seek someone who resembles him. And why cannot this someone exist, since I exist—I who feel within myself a heart so similar to his? No, let us not thus dishonor humanity. Let us not think that a lovable and virtuous man is only a chimera. He exists; he lives; perhaps he is seeking me. He seeks a soul that knows how to love him. But what sort of man is he? Where is he? I do not know. He is none of those I have seen. Doubtless he is none of those I shall see. O my mother, why have you made virtue too lovable for me? If I can love nothing but virtue, the fault is less mine than yours."

Shall I bring this sad narrative to its catastrophic end? Shall I tell of the long disputes which preceded the catastrophe? Shall I portray an exasperated mother exchanging her earlier caresses for harshness? Shall I show an irritated father forgetting his earlier agreements and treating the most virtuous of daughters like a madwoman? Shall I, finally, depict the unfortunate girl—even more attached to her chimera as a result of the persecution she has suffered for it—going with slow steps toward death and descending into the grave at the moment when they believe they are leading her to the altar? No, I put aside these dreadful objects. I need not go so far to show by what seems to me a sufficiently striking example that, in spite of the prejudices born of the morals of our age, enthusiasm for the decent and the fine is no more foreign to women than to men, and that there is nothing that cannot be obtained under nature's direction from women as well as from men.

Here someone will stop me and ask whether it is nature which prescribes our expending so much effort for the repression of immoderate desires? My answer is no, but it also is not nature which gives us so many immoderate desires. Now, everything that is not nature is against nature. I have proved that countless times.

Let us render his Sophie to our Emile. Let us resuscitate this lovable girl to give her a less lively imagination and a happier destiny. I wanted to depict an ordinary woman, and by dint of elevating her soul I have disturbed her reason. I went astray myself. Let us retrace our

steps. Sophie has only a good nature in a common soul. Every advantage she has over other women is the effect of her education.

I proposed to say in this book all that can be done and to leave to the reader the choice—among the good things I may have said—of those that are within his reach. I had thought at the beginning that I would form Emile's companion at the outset and raise them for and with each other. But on reflection I found that all these arrangements were too premature and ill conceived, and that it was absurd to destine two children to be united before being able to know whether this union was in the order of nature and whether they had between them the compatibilities suitable for forming it. One must not confound what is natural in the savage state with what is natural in the civil state. In the former state all women are suitable for all men because both still have only the primitive and common form. In the latter, since each character is developed by social institutions and each mind has received its peculiar and determinate form not from education alone but from the well-ordered or ill-ordered conjunction of nature and education, men and women can no longer be matched except by presenting them to one another in order to see whether they suit one another in all respects—or at least in order to determine the choice resulting in the greatest degree of suitability.

The trouble is that as the social state develops characters, it distinguishes ranks, and since the order based on character is different from the order based on rank, the more one distinguishes among classes, the more one blurs the distinctions among characters. The consequences are ill-matched marriages and all the disorders deriving from them. From this one sees, by an evident inference, that the farther we are removed from equality, the more our natural sentiments are corrupted; the more the gap between noble and commoner widens, the more the conjugal bond is relaxed; and the more there are rich and poor, the less there are fathers and husbands. Neither master nor slave any longer has a family; each of the two sees only his status.

Do you wish to prevent such abuses and to promote happy marriages? Stifle prejudices, forget human institutions, and consult nature. Do not unite people who suit each other only in a given condition and who will no longer suit one another if this condition happens to change; instead, unite people who will suit one another in whatever situation they find themselves, in whatever country they inhabit, in whatever rank they may wind up. I do not say that compatibilities based on convention are immaterial in marriage, but I do say that the influence of natural compatibilities is so much more important that it alone is decisive for the fate of married life. There is a suitability of tastes, dispositions, sentiments, and characters which ought to engage a wise father—were he a prince or a monarch—to give to his son without hesitation the girl who would suit him in all these respects, were she born of a dishonorable family, were she the daughter of the hangman. Yes, I maintain that even if all the misfortunes imaginable were to fall

upon a well-united couple, they would enjoy a truer happiness in weeping together than they would have if their enjoyment of all the good fortune in the world were poisoned by the disunion of their hearts.

Instead of determining a wife for my Emile from childhood, I have therefore waited to know the one who will suit him. It is not I who make this determination; it is nature. My job is to find out the choice that nature has made. I say my job and not that of Emile's father, for in confiding his son to me he yields his place to me, and he substitutes my right for his. I am Emile's true father; I made him a man. I would have refused to raise him if I had not been the master of marrying him to the woman of his choice—that is, of my choice. Only the pleasure of making a happy man can pay for what it costs to put him in a position to become happy.

Nor should you believe that I waited until I gave Emile the responsibility of looking for a wife before I found her. This feigned search is only a pretext for making him learn about women, so that he will sense the value of the one who suits him. For a long time Sophie has been found. Perhaps Emile has already seen her. But he will recognize her only when it is time.

Although equality of status is not necessary to marriage, when this equality is joined to the other kinds of suitability, it gives them a new value. It is not weighed against any of them, but it tips the scale when all else is equal.

Unless he is a monarch, a man cannot seek a woman in every class, for the prejudices he himself does not have he will find in others, and a certain girl who would perhaps suit him might nonetheless be unattainable for him. Thus there are maxims of prudence that ought to limit the search of a judicious father. He should not want to establish his pupil above his rank, for that is not within the father's control. Even if he could, he still should not want to, for what difference does rank make to a young man—at least my young man? Moreover, by climbing in rank he exposes himself to countless real ills which he will sense for his whole life. I even say that he should not want to trade off goods of different natures, like nobility and money, for what is gained by each is less than what it loses in the exchange. Furthermore, there is never agreement between the two parties about the value of what each has contributed. Finally, the preference each gives to his own contribution prepares the way for discord between the two families, and often between the two spouses.

It also makes a great difference for the good order of the marriage whether the man makes an alliance above or below himself. The former case is entirely contrary to reason; the latter is more conformable to it. Since the family is connected with society only by its head, the position of the head determines that of the entire family. When he makes an alliance in a lower rank, he does not descend, he raises up his wife. On the other hand, by taking a woman above him, he lowers her without raising himself. Thus, in the first case there is good without bad, and in the second bad without good. Moreover, it is part of the order of nature that the woman obey the man. Therefore, when he takes her from a lower rank, the natural and the civil order agree, and everything goes

well. The contrary is the case when the man allies himself with a woman above him and thereby faces the alternative of curbing either his rights or his gratitude and of being either ungrateful or despised. Then the woman, pretending to authority, acts as a tyrant toward the head of the house, and the master becomes a slave and finds himself the most ridiculous and most miserable of creatures. Such are those unfortunate favorites whom the Asian kings honor and torment by marrying them to their daughters, and who are said to dare to approach only from the foot of the bed in order to sleep with their wives.

I expect that many readers, remembering that I ascribe to woman a natural talent for governing man, will accuse me of a contradiction here. They will, however, be mistaken. There is quite a difference between arrogating to oneself the right to command and governing him who commands. Woman's empire is an empire of gentleness, skill, and obligingness; her orders are caresses, her threats are tears. She ought to reign in the home as a minister does in a state—by getting herself commanded to do what she wants to do. In this sense, the best households are invariably those where the woman has the most authority. But when she fails to recognize the voice of the head of the house, when she wants to usurp his rights and be in command herself, the result of this disorder is never anything but misery, scandal, and dishonor.

There remains the choice between one's equals and one's inferiors; and I believe that some restriction must be placed upon the latter, for it is difficult to find among the dregs of the people a wife capable of making a gentleman happy. It is not that they are more vicious in the lowest rank than in the highest, but that they have few ideas of what is beautiful and decent, and that the injustice of the other estates makes the lowest see justice in its very vices.

By nature man hardly thinks. To think is an art he learns like all the others and with even more difficulty. In regard to relations between the two sexes, I know of only two classes which are separated by a real distinction—one composed of people who think, the other of people who do not think; and this difference comes almost entirely from education. A man from the first of these two classes ought not to make an alliance in the other, for the greatest charm of society is lacking to him when, despite having a wife, he is reduced to thinking alone. People who literally spend their whole lives working in order to live have no idea other than that of their work or their self-interest, and their whole mind seems to be at the end of their arms. This ignorance harms neither probity nor morals. Often it even serves them. Often one compromises in regard to one's duties by dint of reflecting on them and ends up replacing real things with abstract talk. Conscience is the most enlightened of philosophers. One does not need to know Cicero's *Offices* to be a good man, and the most decent woman in the world perhaps has the least knowledge of what decency is. But it is no less true that only a cultivated mind makes association agreeable, and it is a sad thing for a father of a family who enjoys himself in his home to be forced to close himself up and not be able to make himself understood by anyone.

Besides, how will a woman who has no habit of reflecting raise her

children? How will she discern what suits them? How will she incline them toward virtues she does not know, toward merit of which she has no idea? She will know only how to flatter or threaten them, to make them insolent or fearful. She will make mannered monkeys or giddy rascals of them, never good minds or lovable children.

Therefore, it is not suitable for a man with education to take a wife who has none, or, consequently, to take a wife from a rank in which she could not have an education. But I would still like a simple and coarsely raised girl a hundred times better than a learned and brilliant one who would come to establish in my house a tribunal of literature over which she would preside. A brilliant wife is a plague to her husband, her children, her friends, her valets, everyone. From the sublime elevation of her fair genius she disdains all her woman's duties and always begins by making herself into a man after the fashion of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. Outside her home she is always ridiculous and very justly criticized; this is the inevitable result as soon as one leaves one's station and is not fit for the station one wants to adopt. All these women of great talent never impress anyone but fools. It is always known who the artist or the friend is who holds the pen or the brush when they work. It is known who the discreet man of letters is who secretly dictates their oracles to them. All this charlatanry is unworthy of a decent woman. Even if she had some true talents, her pretensions would debase them. Her dignity consists in her being ignored. Her glory is in her husband's esteem. Her pleasures are in the happiness of her family. Readers, I leave it to you. Answer in good faith. What gives you a better opinion of a woman on entering her room, what makes you approach her with more respect—to see her occupied with the labors of her sex and the cares of her household, encompassed by her children's things, or to find her at her dressing table writing verses, surrounded by all sorts of pamphlets and letters written on tinted paper? Every literary maiden would remain a maiden for her whole life if there were only sensible men in this world:

Quaeris cur nolim te ducere, Galla? diserta es.[34]

After these considerations comes that of looks. It is the first consideration which strikes one and the last to which one ought to pay attention, but still it should count for something. Great beauty appears to me to be avoided rather than sought in marriage. Beauty promptly wears out in possession. After six weeks it is nothing more for the possessor, but its dangers last as long as it does. Unless a beautiful woman is an angel, her husband is the unhappiest of men; and even if she were an angel, how will she prevent his being ceaselessly surrounded by enemies? If extreme ugliness were not disgusting, I would prefer it to extreme beauty; for in a short time both are nothing for the husband, and thus beauty becomes a drawback and ugliness an advantage. But ugliness which produces disgust is the greatest of misfortunes. This sentiment, far from fading away, increases constantly and turns into hatred. Such a marriage is a hell. It would be better to be dead than to be thus united.

Desire mediocrity in everything, without excepting even beauty. An attractive and prepossessing face that inspires not love but benevolence is what one ought to prefer. It is not prejudicial to the husband, and its advantages contribute to the profit of both. Graces do not wear out like beauty. They have life, they are constantly renewed, and at the end of thirty years of marriage a decent woman with graces pleases her husband as she did on the first day.

Such are the reflections which have determined me on the choice of Sophie. She is a pupil of nature just as Emile is, and she, more than any other, is made for him. She will be the woman of the man. She is his equal in birth and merit, his inferior in fortune. She does not enchant at first glance, but she pleases more each day. Her greatest charm acts only by degrees. It unfolds only in the intimacy of association, and her husband will sense it more than anyone in the world. Her education is neither brilliant nor neglected. She has taste without study, talents without art, judgment without knowledge. Her mind does not know, but it is cultivated for learning; it is a well-prepared soil that only awaits seed in order to bear fruit. She has read no other books than Barrême [35] and *Telemachus*, which fell into her hands by chance. But does a girl capable of becoming impassioned about Telemachus have a heart without sentiment and a mind without delicacy? O what lovable ignorance! Happy is he who is destined to instruct her. She will be not her husband's teacher but his pupil. Far from wanting to subject him to her tastes, she will adopt his. She is better for him as she is than if she were learned: he will have the pleasure of teaching her everything. It is finally time that they see each other. Let us work to bring them together.

We are sad and dreamy as we leave Paris. This city of chatter is not the place for us. Emile turns a disdainful eye toward this great city and says resentfully, "How many days lost in vain searches! Ah, the wife of my heart is not there. My friend, you knew it well. But my time scarcely costs you anything, and my ills cause you little suffering." I give him a fixed look and say, without getting aroused, "Do you believe what you are saying?" At once, very much embarrassed, he embraces me and hugs me in his arms without answering. This is always his answer when he is wrong.

Here we are in the country like true knights-errant, although not seeking adventures as they do; on the contrary, we flee adventures in leaving Paris. But we imitate the pace of those knights in our wandering, sometimes proceeding at full tilt and sometimes meandering. By dint of following my practice, one will have finally grasped its spirit, and I cannot imagine a reader still so prejudiced by custom as to suppose us both asleep in a good, well-closed post-chaise, progressing without seeing or observing anything, making worthless for ourselves the interval between departure and arrival, and by the speed of our progress wasting time in order to save it.

Men say that life is short, and I see that they exert themselves to make it so. Not knowing how to employ it, they complain of the rapidity of time, and I see that it flows too slowly for their taste. Always occupied with the goal toward which they are straining, they regard

with regret the interval separating them from that goal. One man wants it to be tomorrow, another next month, another ten years from now. None wants to live today. None is content with the present hour; all find it too slow in passing. When they complain that time flows too fast, they lie. They would gladly pay for the power to accelerate it. They would gladly use their fortune to consume their whole lives; and there is perhaps not a single one who would not have reduced his years to very few hours if he had been the master of eliminating, at the prompting of his boredom, those hours which were burdensome to him, and, at the prompting of his impatience, those hours which separated him from the desired moment. A man spends half his life going from Paris to Versailles, from Versailles to Paris, from the city to the country, from the country to the city, and from one part of town to the next, and he would be very much at a loss about what to do with his hours if he did not know the secret of wasting them in this way; he purposely goes far away from his business in order to keep busy going back to it. He believes he gains the extra time he spends in this way, for otherwise he would not know how to fill it. Or, on the contrary, he hurries in order to hurry and comes with post-horses for no other reason than to return in the same way. Mortals, will you never cease to calumniate nature? Why do you complain that life is short, since it is still not short enough for your taste? If there is a single one among you who knows how to temper his desires so that he never wishes for time to pass, he will not regard life as too short. To live and to enjoy will be the same thing for him, and even if he were to die young, he would die full with days.

Even if there were only this advantage to my method, it alone would make it preferable to any other. I have not raised my Emile to desire or to wait but to enjoy; and when he extends his desires beyond the present, his ardor is not so impetuous that he is bothered by the slowness of time. He will enjoy not only the pleasure of desiring but that of going to the object he desires, and his passions are so moderate that he is always more where he is than where he will be.

Therefore, we travel not like messengers but like travelers. We do not think only about the departure and the arrival but also about the interval separating them. The trip itself is a pleasure for us. We do not make it seated sadly, like prisoners, in a small, closed-up cage. We do not travel in softness and repose, as women do. We do not deprive ourselves of the fresh air, or the sight of the objects surrounding us, or the ease of contemplating them at our will when it pleases us. Emile never enters a post-chaise and does not travel about on post-horses unless he is in a hurry. But why would Emile ever be in a hurry? For one reason alone—to enjoy life. Shall I add another—to do good when he can? No, for that itself is to enjoy life.

I can conceive of only one way of traveling that is more agreeable than going by horse. That is going by foot. The traveler leaves at his own good time; he stops at will; he takes as much or as little exercise as he wants. He observes the whole country; he turns aside to the right or the left; he examines all that appeals to him; he stops to see all the views. Do I notice a river? I walk along it. A thick wood? I go beneath

its shade. A grotto? I visit it. A quarry? I examine the minerals. Everywhere I enjoy myself, I stay. The moment I get bored, I go. I depend on neither horse nor coachman. I do not need to choose ready-made paths, comfortable roads; I pass wherever a man can pass. I see all that a man can see; and, depending only on myself, I enjoy all the liberty a man can enjoy. If bad weather stops me and boredom overtakes me, then I take horses. If I am weary . . . but Emile hardly gets weary. He is robust, and why should he get weary? He is not in a hurry. If he stops, how can he get bored? He carries everywhere the means of enjoying himself. He enters a master's establishment and works. He exercises his arms to rest his feet.

To travel on foot is to travel like Thales, Plato, and Pythagoras.[36] It is hard for me to understand how a philosopher can resolve to travel any other way and tear himself away from the examination of the riches which he tramples underfoot and which the earth lavishly offers to his sight. Who that has some liking for agriculture does not want to know the products peculiar to the climate of the places he passes through and the way in which they are cultivated? Who that has some taste for natural history can resolve to pass by a piece of land without examining it, a boulder without chipping it, mountains without herborizing, stones without looking for fossils? Your city philosophers learn natural history in museums; they have gadgets; they know names and have no idea of nature. But Emile's museum is richer than those of kings; it is the whole earth. Each thing is in its place. The naturalist in charge has put the whole in very beautiful order; d'Aubenton[37] could not do better.

How many different pleasures are brought together by this agreeable way of traveling, without counting strengthened health and brightened humor! I have always observed that those who traveled in good, smooth-riding vehicles were dreamy, sad, scolding, or ailing, while pedestrians were gay, easygoing, and content with everything. How the heart laughs when one approaches lodgings! How savory a coarse meal appears! With what pleasure one rests at the table! What a good sleep one has in a bad bed! When one wants only to arrive, one can hurry in a post-chaise. But when one wants to travel, one has to go on foot.

If Sophie is not forgotten before we have gone fifty leagues in the way I imagine, either I must not be very skillful or Emile must not be very curious; for since Emile possesses so many kinds of elementary knowledge, it is difficult for him not to be tempted to go farther in them. One is curious only to the extent that one is informed. He knows exactly enough to want to learn.

Meanwhile one object attracts us to another, and we always go forward. I have set a distant goal for our first trip. The pretext for doing so is easy: one has to go a long way from Paris to look for a wife.

One day, after having strayed more than usual in valleys and mountains where no path can be perceived, we can no longer find our way again. It makes little difference to us. All paths are good, provided one arrives. But, still, one has to arrive somewhere when one is hungry. Happily we find a peasant who takes us to his cottage. We eat his meager dinner with great appetite. On seeing us so tired and famished,

he says to us, "If the good Lord had led you to the other side of the hill, you would have been better received . . . you would have found a house of peace . . . such charitable people . . . such good people . . . They are not better-hearted than I am, but they are richer, although it is said that they were previously much more so . . . they are not suffering, thank God, and the whole countryside feels the effects of what remains to them."

At this mention of good people, the good Emile's heart gladdens. "My friend," he says, looking at me, "let us go to that house whose masters are blessed in the neighborhood. I would be glad to see them. Perhaps they will be glad to receive us, too. I am sure they will receive us well. If they are of our kind, we shall be of theirs."

Having received good directions to the house, we leave and wander through the woods. On the way heavy rain surprises us. It slows us up without stopping us. Finally we find our way, and in the evening we arrive at the designated house. In the hamlet which surrounds it, this house alone, although simple, stands out. We present ourselves. We ask for hospitality. We are taken to speak to the master. He questions us, but politely. Without telling him the subject of our trip, we tell him the reason for our detour. From his former opulence he has retained a facility for recognizing the station of people by their manners. Whoever has lived in high society is rarely mistaken about that. On the basis of this passport we are admitted.

We are shown to a very little, but clean and comfortable apartment. A fire is made. We find linen, garments, everything we need. "What!" says Emile. "It is as though we were expected! Oh how right the peasant was! What attention, what goodness, what foresight! And for unknowns! I believe I am living in Homer's time." "Be sensitive to all this," I say to him, "but don't be surprised. Wherever strangers are rare, they are welcome. Nothing makes one more hospitable than seldom needing to be. It is the abundance of guests which destroys hospitality. In the time of Homer people hardly traveled, and travelers were well received everywhere. We are perhaps the only transients who have been seen here during the whole year." "It makes no difference," he replies. "That itself is praise—to know how to get along without guests and always to receive them well."

After we have dried ourselves and straightened up, we go to rejoin the master of the house. He presents his wife to us. She receives us not only politely but with kindness. The honor of her glances belongs to Emile. A mother in her situation rarely sees a man of that age enter her home without uneasiness or at least curiosity.

For our sake they have supper served early. On entering the dining room, we see five settings. We are seated, but an empty place remains. A girl enters, curtseys deeply, and sits down modestly without speaking. Emile, busy with his hunger or his answers, greets her and continues to speak and eat. The principle object of his trip is as distant from his thoughts as he believes himself to be still distant from its goal. The discussion turns to the travelers' losing their way. "Sir," the master of the house says to him, "you appear to me to be a likable and wise young man, and that makes me think that you and your governor

have arrived here tired and wet like Telemachus and Mentor on Calypso's island." "It is true," Emile answers, "that we find here the hospitality of Calpyso." His Mentor adds, "And the charms of Eucharis." [38] But although Emile knows the *Odyssey,* he has not read *Telemachus.* He does not know who Eucharis is. As for the girl, I see her blush up to her eyes, lower them toward her plate, and not dare to murmur. Her mother, who notices her embarrassment, gives a sign to her father, and he changes the subject. In speaking of his solitude, he gradually gets involved in the story of the events which confined him to it: the misfortunes of his life, the constancy of his wife, the consolations they have found in their union, the sweet and peaceful life they lead in their retreat—and still without saying a word about the girl. All this forms an agreeable and touching story which cannot be heard without interest. Emile, moved and filled with tenderness, stops eating in order to listen. Finally, at the part where the most decent of men enlarges with great pleasure on the attachment of the worthiest of women, the young traveler is beside himself; with one hand he grips the husband's hand, and with the other he takes the wife's hand and leans toward it rapturously, sprinkling it with tears. The young man's naïve vivacity enchants everyone, but the girl, more sensitive than anyone to this mark of his good heart, believes she sees Telemachus affected by Philoctetes' [39] misfortunes. She furtively turns her eyes toward him in order to examine his face better. She finds nothing there which denies the comparison. His easy bearing is free without being arrogant. His manners are lively without being giddy. His sensitivity makes his glance gentler, his expression more touching. The girl, seeing him cry, is ready to mingle her tears with his. But even with so fair a pretext, a secret shame restrains her. She already reproaches herself for the tears about to escape her eyes, as though it were bad to shed them for her family.

Her mother, who from the beginning of the supper has not stopped watching her, sees her constraint and delivers her from it by sending her on an errand. A minute later the young girl returns, but she is so little recovered that her disorder is visible to all eyes. Her mother gently says to her, "Sophie, pull yourself together. Will you never stop crying over the misfortunes of your parents? You, who console them for their misfortunes, must not be more sensitive to them than they are themselves."

At the name Sophie, you would have seen Emile shiver. Struck by so dear a name, he is wakened with a start and casts an avid glance at the girl who dares to bear it. "Sophie, O Sophie! Is it you whom my heart seeks? Is it you whom my heart loves?" He observes her and contemplates her with a sort of fear and distrust. He does not see exactly the face that he had depicted to himself. He does not know whether the one he sees is better or worse. He studies each feature; he spies on each movement, each gesture. In all he finds countless confused interpretations. He would give half his life for her to be willing to speak a single word. Uneasy and troubled, he looks at me. His eyes put a hundred questions to me and make a hundred reproaches all at once. He seems to say to me with each look, "Guide me while there is

time. If my heart yields and is mistaken, I shall never recover in all my days."

Emile is worse at disguising his feelings than any man in the world. How would he disguise them in the greatest disturbance of his life, in the presence of four spectators who examine him and of whom the most distracted in appearance is actually the most attentive? His disorder does not escape Sophie's penetrating eyes. Moreover, his eyes teach her that she is the cause of his disorder. She sees that this apprehensiveness is not yet love. But what difference does it make? He is involved with her, and that is enough. She will be most unlucky if he becomes involved with her with impunity.

Mothers have eyes just as their daughters do, and they have experience to boot. Sophie's mother smiles at the success of our projects. She reads the hearts of the two young people. She sees that it is time to captivate the heart of the new Telemachus. She gets her daughter to speak. Her daughter responds with her natural gentleness in a timid voice which makes its effect all the better. At the first sound of this voice Emile surrenders. It is Sophie. He no longer doubts it. If it were not she, it would be too late for him to turn back.

It is then that the charms of this enchanting girl flow in torrents into his heart, and he begins to swallow with deep draughts the poison with which she intoxicates him. He no longer speaks, he no longer responds; he sees only Sophie, he hears only Sophie. If she says a word, he opens his mouth; if she lowers her eyes, he lowers his; if he sees her breathe, he sighs. It is Sophie's soul which appears to animate him. How his own soul has changed in a few instants! It is no longer Sophie's turn to tremble; it is Emile's. Farewell freedom, naïveté, frankness! Confused, embarrassed, fearful, he no longer dares to look around him for fear of seeing that he is being looked at. Ashamed to let the others see through him, he would like to make himself invisible to everyone in order to sate himself with contemplating her without being observed. Sophie, on the contrary, is reassured by Emile's fear. She sees her triumph. She enjoys it:

Nol mostra già, ben che in suo cor ne rida.[40]

Her countenance has not changed. But in spite of this modest air and these lowered eyes, her tender heart palpitates with joy and tells her that Telemachus has been found.

If I enter here into the perhaps too naïve and too simple history of their innocent love, people will regard these details as a frivolous game, but they will be wrong. They do not sufficiently consider the influence which a man's first liaison with a woman ought to have on the course of both their lives. They do not see that a first impression as lively as that of love, or the inclination which takes its place, has distant effects whose links are not perceived in the progress of the years but do not cease to act until death. We are given treatises on education consisting of useless, pedantic, bloated verbiage about the chimerical duties of children, and we are not told a word about the most important and most difficult part of the whole of education—the crisis

that serves as a passage from childhood to man's estate. If I have been able to make these essays useful in some respect, it is especially by having expanded at great length on this essential part, omitted by all others, and by not letting myself be rebuffed in this enterprise by false delicacies or frightened by difficulties of language. If I have said what must be done, I have said what I ought to have said. It makes very little difference to me if I have written a romance.[41] A fair romance it is indeed, the romance of human nature. If it is to be found only in this writing, is that my fault? This ought to be the history of my species.[42] You who deprave it, it is you who make a romance of my book.

Another consideration which strengthens the first is that I am dealing here not with a young man given over from childhood to fear, covetousness, envy, pride, and all the passions that serve as instruments for common educations, but with a young man for whom this is not only his first love but his first passion of any kind. On this passion, perhaps the only one he will feel intensely in his whole life, depends the final form his character is going to take. Once fixed by a durable passion, his way of thinking, his sentiments, and his tastes are going to acquire a consistency which will no longer permit them to deteriorate.

One can conceive that for Emile and me the night following such an evening is not spent entirely in sleeping. What? Ought the mere agreement of a name to have so much power over a wise man? Is there only one Sophie in the world? Do they all resemble one another in soul as they do in name? Are all the Sophies he will see his? Is he mad, getting passionate in this way about an unknown girl to whom he has never spoken? Wait, young man. Examine. Observe. You do not even know yet whose house you are in, and to hear you one would believe you are already in your own home.

This is not the time for lessons, and such lessons are not going to be heard. They only have the effect of giving the young man a new interest in Sophie out of the desire to justify his inclination. This resemblance of names, this meeting (which he believes is fortuitous), and my very reserve have only the effect of exciting his vivacity. Already Sophie appears too estimable for him not to be sure of making me love her.

I suspect that the next morning Emile will try to dress himself up more carefully in his sorry traveling outfit. He does not fail to do so. But I laugh at his eagerness to make use of the household linen. I see through his thought. I realize with pleasure that, by seeing to it that there are things to be returned or exchanged, he seeks to establish for himself a sort of connection which gives him the right to send things back here and come back himself.

I had also expected to find Sophie a bit more dressed up. I was mistaken. This vulgar coquetry is good for those whom one only wants to please. The coquetry of true love is more refined; it has very different pretensions. Sophie is dressed up even more simply and casually than the day before, although still with scrupulous cleanliness. I see coquetry in this casualness only because I see affectation in it. Sophie knows that more studied adornment is a declaration, but she does not know that more casual adornment is also a declaration. She shows that she

is not content to please by her dress, that she also wants to please by her person. What difference does it make to her lover how she is dressed provided that he sees that she is concerned with him? Already sure of her empire, Sophie does not content herself with appealing to Emile's eyes with her charms; his heart must seek them out. It is no longer enough for her that he see her charms; she wants him to suppose them. Has he not seen enough of them to be obliged to guess the rest?

It may be believed that, during the time of our discussions that night, Sophie and her mother also did not remain silent. There were confessions extracted, instructions given. The next day's gathering has been well prepared. It is not yet twelve hours since our young people saw each other for the first time. They have not yet said a single word to each other, and already one sees that they have reached an understanding. Their manner is not familiar; it is embarrassed and timid; they do not speak to each other. Their eyes are lowered and seem to avoid each other; that is itself a sign of communication; they avoid each other, but by agreement. They already sense the need of mystery before having said anything to each other. As we leave, we ask permission to come back ourselves to return what we are taking away with us. Emile's mouth asks this permission from the father and the mother, while his apprehensive eyes, turned to the daughter, ask it from her much more insistently. Sophie says nothing, makes no sign, appears to see nothing and hear nothing. But she blushes, and this blush is a still clearer answer than her parents'.

We are permitted to return without being invited to stay over. This conduct is suitable. Board is given to passers-by who are at a loss for lodging, but it is not seemly for a lover to sleep in his beloved's home.

We hardly are out of this dear house before Emile thinks of establishing ourselves in the neighborhood. Even the nearest cottage seems too distant. He would like to sleep in the ditches of the manor. "Giddy young man!" I say to him in a tone of pity. "What, does passion already blind you? Do you already no longer see either propriety or reason? Unfortunate one! You believe you are in love, and you want to dishonor your beloved! What will be said when it is known that a young man who leaves her home sleeps in the vicinity? You love her, you say! Will you then ruin her reputation? Is that the payment for the hospitality her parents have granted you? Will you cause the disgrace of the girl from whom you expect your happiness?" "Well," he answers, "what difference do the vain talk of men and their unjust suspicions make? Haven't you yourself taught me to take no notice of it? Who knows better than I how much I honor Sophie, how much I want to respect her? My attachment will not cause her shame; it will cause her glory; it will be worthy of her. If my heart and my attentions everywhere render her the homage she deserves, how can I insult her?" "Dear Emile," I respond, embracing him, "you reason for yourself. Learn to reason for her. Do not compare the honor of one sex to that of the other. They have entirely different principles. These principles are equally solid and reasonable because they derive equally from nature; and the same virtue which makes you despise men's talk for yourself

obliges you to respect it for your beloved. Your honor is in you alone, and hers depends on others. To neglect it would be to wound your own honor; and you do not render yourself what you owe yourself if you are the cause of her not being rendered what is owed her."

Then I explain the reasons for these differences to him, making him sense what an injustice it would be to take no account of these differences. Who has told him that he will be the husband of Sophie, whose sentiments he is ignorant of, whose heart (or whose parents) has perhaps made prior commitments, whom he does not know, and who perhaps suits him in none of the ways which can make for a happy marriage? Does he not know that for a girl every scandal is an indelible stain, which even her marriage to the man who caused it does not remove? What sensitive man wants to ruin the girl he loves? What decent man wants to make an unfortunate girl weep forever for the misfortune of having pleased him?

The young man, who is always extreme in his ideas, is frightened by the consequences I make him envisage, and he now believes he is never far enough away from Sophie's dwelling. He doubles his pace to flee more quickly. He looks around to see whether we are overheard. He would sacrifice his happiness a thousand times for the honor of the one he loves. He would rather not see her again in his life than cause her any displeasure. This is the first fruit of the cares I took in his youth to form in him a heart that knows how to love.

We have to find, then, an abode that is distant but within range. We seek, and we make inquiries; we learn that two leagues away there is a town. We go to find lodging there rather than in nearer villages, where our stay would become suspect. The new lover finally arrives there full of love, hope, joy, and, especially, good sentiments. And this is how, by directing his nascent passion little by little toward what is good and decent, without his being aware of it I dispose all of his inclinations to take the same bent.

I approach the end of my career. I already see it in the distance. All the great difficulties are overcome. All the great obstacles are surmounted. Nothing difficult is left for me to do, except not to spoil my work by hurrying to consummate it. In the uncertainty of human life, let us avoid above all the false prudence of sacrificing the present for the future; this is often to sacrifice what is for what will not be. Let us make man happy at all ages lest, after many cares, he die before having been happy. Now, if there is a time to enjoy life, it is surely the end of adolescence when the faculties of body and soul have acquired their greatest vigor. Man is then in the middle of his course, and he sees from the greatest distance the two end points which make him feel its brevity. If imprudent youth makes mistakes, it is not because it wants enjoyment; it is because it seeks enjoyment where it is not, and because, while preparing a miserable future for itself, it does not even know how to use the present moment.

Consider my Emile—now past twenty, well formed, well constituted in mind and body, strong, healthy, fit, skillful, robust, full of sense, reason, goodness, and humanity, a man with morals and taste, loving the beautiful, doing the good, free from the empire of cruel passions,

exempt from the yoke of opinion, but subject to the law of wisdom and submissive to the voice of friendship, possessing all the useful talents and some of the agreeable ones, caring little for riches, with his means of support in his arms, and not afraid of lacking bread whatever happens. Now he is intoxicated by a nascent passion. His heart opens itself to the first fires of love. Its sweet illusions make him a new universe of delight and enjoyment. He loves a lovable object who is even more lovable for her character than for her person. He hopes for, he expects a return that he feels is his due. It is from the similarity of their hearts, from the conjunction of decent sentiments that their first inclination was formed. This inclination ought to be durable. He yields confidently, even reasonably, to the most charming delirium, without fear, without regret, without remorse, without any other worry than that which is inseparable from the sentiment of happiness. What is lacking to his happiness? Look, consider, imagine what he still needs that can accord with what he has. He enjoys together all the goods that can be obtained at once. None can be added except at the expense of another. He is as happy as a man can be. Shall I at this moment shorten so sweet a destiny? Shall I trouble so pure a delight? Ah, the whole value of life is in the felicity he tastes! What could I give him which was worth what I had taken away from him? Even in putting the crown on his happiness, I would destroy its greatest charm. This supreme happiness is a hundred times sweeter to hope for than to obtain. One enjoys it better when one looks forward to it than when one tastes it. O good Emile, love and be loved! Enjoy a long time before possessing. Enjoy love and innocence at the same time. Make your paradise on earth while awaiting the other one. I shall not shorten this happy time of your life. I shall spin out its enchantment for you. I shall prolong it as much as possible. Alas, it has to end, and end soon. But I shall at least make it last forever in your memory and make you never repent having tasted it.

Emile does not forget that we have things to return. As soon as they are ready, we take horses and set out at full speed; this one time, Emile would like to have arrived as soon as we leave. When the heart is opened to the passions, it is opened to life's boredom. If I have not wasted my time, his whole life will not pass in this way.

Unhappily there is a severe break in the road and the countryside proves heavy going. We get lost. He notices it first, and without impatience and without complaint he gives all his attention to finding his way again. He wanders for a long time before knowing where he is, always with the same coolness. This means nothing to you but a great deal to me, since I know his hot nature. I see the fruit of the care I have taken since his childhood to harden him against the blows of necessity.

Finally we arrive. The reception given us is far more simple and more obliging than the first time. We are already old acquaintances. Emile and Sophie greet each other with a bit of embarrassment and still do not speak to each other. What would they say to each other in our presence? The conversation they require has no need of witnesses. We take a walk in the garden. It has as its parterre a very well-arranged kitchen garden; as its park it has an orchard covered with large,

beautiful fruit trees of every kind, interspersed with pretty streams and beds full of flowers. "What a beautiful place," cries out Emile, full of his Homer and always enthusiastic. "I believe I see the garden of Alcinous." The daughter would like to know who Alcinous is, and the mother asks. "Alcinous," I tell them, "was a king of Corcyra whose garden, described by Homer, is criticized by people of taste for being too simple and without enough adornment.* This Alcinous had a lovable daughter who dreamed, on the eve of a stranger's receiving hospitality from her father, that she would soon have a husband." [44] Sophie is taken aback and blushes, lowers her eyes, bites her tongue. One cannot imagine such embarrassment. Her father, who takes pleasure in increasing it, joins in and says that the young princess herself went to wash the linen in the river. "Do you believe," he continues, "that she would have disdained to touch the dirty napkins, saying that they smelled of burnt fat?" Sophie, against whom the blow is directed, forgets her natural timidity and excuses herself with vivacity: her papa knows very well that all the small linen would have no other laundress than her if she had been allowed to do it,† and that she would have done more of it with pleasure if she had been so directed. While speaking these words, she looks at me on the sly with an apprehensiveness which I cannot help laughing at, reading in her ingenuous heart the alarm which makes her speak. Her father is cruel enough to pick up this bit of giddiness by asking her in a mocking tone what occasion she has for speaking on her own behalf here, and what she has in common with Alcinous' daughter? Ashamed and trembling, she no longer dares to breathe a word or look at anyone. Charming girl, the time for feigning is past. You have now made your declaration in spite of yourself.

Soon this little scene is forgotten, or appears to be. Very happily for Sophie, Emile is the only one who has understood nothing of it. The walk continues, and our young people, who at first were at our sides, have difficulty adjusting themselves to the slowness of our pace. Imperceptibly they move ahead of us, approach each other, and finally meet, and we see them rather far in front of us. Sophie seems attentive and composed. Emile speaks and gesticulates with fire. Their discussion does not appear to bore them. At the end of a solid hour we turn back;

* On leaving the palace one finds a vast garden of four acres, hedged in all around, planted with great flowering trees, producing pears, pomegranates, and others of the fairest species, fig trees with sweet fruit and verdant olive trees. Never during the whole year are these beautiful trees without fruit; winter and summer the west wind's gentle breeze both fecundates some and ripens others. One sees the pear and the apple grow old and dry on their trees, the fig on the fig tree and the clusters of grapes on the vine stock. The inexhaustible vine does not stop bearing new grapes; some are cooked and preserved in the sun on a threshing floor, while others are used to make wine, leaving on the plant those still blossoming, fermenting, or beginning to turn dark. At one of its ends two well-cultivated patches covered with flowers are each adorned by a fountain, of which one waters the whole garden, and the other, after having passed through the house, is piped to a tall building in the city to provide water for the citizens.

Such is the description of Alcinous' royal garden in the seventh book of the *Odyssey*, where, to the shame of that old dreamer Homer and the princes of his time, one sees neither trellises nor statues nor waterfalls nor bowling greens.[43]

† I admit that I am rather grateful to Sophie's mother for not having let her spoil with soap hands as soft as hers, hands which Emile will so often kiss.

we call them, and they return, but now they are the slow ones, and we see that they use the time profitably. Finally their conversation suddenly stops before we are within range of hearing them, and they speed up in order to rejoin us. Emile approaches us with an open and caressing air. His eyes sparkle with joy; however, he turns them with a bit of apprehensiveness toward Sophie's mother to see the reception she will give him. Sophie is far from having so relaxed a bearing; as she approaches, she seems quite embarrassed to be seen in a tête-à-tête with a young man—she who has so often been with other young men without being bothered by it and without its ever having been treated as wrong. Hurrying to reach her mother, she is a bit out of breath; she says a few words which do not mean a great deal, as if to give the impression of having been there for a long time.

From the serenity visible on the faces of these lovable children one sees that this conversation has relieved their young hearts of a great weight. They are no less reserved with one another, but it is a less embarrassed reserve. It now comes only from Emile's respect, Sophie's modesty, and the decency of both. Emile dares to address a few words to her; sometimes she dares to respond, but never does she open her mouth for that purpose without casting her eyes toward her mother's. She changes most palpably in her behavior toward me. She gives evidence of a more eager regard for me. She looks at me with interest; she speaks to me affectionately. She is attentive to what might please me. I see that she honors me with her esteem, and that she is not indifferent to obtaining mine. I understand that Emile has spoken to her about me. One would say that they have already plotted to win me over. Nothing of the kind has happened, however, and Sophie herself is not won so quickly. He will perhaps need my favor with her more than hers with me. Charming couple! . . . In thinking that my young friend's sensitive heart has given me a great part in his first discussion with his beloved, I enjoy the reward for my effort. His friendship has repaid everything.

The visits are repeated. The conversations between our young people become more frequent. Intoxicated by love, Emile believes he has already attained his happiness. However, he does not get Sophie's formal consent. She listens to him and says nothing to him. Emile knows the extent of her modesty. He is not very surprised by so much restraint. He senses that he does not stand badly with her. He knows that it is fathers who marry off children. He supposes that Sophie is waiting for an order from her parents. He asks her permission to solicit it. She does not oppose his doing so. He speaks to me about it; I speak for him in his own presence. What a surprise for him to learn that it is up to Sophie alone, and that to make him happy she has only to want to do so. He begins no longer to understand anything about her conduct. His confidence diminishes. He is alarmed; he sees that he has not gotten as far as he thought he had. And it is then that his tenderest love employs its most touching language to sway her.

Emile is not the kind of man who can guess what is hindering him. If he is not told, he will never find out, and Sophie is too proud to tell him. The difficulties which are holding her back would only make an-

other girl more eager. She has not forgotten her parents' lessons. She is poor, and Emile is rich; she knows it. He has a great deal to do in order to gain her esteem! What merit must he possess in order to wipe away this inequality? But how could he dream of these obstacles? Does Emile know he is rich? Does he even deign to inquire about it? Thank heaven he has no need to be rich. He knows how to be beneficent without riches. The good he does is drawn from his heart and not from his purse. He gives his time, his care, his affections, and his person to the unhappy; and in estimating his benefactions, he hardly dares to count the money he scatters among the indigent.

Not knowing what to blame for his disgrace, he attributes it to his own fault: for who would dare to accuse the object of his adoration of caprice? The humiliation of his *amour-propre* increases his regret that his love has been spurned. He no longer approaches Sophie with that lovable confidence of a heart which feels it is worthy of hers. He is fearful and trembling before her. He no longer hopes to touch her by tenderness. He seeks to sway her by pity. Sometimes his patience wearies, and vexation is ready to take its place. Sophie seems to foresee these storms, and glances at him. This glance alone disarms and intimidates him. He is more thoroughly subjected than before.

Troubled by this obstinate resistance and this invincible silence, he opens his heart to his friend. He confides to him the pain of a heart broken by sadness. He implores his assistance and his counsel. "What an impenetrable mystery! She is interested in my fate; I cannot doubt it. Far from avoiding me, she enjoys being with me. When I arrive, she gives signs of joy, and when I leave, of regret. She receives my attentions kindly. My services appear to please her. She deigns to give me advice, sometimes even orders. Nevertheless, she rejects my entreaties and my prayers. When I dare to speak of union, she imperiously imposes silence on me; and if I add another word, she leaves me on the spot. For what strange reason does she want me to be hers without wanting to hear a word about her being mine? You whom she honors, you whom she loves and whom she will not dare to silence, speak, make her speak. Serve your friend. Crown your work. Do not make all your care fatal to your pupil. Ah, what he has gotten from you will cause his misery if you do not complete his happiness!"

I speak to Sophie, and with little effort I extract from her a secret I knew before she told it to me. I have more difficulty in obtaining permission to inform Emile. Finally, I do obtain it and make use of it. This explanation sends him into a state of astonishment from which he cannot recover. He understands nothing of this delicacy. He cannot imagine what effect a few *écus* more or less have on character and merit. When I make him understand what they do to prejudices, he starts laughing, and, transported with joy, he wants to leave on the spot to go and tear up everything, throw out everything, renounce everything in order to have the honor of being as poor as Sophie and to return worthy of being her husband.

"What!" I say, stopping him and laughing in turn at his impetuosity. "Will this young mind never become mature; and after having philoso-

phized your whole life, will you never learn to reason? How can you not see that, in following your insane project, you are going to make your situation worse and Sophie more intractable? It is a small advantage to have a bit more property than she does, but it would be a very big advantage to have sacrificed it all for her; and if her pride cannot resolve to accept the former obligation to you, how will it resolve to accept the latter? If she cannot endure that a husband be able to reproach her for having enriched her, will she endure that he be able to reproach her with having impoverished himself for her? O unhappy fellow, tremble lest she suspect you of having had this project! Instead, become economical and careful for love of her, lest she accuse you of wanting to win her by trickery and of voluntarily sacrificing to her what you lose by neglect.

"Do you believe that at bottom great property frightens her and that it is precisely wealth that is the source of her opposition? No, dear Emile, it has a more solid and weightier cause—namely, the effect that wealth has on the soul of the possessor. She knows that fortune's goods are always preferred over everything else by those who have them. The rich all count gold before merit. In regard to the family resources constituted by the contribution of money and services, they always find that the latter never compensate for the former; they think that someone is still in their debt when he has spent his life serving them while eating their bread. What is there for you to do, Emile, to reassure her about her fears? Make yourself well known to her. That is not the business of a day. Show her treasures in your noble soul that are sufficient to redeem those with which you have the misfortune to be endowed. By dint of constancy and time surmount her resistance. By dint of great and generous sentiments force her to forget your riches. Love her, serve her, serve her respectable parents. Prove to her that these efforts are the effect not of a mad and fleeting passion but of ineffaceable principles engraved in the depths of your heart. Give proper honor to merit that has been insulted by fortune. This is the only means of reconciling her to merit favored by fortune."

One may conceive what transports of joy this speech gives to the young man, how much confidence and hope it gives him. His decent heart is delighted that in order to please Sophie he has to do exactly what he would do on his own if Sophie did not exist or if he were not in love with her. However little one has understood his character, who will not be able to imagine his conduct on this occasion?

Now I am the confidant of my two good young people and the mediator of their loves! A fine employment for a governor! So fine that never in my life have I done anything which raised me so much in my own eyes and made me so satisfied with myself. Moreover, this employment does not fail to have its agreeable aspects. I am not unwelcome in the house. I am entrusted with the care of keeping the lovers in order. Emile, who is constantly trembling for fear of displeasing me, was never so docile. The little girl overwhelms me with friendliness by which I am not deceived, and I take for myself only what is intended for me. It is thus that she compensates herself indirectly for the re-

spect she imposes on Emile. Through me she gives him countless tender caresses which she would rather die than give to him directly. And Emile, who knows that I do not want to harm his interests, is charmed that I am on good terms with her. When she refuses his arm in walking, he consoles himself with the fact that it is to prefer mine to his. He leaves without complaint, grasping my hand, and saying softly to me with his eyes as well as his voice, "Friend, speak for me." His eyes follow us with interest. He tries to read our sentiments in our faces and to interpret our speeches by our gestures. He knows that nothing of what is said between us is inconsequential for him. Good Sophie, how your sincere heart is at ease when, without being heard by Telemachus, you can converse with his Mentor! With what lovable frankness you let him read everything going on in your tender heart! With what pleasure you show him all your esteem for his pupil! With what touching ingenuousness you let him discern even sweeter sentiments! With what feigned anger you send the importunate Emile away when impatience forces him to interrupt you! With what charming vexation you reproach him for his tactlessness when he comes and prevents you from speaking well of him, from hearing good things about him, and from always drawing some new reason for loving him from my responses!

Having thus gotten himself tolerated as a suitor, Emile takes advantage of all the rights of that position. He speaks, he urges, he entreats, he importunes. If he is spoken to harshly or if he is mistreated, it makes little difference to him provided that he make himself heard. Finally, though not without effort, he induces Sophie to be kind enough to assume openly a beloved's authority over him—to prescribe to him what he must do, to order instead of to ask, to accept instead of to thank, to regulate the number and the time of his visits, to forbid him to come until this day or to stay past that hour. All this is not done as a game but very seriously. Although it was an effort to get her to accept these rights, she makes use of them with a rigor that often reduces poor Emile to regret that he has given them to her. But whatever she commands, he does not reply, and often, when leaving to obey her, he looks at me with eyes full of joy telling me: "You see that she has taken possession of me." Meanwhile, the proud girl observes him stealthily and smiles secretly at her slave's pride.

Albani [45] and Raphael, loan me the brush with which to paint sensuous delight. Divine Milton, teach my coarse pen to describe the pleasures of love and innocence. But, no, hide your lying arts before the holy truth of nature. You need only have sensitive hearts and decent souls; then let your imagination wander without constraint in contemplating the transports of two young lovers who—under the eyes of their parents and their guides—are untroubled as they yield themselves to the sweet illusion delighting them; in the intoxication of their desires they advance slowly toward their goal, weaving flowers and garlands around the happy bond which is going to unite them until the grave. So many charming images intoxicate me that I bring them together without order and without coherence; the delirium they cause prevents me from connecting them. Oh, who has a heart and does not know how to depict for

himself the delicious scenes of the father, the mother, the daughter, the governor, and the pupil in their various situations and their respective contributions to the union of the most charming couple that can be made happy by love and virtue?

Having become truly eager to please, Emile now begins to sense the value of the agreeable talents with which he has provided himself. Sophie loves to sing. He sings with her. He does more; he teaches her music. She is lively and light, and she likes to jump. He dances with her; he turns her jumps into steps; he trains her. These lessons are charming. Rollicking gaiety animates them, and it mitigates the timid respect of love. A lover is permitted to give these lessons voluptuously. He is permitted to be his mistress's master.

They have an old harpsichord that is in very bad shape. Emile fixes it and tunes it. He is a maker of keyboard and stringed instruments as well as a carpenter. His maxim was always to learn to do without the help of others in regard to everything he could do himself. The house is in a picturesque setting. He draws different views of it—to which Sophie sometimes puts her hand—and she ornaments her father's study with them. Their frames are not gilded and do not need to be. By watching Emile sketch and imitating him, she becomes more skillful from following his example. She cultivates all the talents, and her charm embellishes them all. Her father and mother recall their former opulence in seeing the fine arts, which alone made opulence dear to them, flourishing around them again. Love has adorned their entire home. Without expense and without effort, love alone establishes there the reign of the same pleasures which they previously assembled only by dint of money and boredom.

As the idolator enriches the object of his worship with treasures that he esteems and adorns on the altar the God he adores, so the lover—although he may very well see his mistress as perfect—constantly wants to add new ornaments to her. She does not need them in order to please him, but he needs to adorn her. It is a new homage he believes he is doing her and a new interest he adds to the pleasure of contemplating her. It seems to him that nothing beautiful is in its place when it is not ornamenting the supreme beauty. It is both a touching and a laughable spectacle to see Emile eager to teach Sophie all he knows, without considering whether what he wants to teach her is to her taste or is suitable for her. He tells her about everything, he explains everything to her with a puerile eagerness. He believes he has only to speak and she will understand on the spot. He fancies beforehand the pleasure he will have in reasoning and in philosophizing with her. He regards as useless all the attainments he cannot display to her eyes. He almost blushes at knowing something she does not know.

Therefore, he gives her lessons in philosophy, physics, mathematics, history—in a word, in everything. Sophie lends herself with pleasure to his zeal and tries to profit from it. When he can obtain permission to give his lessons on his knees before her, how content Emile is! He believes he sees the heavens opened. However this position, more constricting for the student than for the master, is not the most favor-

able for instruction. On such occasions she does not know exactly what to do with her eyes to avoid those that are pursuing them; and when they meet, the lesson does not gain by it.

The art of thinking is not foreign to women, but they ought only to skim the sciences of reasoning. Sophie gets a conception of everything and does not remember very much. Her greatest progress is in ethics and in matters of taste. As for physics, she remembers only some idea of its general laws and of the cosmic system. Sometimes on their walks, as they contemplate nature's marvels, their innocent and pure hearts dare to lift themselves up to its Author. They do not fear His presence. They open their hearts jointly before Him.

"What, two lovers in the flower of age use their tête-à-tête to speak of religion? They spend their time saying their catechism?" Why must you debase something sublime? Yes, no doubt they do say it, under the influence of the illusion which charms them. They see each other as perfect; they love one another; they converse with each other enthusiastically about what gives virtue its reward. The sacrifices they make to virtue render it dear to them. In the midst of transports that they must vanquish, they sometimes shed tears together purer than heaven's dew, and these sweet tears constitute the enchantment of their life. They are in the most charming delirium that human souls have ever experienced. Their very privations add to their happiness and do them honor in their own eyes for their sacrifices. Sensual men, bodies without souls, one day they will know your pleasures, and for their whole lives they will regret the happy time during which they denied them to themselves.

Despite their being on such good terms, they do not fail to have some disagreements, even some quarrels. The mistress is not without caprice nor the lover without anger. But these little storms pass rapidly and only have the effect of strengthening their union. Experience even teaches Emile not to fear them so much; the reconciliations are always more advantageous to him than the spats are harmful. The fruit of their first spat made him hope for as much from the others. He was wrong. But, in the end, if he does not always take away so palpable a profit, he always gains from these spats by seeing Sophie confirm her sincere interest in his heart. People will want to know what this profit is. I will gladly consent to tell them, for this example gives me the occasion to expound a most useful maxim and to combat a most baneful one.

Emile loves. Therefore, he is not bold. And it can even more readily be conceived that the imperious Sophie is not the girl to overlook his familiarities. Since moderation has its limits in all things, she could be charged with too much harshness rather than too much indulgence; and her father himself sometimes fears that her extreme pride will degenerate into haughtiness. In their most secret tête-à-têtes Emile would not dare to solicit the least favor nor even to appear to aspire to one. When she is so kind as to take his arm during a walk—a favor she does not allow to be turned into a right—he hardly dares occasionally to sigh and press this arm against his breast. Nevertheless, after long constraint he furtively ventures to kiss her dress, and several times he is lucky enough for Sophie to be so kind as not to notice it. One day when he wants to take the same liberty a bit more openly,

she decides to take it amiss. He persists. She gets irritated. Vexation dictates a few stinging words. Emile does not endure them without reply. The rest of the day is passed in pouting, and they separate very discontented.

Sophie is ill at ease. Her mother is her confidant. How could she hide her chagrin from her? It is her first spat, and a spat that lasts an hour is so great a business! She repents her mistake. Her mother permits her to make amends. Her father orders her to do so.

The next day Emile is apprehensive and returns earlier than usual. Sophie is in her mother's dressing room. Her father is also there. Emile enters respectfully but with a sad air. Sophie's father and mother have hardly greeted him when Sophie turns around and, extending her hand, asks him in a caressing tone how he is. It is clear that this pretty hand has been extended only in order to be kissed. He takes it and does not kiss it. Sophie is a bit ashamed, and she withdraws her hand with as good grace as is possible for her. Emile, who is not experienced in women's ways and does not know the purpose of their caprices, does not forget easily and is not so quickly appeased. Sophie's father, seeing her embarrassment, succeeds in disconcerting her by mockery. The poor girl is confused and humiliated; she no longer knows what she is doing and would give anything in the world to dare to cry. The more she constrains herself, the more her heart swells. A tear finally escapes her in spite of her efforts. Emile sees this tear, rushes to her knees, takes her hand, and kisses it several times, entranced. "Really, you are too good," says her father, bursting out laughing. "I would have less indulgence for all these mad girls, and I would punish the mouth that offended me." Emboldened by this speech, Emile turns a suppliant eye toward Sophie's mother and, believing he sees a sign of consent, tremblingly approaches Sophie's face. She turns her head away and, in order to save her mouth, exposes a rosy cheek. The tactless boy is not satisfied. She resists feebly. What a kiss, if it were not stolen under a mother's eyes! Severe Sophie, take care. He will often ask you for permission to kiss your dress, provided that you sometimes refuse it.

After this exemplary punishment Sophie's father leaves to attend to some business; her mother sends Sophie away under some pretext, and then she addresses Emile and says to him in quite a serious tone: "Monsieur, I believe that a young man as well born and as well raised as you, who has sentiments and morals, would not want to repay the friendship a family has showed him by dishonoring it. I am neither unsociable nor a prude. I know what must be overlooked in the wildness of youth, and what I have tolerated under my eyes sufficiently proves it to you. Consult your friend about your duties. He will tell you what a difference there is between the games authorized by the presence of a father and mother and the liberties taken far away from them, liberties which abuse their confidence and turn into traps the same favors which are innocent under their eyes. He will tell you, sir, that my daughter has done you no other wrong than that of not noticing at the outset a practice she ought never to have tolerated. He will tell you that everything taken to be a favor becomes one, and that it is unworthy of a man of honor to abuse a young girl's simplicity to usurp in secret the

same liberties that she can permit before everyone. One knows what propriety can permit in public; but no one knows where the man who sets himself up as the sole judge of his whims will stop himself in the shadows of secrecy."

After this just reprimand, addressed much more to me than to my pupil, this wise mother departs and leaves me admiring her rare prudence, which takes little account of one's kissing her daughter's mouth in front of her but is frightened of someone's daring to kiss her daughter's dress in private. Reflecting on the folly of our maxims, which always sacrifice true decency to propriety, I understand why language is more chaste as hearts become more corrupted and why rules of conduct are more exact as those subject to them become more dishonest.

In using this occasion to fill Emile's heart with the duties I ought to have dictated to him earlier, I am struck by a new reflection which perhaps honors Sophie the most and which I am nevertheless very careful not to communicate to her lover. It is clear that this pretended pride for which others reproach her is only a very wise precaution to protect her from herself. Since she has the misfortune to sense a combustible temperament within herself, she dreads the first spark and keeps it at a distance with all her power. It is not from pride that she is severe; it is from humility. She assumes an empire over Emile which she fears she does not have over Sophie. She uses the one to fight the other. If she were more confident, she would be much less proud. Apart from this one point, what girl in the world is more yielding and sweeter? Who endures an offense more patiently? Who is more fearful of committing one against others? Who makes fewer claims of every kind, except for the claim of virtue? Furthermore, it is not her virtue of which she is proud; she is proud only in order to preserve it. And when she can yield to the inclination of her heart without risk, she caresses even her lover. But her discreet mother does not relate a" these details even to her father. Men ought not to know everything.

Far from seeming to have become proud as a result of her conquest, Sophie has become still more affable and less demanding with everyone—except perhaps with him who is the cause of this change. The sentiment of independence no longer swells her noble heart. She triumphs with modesty, winning a victory which costs her her freedom. Her bearing is less free and her speech is more timid now that she no longer hears the word *lover* without blushing. But contentment pierces through her embarrassment, and this very shame is not a disagreeable sentiment. It is especially with other young men that the difference in her conduct is most easily sensed. Since she no longer fears them, the extreme reserve that she used to have with them has been much relaxed. Now that she has made her choice, she has no qualms about acting graciously toward those to whom she is indifferent. Since she no longer takes any interest in them, she is less demanding about their merits, and she finds them always likable enough for people who will never mean anything to her.

If true love could make use of coquetry, I would even believe that I see some traces of it in the way Sophie behaves with these young men

in the presence of her lover. One would say that, not content with the ardent passion which she kindles in him by means of an exquisite mixture of reserve and endearment, she is not sorry if she excites this passion still more by means of a bit of anxiety. One would say that by purposely making her young guests merry, she intends to torment Emile with the charms of a playfulness she does not dare to indulge in with him. But Sophie is too attentive, too good, and too judicious actually to torment him. Love and decency take the place of prudence for her in tempering this dangerous stimulant. She knows how to alarm him and to reassure him precisely when it is necessary. And if she sometimes makes him anxious, she never makes him sad. Let us pardon the concern she causes the man she loves by attributing it to her fear that he is never bound to her closely enough.

But what effect will this little trick have on Emile? Will he or won't he be jealous? This is what must be examined, for such digressions also enter into the aim of my book and stray very little from my subject.[46]

I have previously showed how this passion is introduced into man's heart in regard to things which depend only on opinion. But in regard to love the case is different. Jealousy then appears to depend so closely on nature that it is hard to believe that it does not come from it. And the example of the animals, several of whom are jealous to the point of fury, seems unanswerably to establish that it does come from nature. Is it men's opinion which teaches cocks to tear one another apart and bulls to fight to the death?

The aversion against everything which disturbs and combats our pleasures is a natural emotion; that is incontestable. Up to a certain point the case is still the same with the desire for exclusive possession of what pleases us. But when this desire becomes a passion and transforms itself into a fury or a suspicious and gloomy whim called jealousy, then the case is different. This passion may or may not be natural. A distinction must be made.

The example drawn from the animals has been heretofore examined in the *Discourse on Inequality*; and now that I reflect on it anew, this examination appears to me solid enough to dare to refer readers to it.[47] I shall add to the distinctions I have made in that writing only that the jealousy coming from nature depends very much on sexual potency. When this potency is or appears to be unlimited, this jealousy is at its peak; for then the male measures his rights according to his needs and can never see another male as anything but an intrusive competitor. In these same species the females, who always obey the first male that arrives, belong to the males only by right of conquest and cause eternal fights among them.

By contrast, in species in which one male is united with one female, in which mating produces a sort of moral bond—a sort of marriage—the female belongs by her own choice to the male to whom she has given herself, and commonly resists all others. And the male, who has this affection founded on preference as a guarantee of her fidelity, is thus less anxious at the sight of other males and lives more peacefully with them. In these species the male shares the care of the

little ones, and by one of those laws of nature that one does not observe without being touched, it seems that the female repays the father for the attachment he has for his children.

Now, if we consider the human species in its primitive simplicity, it is easy to see from the male's limited potency and the moderation of his desires that he is destined by nature to be content with one female. This is confirmed by the numerical equality of the individuals of the two sexes, at least in our climates—an equality which by no means exists in species in which the greater strength of males causes several females to be united with a single male. And although it is the case that a man does not sit on the eggs like a pigeon, nor does he have breasts for giving milk and therefore in that respect belongs to the class of the quadrupeds, nevertheless the children crawl and are weak for so long that they and the mother would have difficulty doing without the attachment of the father and the care which results from it.

All these observations concur to prove that the jealous fury of the males in some species of animals is not at all conclusive for man, and the very exception of the southern climates where polygamy is established only confirms the principle. For the husbands' tyrannical precautions come from the plurality of women, and the sentiment of his own weakness leads the man to have recourse to coercion in order to elude the laws of nature.

Among us, where these same laws are less eluded in this way, but are eluded in an opposite and more odious manner, jealousy has its motive in the social passions more than in primitive instinct. In most liaisons of gallantry the lover hates his rivals far more than he loves his mistress. If he fears that he is not the only object of her attentions, it is the effect of that *amour-propre* whose origin I have showed, and he suffers far more out of vanity than out of love. Moreover, our maladroit institutions have made women so dissembling * and have so strongly inflamed their appetites that one can hardly count on their most proved attachment and that they can no longer demonstrate preferences which reassure a man against the fear of competitors.

As regards true love, the case is different. I have showed in the writing already cited that this sentiment is not as natural as is thought. There is a great difference between the sweet habit which makes a man affectionate toward his companion and that unbridled ardor which intoxicates him with the chimerical attractions of an object which he no longer sees as it really is. This passion longs only for exclusions and preferences, and it differs from vanity only in that the latter, which demands everything and grants nothing, is always iniquitous, whereas love, which gives as much as it demands, is in itself a sentiment filled with equity. Moreover, the more love is demanding, the more it is credulous. The same illusion which causes it makes it easy to persuade. If love is anxious, esteem is confident; and love without esteem

* The species of dissimulation I mean here is the opposite of that which suits them and which they get from nature. The one consists in disguising the sentiments they have, and the other in feigning those they do not have. All society women spend their lives priding themselves on their pretended sensitivity and never love anything but themselves.

never existed in a decent heart because it is only the qualities he values that anyone loves in his beloved.

With all of this well clarified, one can specify with certainty the sort of jealousy Emile will be capable of; since this passion hardly has any seeds in the human heart, its form is determined exclusively by education. When he is in love and jealous, Emile will be not quick to anger, suspicious, and distrustful but delicate, sensitive, and timid. He will be more alarmed than irritated; he will pay far more attention to winning his mistress than to threatening his rival. If he can, he will get rid of him as an obstacle, without hating him as an enemy. If he hates his rival, it will not be for the audacity of contending with him for a heart to which he has laid a claim, but for making him run the real danger of losing her. His unjust pride will not be stupidly offended by someone's daring to enter into competition with him. Understanding that the right of preference is founded solely on merit and that honor is to be found in sucess, he will redouble his efforts to make himself lovable, and he will probably succeed. The generous Sophie, in exciting his love by giving him some moments of alarm, will know how to regulate them well and to compensate him for them; and it will not be long before the competitors, who were tolerated only to put Emile to the test, will be dismissed.

But where do I sense myself imperceptibly being led? O Emile, what have you become? Can I recognize my pupil in you? How far you seem to have fallen! Where is the young man brought up with such hardness, the young man who braved the rigors of the seasons, who gave his body to the harshest labors and his soul only to the laws of wisdom, who was inaccessible to prejudices and to the passions, who loved only truth, who yielded only to reason and depended on nothing except himself? Now, softened by an idle life, he lets himself be governed by women. Their amusements are his occupations, their wills are his laws; a young girl is the arbiter of his destiny, and he crawls and bends before her. The grave Emile is a child's plaything!

This is how the scenes of life change. Each age has its own springs that make it move, but man is always the same. At ten he is led by cakes, at twenty by a mistress, at thirty by the pleasures, at forty by ambition, at fifty by avarice. When does he run after wisdom? Happy is the man who is led to it in spite of himself! What difference does it make what guide is used, provided that it leads to the goal? Heroes and wise men themselves have paid this tribute to human weakness; and the man who put his clumsy fingers to the spindle was no less a great man because of that.[48]

Do you want to extend the effect of a successful education throughout a whole life? Prolong the good habits of childhood during youth; and when your pupil is what he ought to be, fix it so that he will be the same at all times. This is the final perfection that you still must give to your work. It is for this above all that it is important to leave a governor with young men, for it is hardly to be feared that they will not know how to make love without him. What misleads teachers and especially fathers is their belief that one way of life excludes another

and that, as soon as someone is grown up, he ought to renounce everything he did when he was young. If that were so, what would be the use of devoting so much care to childhood, since the good or the bad use made of childhood would disappear along with it and, when someone adopted an absolutely different way of life, he would necessarily adopt other fashions of thinking?

Just as it is only great illnesses that interrupt the continuity of memory, it is generally only great passions that interrupt the continuity of morals. Although our tastes and our inclinations change, this change, which is sometimes rather brusque, is moderated by our habits. In the sequence of our inclinations, as in a good gradation of colors, the skillful artist ought to make the transitions imperceptible, confounding and mixing the tints and, in order that none clashes, extending several throughout his whole work. This rule is confirmed by experience. Immoderate people change their affections, tastes, and sentiments every day, and they are constant only in the habit of change. But the steady man always returns to his old practices and even in his old age does not lose his taste for the pleasures he loved as a child.

If you see to it that in passing into a new age young people do not develop a contempt for the preceding one; that in contracting new habits they do not abandon their old ones; and that they always love to do what is good without regard to the time when they began doing it—only then will you have preserved your work, and you will be sure of these young people unto the end of their days. For the revolution most to be feared belongs to the age over which you are now keeping watch. Since one always yearns to return to this age, later it is difficult to destroy any childhood tastes that were preserved during it; whereas when such tastes are interrupted at this age, they are never resumed in one's whole life.

Most of the habits you believe you give to children and young people are not true habits. Because children only adopt such habits by force and stick to them grudgingly, they are only waiting for the occasion to be rid of them. One does not get the taste for being in prison by dint of staying there. Far from diminishing the aversion, the habit then increases it. It is not thus with Emile, who in his childhood did everything voluntarily and with pleasure. In continuing to act the same way as a man, he therefore only adds the empire of habit to the sweetness of freedom. The active life, work with his hands, exercise, and movement have become so necessary to him that he could not give them up without suffering. To reduce him all of a sudden to a soft and sedentary life would be to imprison him, to enchain him, to keep him in a violent and constrained state. I do not doubt that his disposition and his health would be equally corrupted. He can hardly breathe at his ease in a well-closed room. He needs fresh air, movement, toil. Even when he is at Sophie's knee, he cannot prevent himself from sometimes looking at the countryside out of the corner of his eye and desiring to roam it with her. Nevertheless, he stays when he has to stay, but he is restless and agitated; he seems to struggle with himself; he stays because he is in irons. You are going to say that these are needs to which I have

submitted him, subjections that I have given him, and all that is true. I have subjected him to man's estate.

Emile loves Sophie. But what are the chief charms which have attached him to her? Sensitivity, virtue, love of decent things. While loving this love in his mistress, will he have lost it in himself? For what price did Sophie in turn give herself? She was won by all the sentiments natural to her lover's heart: esteem of true goods, frugality, simplicity, generous disinterestedness, contempt for show and riches. Emile had these virtues before love imposed them on him. How, then, has Emile truly changed? He has new reasons to be himself. This is the single point where he differs from what he was.

I do not imagine that anyone reading this book with some attention could believe that all the circumstances of the situation in which Emile finds himself have been gathered around him by chance. Is it by chance that, although the cities furnish so many lovable girls, the one who pleases him is to be found only in the depths of a distant retreat? Is it by chance that he meets her? Is it by chance that they suit one another? Is it by chance that they cannot lodge in the same place? Is it by chance that he finds a dwelling so far from her? Is it by chance that he sees her so rarely and that he is forced to purchase the pleasure of seeing her once in a while with so much exertion? He is becoming effeminated, you say? On the contrary, he is hardening himself. He has to be as robust as I have made him to withstand the exertion Sophie makes him endure.

He lodges two leagues away from her. This distance is the bellows of the forge. By means of it I temper the arrows of love. If they lived next door to each other, or if he could go to see her seated in softness in a good carriage, he would love her at his ease as a Parisian loves. Would Leander have wanted to die for Hero if the sea had not separated him from her? [49] Reader, spare me words. If you are made for understanding me, you will be quite able to follow my rules in my detailed examples.

The first times that we went to see Sophie, we had traveled on horseback in order to go more quickly. We find this expedient convenient, and the fifth time we are still traveling on horseback. We are expected. At more than half a league from the house we perceive people on the path. Emile observes them, his heart throbs, he approaches; he recognizes Sophie, leaps from his horse, dashes off, and is quickly at the feet of the lovable family. Emile loves fine horses. His own horse is lively; when it becomes aware that it is free, it takes off through the fields. I follow it, catch it with some effort, and bring it back. Unhappily Sophie is afraid of horses; I do not dare to approach her. Emile sees nothing. But Sophie informs him in a whisper of the effort he has let his friend make. Quite ashamed, Emile runs up to take the horses and stays back. It is just for each to have his turn. He leaves first in order to get rid of our mounts. On leaving Sophie behind him in this way, he no longer finds the horse so convenient a vehicle. He returns out of breath and meets us halfway.

On our next trip Emile no longer wants to use horses. "Why?" I say

to him. "We have only to take a lackey to care for them." "Ah," he says, "are we to burden Sophie's respectable family in this way? You see that they want to feed everyone, both men and horses." "It is true," I respond, "that they have the noble hospitality of indigence. The rich, who are miserly amidst their ostentation, lodge only their friends, but the poor also lodge their friends' horses." "Let us go on foot," he says. "Don't you have the courage, you who so goodheartedly share your child's fatiguing pleasures?" "Very gladly," I respond at once. "Moreover, it seems to me that love prefers to go about its business without so much stir."

On approaching, we find mother and daughter still farther out on the path than the first time. We have traveled like a thunderbolt. Emile is all in a sweat. A dear hand deigns to wipe his cheeks with a handkerchief. There would have to be a lot of horses in the world before we would be tempted to make use of them again.

However, it is quite cruel for Emile and Sophie never to be able to spend the evening together. Summer advances. The days begin to get shorter. No matter what we say, we are never permitted to wait until nightfall before going home; and if we do not come early in the morning, we have to leave practically as soon as we have arrived. As a result of pitying us and being anxious about us, Sophie's mother concludes that although in truth they could not properly lodge us in their house, a bed in which to sleep could sometimes be found for us in the village. At these words Emile claps his hands and shivers with joy. And Sophie, without being aware of it, kisses her mother a little more often on the day she comes up with this expedient.

Little by little the sweetness of friendship and the familiarity of innocence are established and strengthened between us. On the days prescribed by Sophie or by her mother I usually come with my friend; sometimes I let him go alone. Confidence elevates the soul, and one ought no longer to treat a man as a child. And what progress would I have made if my pupil did not merit my esteem? I, too, occasionally go without him. Then he is sad but does not grumble. What would be the use of grumbling? Besides, he knows that I am not going to hurt his interests. Finally, whether we go together or separately, no weather stops us, and we are quite proud to arrive in a pitiable state. Unfortunately Sophie prohibits us this honor and forbids us to come in bad weather. It is the only time I find her rebellious against the rules which I dictate to her in secret.

One day when Emile has gone alone, and I am not expecting him until the next day, I see him arrive that same evening. Embracing him, I say, "What, dear Emile, you return to your friend!" But, instead of responding to my caresses, he says to me, with a bit of bile, "Don't believe that I come back so soon of my own will. I come in spite of myself. She wanted me to come. I come for her and not for you." Touched by this naïveté, I embrace him once again and say to him, "Frank soul, sincere friend, do not deprive me of what is mine. If you come for her, it is for me that you say so. Your return is her work, but your frankness is mine. Always retain that noble candor of beauti-

ful souls. People who do not matter can be allowed to think what they want, but it is a crime to let a friend give us credit for something we did not do for him."

I carefully avoid debasing the value of his admission in his eyes. This would be the result if I were to find more love and generosity in it and say to him that he wants less to deprive himself of the credit of this return than to give it to Sophie. But this is how he discloses the depths of his heart to me without being aware of it: if he comes at a leisurely pace, dreaming of his love, Emile is only Sophie's lover. But if he arrives with great strides and is heated up, although in a bit of a grumbling mood, Emile is his Mentor's friend.

From the arrangements I have made, one sees that my young man is far from spending his life near Sophie and seeing her as much as he would want. A trip or two a week are all that he receives permission to make, and his visits, which are often limited to a single half day, are rarely extended to the next day. He employs far more time in hoping to see Sophie or in congratulating himself on having seen her than in actually seeing her. And of the time devoted to his trips he spends less of it with her than in getting there or going back. His pleasures, which are true, pure, and delicious but less real than imaginary, exacerbate his love without effeminating his heart.

On the days when he does not see her, he is not idle and sedentary. On those days he is Emile again. He has not been transformed at all. Most often he roams through the surrounding countryside. He pursues his natural history; he observes and examines the earth, its products, and its cultivation; he compares the way of farming he sees to the ones he knows; he seeks the reasons for the differences. When he judges other methods preferable to the local ones, he gives them to the farmers. If he proposes a better form of plow, he has it made according to his designs. If he finds a marl quarry, he teaches them its use which is unknown in these parts. Often he puts his hand to the work himself. The farmers are all surprised to see him handle their tools more easily than they do themselves, dig furrows deeper and straighter than theirs, sow more evenly, and lay out embankments with more intelligence. They do not make fun of him as a fine talker about agriculture. They see that he actually knows about it. In a word, he extends his zeal and his care to everything which is of primary and general utility. He does not even limit himself to that. He visits the peasants' houses, inquires about their condition, their families, the number of their children, the quantity of their lands, the nature of their produce, their market, their means, their expenses, their debts, etc. He does not give them much money, knowing that they usually employ it badly; but he directs its employment himself and makes it useful to them in spite of themselves. He provides them with workers and often pays them wages themselves to do the work they need. He gets one farmer to rebuild or roof his cottage which is half in ruins; he gets another to clear his land which has been abandoned for want of means; he provides a third with a cow, a horse, and livestock of all kinds to replace those he has lost. Two neighbors are ready to enter into litiga-

tion; he wins them over and reconciles them. A peasant falls ill; he has him cared for; he cares for him himself.* Another is harassed by a powerful neighbor; he protects and advises him. Two poor young people want to be united; he helps them to get married. A good woman has lost her dear child; he goes to see her and consoles her; he does not leave as soon as he has gone in. He does not disdain the indigent, and he is not in a hurry to get away from the unhappy. He often takes his meal with the peasants he assists. He also accepts a meal from those who do not need him. In becoming the benefactor of some and the friend of the others, he does not cease to be their equal. Finally, he always does as much good with his person as with his money.

Sometimes he takes his walks in the direction of the happy dwelling. He could hope to see Sophie on the sly, to see her taking her walk without himself being seen. But Emile's conduct is never devious; he does not know how to be evasive and does not want to be. He has that amiable delicacy which flatters and feeds *amour-propre* with the good witness of oneself. He rigorously sticks to his banishment and never approaches near enough to get from chance what he wants to owe only to Sophie. On the other hand, he wanders with pleasure in her neighborhood, seeking for traces of his beloved's steps, touched by the efforts she has taken and the errands she has been kind enough to run for the sake of obliging him. On the eve of the days when he is going to see her, he will go to some neighboring farm to order a snack for the next day. Their walk is directed toward this place without appearing to be. They enter as though by chance; they find fruits, cakes, and custard. The dainty Sophie is not insensitive to these attentions and gladly gives us credit for our foresight; for I always get a share of the compliment, although I had no share in the effort that elicits it. This is the evasion used by a little girl to feel less embarrassed in giving thanks. Her father and I eat cakes and drink wine. But Emile is part of the women's crowd, and he is always on the lookout to steal some dish of custard into which Sophie has dipped her spoon.

Apropos of cakes, I speak to Emile of his former races. The others want to know what these races were. I explain, and they laugh. They ask him whether he still knows how to run. "Better than ever," he answers. "I would be very upset if I were to forget." One of the company would like very much to see him run but does not dare to say so. Someone else takes responsibility for making the request. He accepts. Two or three young people from the neighborhood are gathered together. A prize is established and, in order better to imitate Emile's former games, a cake is placed on the goal. All are ready. Sophie's papa gives the signal by striking his hands. The agile Emile cleaves the air and arrives at the end of the course almost before my three bumpkins have started. Emile receives the prize from Sophie's hands, and, no less generous than Aeneas, he gives presents to all the vanquished.[50]

* To care for a sick peasant, do not purge him, give him drugs, or send him a surgeon. These poor people need none of those things in their illnesses. They need better and more plentiful food. You others should fast when you have a fever. But when your peasants have one, give them meat and wine. Almost all their illnesses come from poverty and exhaustion. Their best herb tea is in your cellar; their only apothecary ought to be your butcher.

Amidst the brilliance of Emile's triumph Sophie dares to defy the conqueror and boasts that she runs as well as he. He does not refuse to enter the lists with her. While she prepares her entry on the course —trussing up her dress on both sides and, more concerned to display a slender leg to Emile's eyes than to vanquish him in this combat, seeing whether her skirt is short enough—he says a word in her mother's ear. The mother smiles and gives a sign of approval. Emile then comes and places himself beside his competitor, and no sooner is the signal given than she is seen to take off and fly like a bird.

Women are not made to run. When they flee, it is in order to be caught. Racing is not the only thing they do maladroitly, but it is the only thing they do gracelessly; their elbows, drawn back and glued to their bodies, give them a ridiculous aspect, and the high heels on which they are perched make them appear like grasshoppers who want to run without jumping.

Imagining that Sophie runs no better than any other woman, Emile does not deign to leave his place and watches her depart with a mocking smile. But Sophie is light and wears low heels. She needs no artifice to appear to have a small foot. She takes the lead with such rapidity that Emile has just enough time to catch this new Atalanta[51] when he perceives her so far ahead of him. He therefore departs in turn, like an eagle swooping down on its prey. He pursues her, follows close on her heels, and finally catches up with Sophie who is all out of breath. Gently putting his left arm around her, he lifts her like a feather and, pressing this sweet burden to his heart, completes the course. He makes her touch the goal first and then, shouting, "Sophie is the winner," puts his knee on the ground before her and admits that he is conquered.

To these various occupations is added the trade we have learned. At least one day a week and on all those days when bad weather does not permit us to stay out in the countryside, Emile and I go to work at a master's. We work there not for form's sake, as men above this station, but as true workers. Once when Sophie's father comes to see us, he finds us at work and does not fail to report with admiration to his wife and his daughters what he has seen. "Go and see this young man in the workshop," he says, "and you will see whether he despises the condition of the poor!" One can imagine whether Sophie is glad to hear this speech! They talk about it again; they would like to surprise him at work. They question me without giving any indication of what they are about, and after making sure about one of our workdays, mother and daughter take a calèche and come to the city on that day.

On entering the shop, Sophie perceives at the far end a young man in a jacket who has his hair carelessly bound up and is so busy with what he is doing that he does not see her. She stops and gives her mother a sign. Emile, with a chisel in one hand and the mallet in the other, is completing a mortise. Then he saws a plank and fixes one piece in the vise to polish it. This sight does not make Sophie laugh. It touches her; it is respectable. Woman, honor the head of your house. It is he who works for you, who wins your bread, who feeds you. This is man.

While they are attentively observing Emile, I notice them and tug on Emile's sleeve. He turns around, sees them, drops his tools, and darts

toward them with a shout of joy. After having yielded to his initial transports, he makes them sit down and picks up his work again. But Sophie cannot stay seated. She gets up with vivacity, roams the shop, examines the tools, touches the polished surfaces of the planks, gathers shavings from the floor, looks at our hands, and then says that she likes this trade because it is clean. The silly girl even tries to imitate Emile. With her frail white hand she pushes a plane along the plank. The plane slides and does not bite. I believe I see Love in the air laughing and beating his wings. I believe I hear him let out shouts of gladness and say, "Hercules is avenged." [52]

Meanwhile her mother questions the master. "Sir, how much do you pay these fellows?" "Madame, I give them each twenty sous a day, and I feed them. But if this young man wished, he could earn a lot more, for he is the best worker hereabouts." "Twenty sous a day, and you feed them!" says Sophie's mother looking at us with emotion. "Madame, that's the way it is," responds the master. At these words she runs to Emile, embraces him, presses him to her bosom while shedding tears on him, unable to say anything other than to repeat several times, "My son! O my son!"

After having spent some time chatting with us but without distracting us, the mother says to her daughter, "Let us go; it is late, and we must not keep people waiting." Then, approaching Emile, she gives him a little pat on the cheek and says to him, "Well, good worker, don't you want to come with us?" He answers in a very sad tone, "I am committed. Ask the master." The master is asked if he would be kind enough to do without us. He answers that he cannot. "I have pressing work which must be delivered the day after tomorrow," he says. "Counting on these gentlemen, I have turned away other workers who showed up. If these two fail me, I do not know where to find others, and I will not be able to deliver the work on the promised day." The mother makes no reply. She expects Emile to speak. Emile lowers his head and keeps quiet. "Sir," she says, a bit surprised by this silence, "have you nothing to say to this?" Emile looks tenderly at her daughter and answers with only these words, "You see that I have to stay." At that the ladies depart and leave us. Emile accompanies them to the door, follows them with his eyes as far as he can, sighs, returns without speaking, and sets to work.

Sophie's mother is piqued, and on the way she speaks to her daughter about the strangeness of this behavior. "What?" she says. "Was it so difficult to satisfy the master without being obliged to stay? Doesn't this young man, who is so prodigal and who pours out money without necessity, any longer know how to find money on suitable occasions?" "O mother," Sophie answers, "God forbid that Emile put so much emphasis on money that he use it to break a personal commitment, to violate his word with impunity, and to cause someone else's word to be violated! I know that he could easily compensate the worker for the slight harm his absence would cause him. But meanwhile he would enslave his soul to riches; he would accustom himself to putting his riches in the place of his duties and to believing that one is excused from everything provided one pays. Emile has other ways of thinking,

and I hope not to be the cause of his changing them. Do you believe it cost him nothing to stay? Mama, don't deceive yourself. It is for me that he stays. I saw it in his eyes."

It is not that Sophie is easygoing in regard to the true attentions of love. On the contrary, she is imperious and exacting. She would rather not be loved than be loved moderately. She has that noble pride based on merit which is conscious of itself, esteems itself, and wants to be honored as it honors itself. She would disdain a heart which did not feel the full value of her heart, which did not love her for her virtues as much as, and more than, for her charms, and which did not prefer its own duty to her and her to everything else. She did not want a lover who knew no law other than hers. She wants to reign over a man whom she has not disfigured. It is thus that Circe, having debased Ulysses' companions, disdains them and gives herself only to him whom she was unable to change.[53]

But apart from this inviolable and sacred right, Sophie is excessively jealous of all her rights and watches to see how scrupulously Emile respects them, how zealously he accomplishes her will, how skillfully he guesses it, and how vigilant he is to arrive at the prescribed moment. She wants him to be neither late nor early. She wants him to be on time. To be early is to prefer himself to her; to be late is to neglect her. Neglect Sophie! That would not happen twice. The unjust suspicion that it happened once came close to ruining everything. But Sophie is equitable, and she knows how to make amends for her wrongs.

One evening we are awaited. Emile has received the order. They come out to meet us. We do not arrive. "What became of them? What misfortune has befallen them? Why haven't they sent anyone?" The evening is spent waiting for us. Poor Sophie believes us dead. She is desolate; she torments herself; she spends the night crying. In the evening they had sent a messenger to inquire after us and report news of us the next morning. The messenger returns accompanied by another messenger from us who makes our excuses orally and says that we are well. A moment later we ourselves appear. Then the scene changes. Sophie dries her tears; or if she sheds any, they are tears of rage. Her haughty heart has not profited from being reassured about our lives. Emile lives and has kept her waiting needlessly.

At our arrival she wants to closet herself. She is asked to stay. She has to stay. But, making her decision on the spot, she affects a tranquil and contented air intended to make an impression on others. Her father comes out to meet us and says, "You have kept your friends in a state of distress. There are people here who will not easily pardon you." "Who is that, papa?" says Sophie, affecting the most gracious smile she can. "What difference does it make to you," her father answers, "provided it is not you?" Sophie does not reply and lowers her eyes to her work. Her mother receives us with a cold and composed air. Emile is embarrassed and does not dare approach Sophie. She speaks to him first, asks him how he is, invites him to sit down, and counterfeits so well that the poor young man, who still understands nothing of the language of the violent passions, is taken in by this coolness and as a result is about to get piqued himself.

To disabuse him, I go and take Sophie's hand. I want to bring it to my lips as I sometimes do. She withdraws it briskly, saying the word "Monsieur!" in such a singular manner that this involuntary movement at once opens Emile's eyes.

Seeing that she has betrayed herself, Sophie is less constrained. Her apparent coolness changes into an ironical contempt. She responds to everything said to her in monosyllables pronounced in a slow and unsure voice, as though she is afraid to let the accent of indignation pierce through too much. Emile, who is half-dead with fright, looks at her sorrowfully and tries to get her to cast her eyes on his so that he can better read her true sentiments. Sophie is further irritated by his confidence and casts a glance at him which takes away his desire to solicit a second one. Taken aback and trembling, Emile no longer dares—very fortunately for him—to speak to her or look at her; for even were he not guilty, she would never have pardoned him if he had been able to bear her anger.

Seeing that it is my turn and that it is time to explain ourselves, I return to Sophie. I take her hand which she no longer withdraws, for she is about to faint. I tell her gently, "Dear Sophie, we are luckless fellows, but you are reasonable and just, and you will not judge us without hearing us. Listen to us." She does not answer, and I speak as follows:

"We left yesterday at four o'clock. We were told to arrive at seven o'clock, and we always set aside more time than we need so that we can rest before approaching here. We had already come three-quarters of the way when we heard pained laments. They came from a gorge between the hills at some distance from us. We ran toward the cries. We found an unfortunate peasant who had been a bit drunk as he rode back from the city and had fallen off his horse so heavily that he broke his leg. We shouted for help. No one answered. We tried to put the injured man back on his horse, but did not succeed; at the slightest movement the luckless fellow suffered horrible pain. We decided to tie up his horse out of the way in the woods. Then, making a stretcher of our arms, we set the injured man on it and carried him as gently as possible, following his directions about the route to be taken in order to get to his home. The way was long. We had to rest several times. We finally arrived, completely worn out. We found with bitter surprise that we already knew the house, and that this poor fellow whom we were carrying back with such effort was the same man who had received us so cordially the day of our first arrival here. In our mutual distress we had not recognized each other until that moment.

"He had only two little children. His wife, who was about to give him a third, was so overwhelmed at the sight of him that she felt sharp pains and gave birth a few hours later. What was to be done in this situation in an isolated cottage where one could not hope for any help? Emile decided to go and get the horse that we had left in the woods, to mount it and to ride at full gallop to look for a surgeon in the city. He gave the horse to the surgeon. As he was not able to find a nurse quickly enough, he returned on foot with a domestic after having sent you a messenger. Meanwhile in the house I was at a loss, as you can believe, between a man with a broken leg and a woman in labor;

but I readied everything which I could foresee might be necessary to help them both.

"I shall not give you the rest of the details. That is not now the question. It was two hours past midnight before either of us had a moment's respite. Finally, we returned before dawn to our rooms near here, where we awaited the hour of your rising in order to give you an account of our accident."

I stop speaking without adding anything. But before anyone speaks, Emile approaches his beloved, raises his voice, and says to her with more firmness than I would have expected, "Sophie, you are the arbiter of my fate. You know it well. You can make me die of pain. But do not hope to make me forget the rights of humanity. They are more sacred to me than yours. I will never give them up for you."

At these words Sophie, instead of responding, rises, puts an arm around his neck, and gives him a kiss on the cheek. Then, extending her hand with inimitable grace, she says to him, "Emile, take this hand. It is yours. Be my husband and master when you wish. I will try to merit this honor."

Hardly has she embraced him, before her delighted father claps his hands, shouting, "Encore, encore!" Without having to be urged, Sophie immediately gives him two kisses on the other cheek. But almost at the same instant, frightened by all she has done, she escapes into her mother's arms and hides her face, afire with shame, in that maternal bosom.

I will not describe the common joy. Everyone ought to sense it. After dinner Sophie asks whether those poor sick people are too far away for us to go to see them. Sophie desires it, and it is a good deed. We go. We find them in two separate beds. Emile had had a second bed brought in. We find them surrounded by people who are there to help them. Emile had provided for that. But both husband and wife are lying in such disorder that they suffer as much from discomfort as from their conditions. Sophie gets one of the good woman's aprons and goes to settle the wife in her bed. Next she does the same for the man. Her gentle and light hand knows how to get at everything that hurts them and to place their sore limbs in a more relaxed position. They feel relieved at her very approach. One would say that she guesses everything which hurts them. This extremely delicate girl is rebuffed neither by the dirtiness nor the bad smell and knows how to make both disappear without ordering anyone about and without the sick being tormented. She who always seems so modest and sometimes so disdainful, she who would not for anything in the world have touched a man's bed with the tip of her finger, turns the injured man over and changes him without any scruple, and puts him in a position in which he can stay more comfortably for a long time. The zeal of charity outweighs modesty. What she does, she does so lightly and with so much skill that he feels relieved almost without having noticed that he has been touched. Wife and husband together bless the lovable girl who serves them, who pities them, who consoles them. It is an angel from heaven that God sends them. She has the appearance and the grace, as well as the gentleness and the goodness of an angel. Emile is moved and con-

templates her in silence. Man, love your companion. God gives her to you to console you in your pains, to relieve you in your ills. This is woman.

The newborn child is baptized. The two lovers present it, yearning in the depths of their hearts to give others an occasion to perform the same task. They long for the desired moment. They believe they have reached it. All of Sophie's scruples have been removed, but mine are aroused. They are not yet where they think they are. Each must have his turn.

One morning, when they have not seen each other for two days, I enter Emile's room with a letter in my hand; staring fixedly at him, I say, "What would you do if you were informed that Sophie is dead?" He lets out a great cry, gets up, striking his hands together, and looks wild-eyed at me without saying a single word. "Respond then," I continue with the same tranquility. Then, irritated by my coolness, Emile approaches, his eyes inflamed with anger, and stops in an almost threatening posture: "What would I do . . . I don't know. But what I do know is that I would never again in my life see the man who had informed me." "Reassure yourself," I respond, smiling. "She is alive. She is well. She thinks of you, and we are expected this evening. But let us go and take a stroll, and we will chat."

The passion with which he is preoccupied no longer permits him to give himself to purely reasoned conversations as he had before. I have to interest him by this very passion to make him attentive to my lessons. This is what I have done by this terrible preamble. I am now quite sure that he will listen to me.

"You must be happy, dear Emile. That is the goal of every being which senses. That is the first desire which nature has impressed on us, and the only one which never leaves us. But where is happiness? Who knows it? All seek it, and none finds it. One man uses up life in pursuing it, and another dies without having attained it. My young friend, when I took you in my arms at your birth and, calling the Supreme Being to be witness of the commitment I dared to contract, dedicated my days to the happiness of yours, did I myself know what I was committing myself to? No, I only knew that in making you happy, I was sure to be. In making this useful quest for you, I was making it for both of us in common.

"So long as we do not know what we ought to do, wisdom consists in remaining inactive. Of all the maxims, this is the one of which man has the greatest need, and the one which he least knows how to follow. To seek happiness without knowing where it is, is to expose oneself to the danger of fleeing it and to run as many risks of finding the opposite of happiness as there are roads on which to go astray. But it is not everyone who knows how to refrain from acting. In the anxiety in which the ardor for well-being keeps us, we would rather make a mistake in pursuing it than do nothing to seek it; and once we have left the place where we can know it, we no longer know how to get back to it.

"Although afflicted with the same ignorance, I have tried to avoid the same mistake. In taking care of you, I resolved not to take a useless

step and to prevent you from taking one. I kept to the road of nature while waiting for it to show me the road of happiness. It turned out that they were the same and that, by not thinking about it, I had followed the road of happiness.

"Be my witness and my judge. I shall never impugn you. Your first years were not sacrificed to those which were to follow. You have enjoyed all the goods nature gave you. Of the ills to which it subjects you and from which I could protect you, you have felt only those which could harden you against other ills. You have never suffered any of them except to avoid greater ones. You have known neither hatred nor slavery. Free and contented, you have stayed just and good; for pain and vice are inseparable, and man never becomes wicked except when he is unhappy. May the memory of your childhood be prolonged until your old age. I am not afraid that your good heart will ever recall your childhood without giving some thanks to the hand which governed it.

"When you entered the age of reason, I protected you from men's opinions. When your heart became sensitive, I preserved you from the empire of the passions. If I had been able to prolong this inner calm to the end of your life, I would have secured my work, and you would always be as happy as man can be. But, dear Emile, it is in vain that I have dipped your soul in the Styx; I was not able to make it everywhere invulnerable. A new enemy is arising which you have not learned to conquer and from which I can no longer save you. This enemy is yourself. Nature and fortune had left you free. You could endure poverty; you could tolerate the pains of the body; those of the soul were unknown to you. You were bound to nothing other than the human condition, and now your are bound to all the attachments you have given to yourself. In learning to desire, you have made yourself the slave of your desires. Without anything changing in you, without anything offending you, without anything touching your being, how many pains can now attack your soul! How many ills you can feel without being sick! How many deaths you can suffer without dying! A lie, a mistake, or a doubt can put you in despair.

"In the theater, you saw heroes, overcome by extreme pains, make the stage reverberate with their senseless cries, grieving like women, crying like children, and thus meriting public applause. Do you remember how scandalized you were by these lamentations, cries, and complaints on the part of men from whom one ought to expect only acts of constancy and firmness? 'What?' you said very indignantly. 'Are these the examples we are given to follow, the models we are offered for imitation! Are they afraid that man is not small enough, unhappy enough, and weak enough without someone extolling his weakness under the false image of virtue?' My young friend, be more indulgent with the stage henceforward. Now you have become one of its heroes.[54]

"You know how to suffer and die. You know how to endure the law of necessity in physical ills, but you have not yet imposed laws on the appetites of your heart, and the disorder of our lives arises from our affections far more than from our needs. Our desires are extended; our strength is almost nil. By his wishes man depends on countless things, and by himself he depends on nothing, not even his own life. The

more he increases his attachments, the more he multiplies his pains. Everything on earth is only transitory. All that we love will escape us sooner or later, and we hold on to it as if it were going to last eternally. What a fright you had at the mere suspicion of Sophie's death! Did you, then, count on her living forever? Does no one die at her age? She is going to die, my child, and perhaps before you. Who knows if she is living at this very instant? Nature had enslaved you only to a single death. You are enslaving yourself to a second. Now you are in the position of dying twice.

"How pitiable you are going to be, thus subjected to your unruly passions! There will always be privations, losses, and alarms. You will not even enjoy what is left to you. The fear of losing everything will prevent you from possessing anything. As a result of having wanted to follow only your passions, you will never be able to satisfy them. You will always seek repose, but it will always flee before you. You will be miserable, and you will become wicked. How could you not be, since you have only your unbridled desires as a law? If you cannot tolerate involuntary privations, how will you impose any on yourself voluntarily? How will you know how to sacrifice inclination to duty and to hold out against your heart in order to listen to your reason? You who already wish never again to see the man who will inform you of your mistress's death, how would you see the man who would want to take her from you while she is still living—the one who would dare to say to you, 'She is dead to you. Virtue separates you from her'? If you have to live with her no matter what, it makes no difference whether Sophie is married or not, whether you are free or not, whether she loves you or hates you, whether she is given you or refused you; you want her, and you have to possess her whatever the price. Inform me, then, at what crime a man stops when he has only the wishes of his heart for laws and knows how to resist nothing that he desires?

"My child, there is no happiness without courage nor virtue without struggle. The word *virtue* comes from *strength*. Strength is the foundation of all virtue. Virtue belongs only to a being that is weak by nature and strong by will. It is in this that the merit of the just man consists; and although we call God good, we do not call Him virtuous, because it requires no effort for Him to do good. I have waited for you to be in a position to understand me before explaining this much profaned word to you. So long as virtue costs nothing to practice, there is little need to know it. This need comes when the passions are awakened. It has already come for you. Raising you in all the simplicity of nature, I have not preached painful duties to you but instead have protected you from the vices that make these duties painful. I have made lying more useless than odious to you; I have taught you not so much to give unto each what belongs to him as to care only for what is yours. I have made you good rather than virtuous. But he who is only good remains so only as long as he takes pleasure in being so. Goodness is broken and perishes under the impact of the human passions. The man who is only good is good only for himself.

"Who, then, is the virtuous man? It is he who knows how to conquer his affections; for then he follows his reason and his conscience;

he does his duty; he keeps himself in order, and nothing can make him deviate from it. Up to now you were only apparently free. You had only the precarious freedom of a slave to whom nothing has been commanded. Now be really free. Learn to become your own master. Command your heart, Emile, and you will be virtuous.

"Here, then, is another apprenticeship, and this apprenticeship is more painful than the first; for nature delivers us from the ills it imposes on us, or it teaches us to bear them. But nature says nothing to us about those which come from ourselves. It abandons us to ourselves. It lets us, as victims of our own passions, succumb to our vain sorrows and then glorify ourselves for the tears at which we should have blushed.

"You now have your first passion. It is perhaps the only one worthy of you. If you know how to rule it like a man, it will be the last. You will subject all the others, and you will obey only the passion for virtue.

"This passion is not criminal, as I well know. It is as pure as the souls which feel it. Decency formed it, and innocence nourished it. Happy lovers! For you the charms of virtue only add to those of love, and the gentle bond that awaits you is as much the reward of your moderation as it is of your attachment. But, tell me, sincere man, has this passion, which is so pure, any the less subjected you? Did you any the less make yourself its slave; and if tomorrow Sophie ceased being innocent, would you stifle it beginning tomorrow? Now is the moment to try your strength. There is no longer time to do so when that strength has to be employed. These dangerous trials ought to be made far from peril. A man does not exercise for battle in the face of the enemy but prepares himself for it before the war. He presents himself at the battle already fully prepared.

"It is an error to distinguish permitted passions from forbidden ones in order to yield to the former and deny oneself the latter. All passions are good when one remains their master; all are bad when one lets oneself be subjected to them. What is forbidden to us by nature is to extend our attachments further than our strength; what is forbidden to us by reason is to want what we cannot obtain; what is forbidden to us by conscience is not temptations but rather letting ourselves be conquered by temptations. It is not within our control to have or not to have passions. But it is within our control to reign over them. All the sentiments we dominate are legitimate; all those which dominate us are criminal. A man is not guilty for loving another's wife if he keep this unhappy passion enslaved to the law of duty. He is guilty for loving his own wife to the point of sacrificing everything to that love.

"Do not expect lengthy precepts of morality from me. I have only one precept to give you, and it comprehends all the others. Be a man. Restrain your heart within the limits of your condition. Study and know these limits. However narrow they may be, a man is not unhappy as long as he closes himself up within them. He is unhappy only when he wants to go out beyond them. He is unhappy only when, in his senseless desires, he puts in the rank of the possible what is not possible. He is unhappy when he forgets his human estate in order

to forge for himself imaginary estates from which he always falls back into his own. The only goods that it is costly to be deprived of are those one believes one has a right to. The evident impossibility of obtaining them detaches one from them. Wishes without hope do not torment us. A beggar is not tormented by the desire to be a king. A king wants to be God only when he believes he is no longer a man.

"The illusions of pride are the source of our greatest ills. But the contemplation of human misery makes the wise man always moderate. He stays in his place: he does not stir himself to leave it; he does not uselessly wear out his strength in order to enjoy what he cannot keep; and since he employs all his strength to get secure possession of what he has, he is actually more powerful and richer than we are to the extent that he desires less than we do. As a mortal and perishable being, should I go and form eternal ties on this earth where everything changes, where everything passes away, and from which I shall disappear tomorrow? O Emile, o my son, if I lost you, what would remain of me? And nevertheless I must learn to lose you, for who knows when you will be taken from me?

"Do you want, then, to live happily and wisely? Attach your heart only to imperishable beauty. Let your condition limit your desires; let your duties come before your inclinations; extend the law of necessity to moral things. Learn to lose what can be taken from you; learn to abandon everything when virtue decrees it, to put yourself above events and to detach your heart lest it be lacerated by them; to be courageous in adversity, so as never to be miserable; to be firm in your duty, so as never to be criminal. Then you will be happy in spite of fortune and wise in spite of the passions. Then you will find in the possession even of fragile goods a voluptuousness that nothing will be able to disturb. You will possess them without their possessing you; and you will feel that man, who can keep nothing, enjoys only what he knows how to lose. You will not, it is true, have the illusion of imaginary pleasures, but you will also not have the pains which are their fruit. You will gain much in this exchange, for these pains are frequent and real, and these pleasures are rare and vain. As the conqueror of so many deceptive opinions, you will also be the conqueror of the opinion that places so great a value on life. You will pass your life without disturbance and terminate it without fright. You will detach yourself from it as from all things. How many others are horror-stricken because they think that, in departing from life, they cease to be? Since you are informed about life's nothingness, you will believe that it is then that you begin to be. Death is the end of the wicked man's life and the beginning of the just man's."

Emile hears me with an attention that is mixed with anxiety. He fears some sinister conclusion to this preamble. He has a presentiment that, in showing him the necessity for exercising strength of soul, I want to subject him to this hard exercise. Like a wounded man who shudders on seeing the surgeon approach, he believes that he already feels on his wound the painful but salutary hand which prevents it from becoming infected.

Uncertain, troubled, and eager to know what I am getting at, Emile

fearfully questions me instead of answering. "What must be done?" he asks me, almost trembling and without daring to raise his eyes. "That which must be done!" I answer in a firm tone: "You must leave Sophie." "What are you saying?" he shouts with anger. "Leave Sophie! Leave her, deceive her, be a traitor, a cheat, a perjuror . . . !" "What!" I respond, interrupting him. "Is it from me that Emile is afraid of learning to merit such names?" "No," he continues with the same impetuosity. "Not from you nor from another. In spite of you, I shall know how to preserve your work. I shall know how not to merit those names."

I had expected this initial fury. I let it pass without getting upset. A fine preacher of moderation I would make if I did not possess what I am preaching to him! Emile knows me too well to believe me capable of demanding from him anything which is bad, and he knows that it would be bad to leave Sophie in the sense he is giving to that word. Therefore, he waits for me finally to explain myself. Then I return to my discourse.

"Do you believe, dear Emile, that a man, in whatever situation he finds himself, can be happier than you have been for these past three months? If you believe it, disabuse yourself. Before tasting the pleasures of life, you have exhausted its happiness. There is nothing beyond what you have felt. The felicity of the senses is fleeting. It always loses its flavor when it is the heart's habitual state. You have enjoyed more from hope than you will ever enjoy in reality. Imagination adorns what one desires but abandons it when it is in one's possession. Except for the single Being existing by itself, there is nothing beautiful except that which is not. If your present state could have lasted forever, you would have found supreme happiness. But everything connected with man feels the effects of his transitoriness. Everything is finite and everything is fleeting in human life; and if the state which makes us happy lasted endlessly, the habit of enjoying it would take away our taste for it. If nothing changes from without, the heart changes. Happiness leaves us, or we leave it.

"Time, which you did not measure, was flowing during your delirium. The summer is ending; winter approaches. Even if we could continue our visits during so hard a season, they would never tolerate it. In spite of ourselves, we must change our way of life; this one can no longer last. I see in your impatient eyes that this difficulty does not bother you. Sophie's confession and your own desires suggest to you an easy means for avoiding the snow and no longer having to make a trip in order to go and see her. The expedient is doubtless convenient. But when spring has come, the snow melts, and the marriage remains. You must think about a marriage for all seasons.

"You want to marry Sophie, and yet you have known her for less than five months! You want to marry her not because she suits you but because she pleases you—as though love were never mistaken about what is suitable, and as though those who begin by loving each other never end by hating each other. She is virtuous, I know. But is that enough? Is being decent sufficient for people to be suitable for each other? It is not her virtue I am putting in doubt; it is her char-

acter. Does a woman's character reveal itself in a day? Do you know in how many situations you must have seen her in order to get a deep knowledge of her disposition? Do four months of attachment give you assurance for a whole life? Perhaps two months of absence will make her forget you. Perhaps someone else is only waiting for your withdrawal in order to efface you from her heart. Perhaps on your return you will find her as indifferent as up to now you have found her responsive. The sentiments do not depend on principles. She may remain very decent and yet cease to love you. She will be constant and faithful. I tend to believe it. But who is answerable to you for her, and who is answerable to her for you so long as you have not put one another to the test? Will you wait to make this test until it becomes useless for you? Will you wait to know each other until you can no longer separate?

"Sophie is not yet eighteen; you are just twenty-two. This is the age of love, but not that of marriage. What a father and mother of a family! To know how to raise children, at least wait until you cease being children! Do you know how many young persons there are who have had their constitutions weakened, their health ruined, and their lives shortened by enduring the fatigues of pregnancy before the proper age? Do you know how many children have remained sickly and weak for want of having been nourished in a body that was sufficiently formed? When mother and child grow at the same time and the substance necessary to the growth of each of them is divided, neither has what nature destined for it. How is it possible that both should not suffer from it? Either I have a very poor knowledge of Emile, or he would rather have a robust wife and robust children than satisfy his impatience at the expense of their life and their health.

"Let us speak about you. In aspiring to the status of husband and father, have you meditated enough upon its duties? When you become the head of a family, you are going to become a member of the state, and do you know what it is to be a member of the state? Do you know what government, laws, and fatherland are? Do you know what the price is of your being permitted to live and for whom you ought to die? You believe you have learned everything, and you still know nothing. Before taking a place in the civil order, learn to know it and to know what rank in it suits you.

"Emile, you must leave Sophie. I do not say abandon her. If you were capable of it, she would be only too fortunate not to have married you. You must leave in order to return worthy of her. Do not be so vain as to believe that you already merit her. Oh, how much there remains for you to do! Come and fulfill this noble task. Come and learn to bear her absence. Come and win the prize of fidelity, so that on your return you can lay claim to some honor from her and ask for her hand not as an act of grace but as a recompense."

Not yet practiced at struggling against himself and not yet accustomed to desire one thing and to will another, the young man does not give in. He resists; he argues. Why should he deny himself the happiness awaiting him? Would delaying to accept the hand which is offered him not be to disdain it? What need is there to go away from her in order to inform himself about what he ought to know? And even

if that were necessary, why should he not leave her the assured pledge of his return in the form of indissoluble bonds? Let him be her husband, and he will be ready to follow me. Let them be united, and he will leave her without fear . . . "To be united in order to be separated. Dear Emile, what a contradiction! It is a fine thing for a lover to be able to live without his beloved, but a husband ought never to leave his wife except in case of necessity. To cure your scruples, I see that your delay ought to be involuntary. You must be able to tell Sophie that you are leaving her in spite of yourself. Very well, be content; and since you do not obey reason, recognize another master. You have not forgotten the promise you made to me. Emile, you have to leave Sophie. I wish it."

After this statement he lowers his head, keeps quiet, and dreams for a moment; then, looking at me with assurance, he asks, "When do we leave?" "In a week," I answer. "Sophie must be prepared for this departure. Women are weaker. One owes them special consideration; and since this absence is not a duty for her as it is for you, it is permissible for her to bear it less courageously."

I am only too tempted to prolong the journal of my two young people's love up to their separation, but I have for a long time abused the indulgence of my readers. Let us be brief in order to finish once and for all.

Will Emile dare to act at his beloved's feet with the same assurance he has just shown to his friend? As for me, I believe he will. He ought to draw this assurance from the very truth of his love. He would be more uncomfortable before her if it cost him less to leave her. He would leave as the guilty party, and this role is always embarrassing for a decent heart. But the more the sacrifice costs him, the more he can lay a claim to honor in the eyes of her who makes it so difficult for him. He is not afraid that she will be misled about the motive which determines him. He seems to say to her with each glance, "O Sophie, read my heart and be faithful! You do not have a lover without virtue."

The proud Sophie, for her part, tries to bear with dignity the unforeseen blow which strikes her. She makes an effort to appear insensitive to it. But since she, unlike Emile, does not have the honor of combat and victory, her firmness holds up less well. She cries and groans in spite of herself, and the fear of being forgotten embitters the pain of separation. She does not cry before her lover; it is not to him that she shows her fears. She would choke rather than let a sigh escape her in his presence. It is I who receive her complaints, who see her tears, whom she affects to take as her confidant. Women are skillful and know how to disguise themselves. The more she grumbles in secret against my tyranny, the more attentive she is in flattering me. She senses that her fate is in my hands.

I console her. I reassure her. I make myself answerable for her lover, or rather her husband. Let her be as faithful to him as he will be to her, and I swear that in two years he will be her husband. She esteems me enough to believe that I do not want to deceive her. I am the guarantor of each for the other. Their hearts, their virtue, my probity, their parents' confidence—everything reassures them. But what good does

reason do against weakness? They separate as if they were never to see each other again.

It is then that Sophie recalls the regrets of Eucharis [55] and really believes she is in her place. Let us not allow these fantastic loves to awaken during Emile's absence. "Sophie," I say to her one day, "make an exchange of books with Emile. Give him your *Telemachus* in order that he learn to resemble him, and let Emile give you *The Spectator*,[56] which you like to read. Study in it the duties of decent women, and recall that in two years these duties will be yours." This exchange pleases both and gives them confidence. Finally the sad day comes. They must separate.

Sophie's worthy father, with whom I have arranged everything, embraces me on receiving my farewell. Then, taking me aside, he says the following words to me in a grave tone and with a somewhat emphatic accent: "I have done everything to be obliging to you. I knew that I was dealing with a man of honor. There remains only one word to say to you. Remember that your pupil has signed his marriage contract on my daughter's lips."

What a difference there is in the bearing of the two lovers! Emile is impetuous, ardent, agitated, beside himself; he lets out cries, sheds torrents of tears on the hands of the father, the mother, the daughter; he sobs as he embraces all the domestics and repeats the same things a thousand times in a disorder that would cause laugher on any other occasion. Sophie is gloomy and pale, with expressionless eyes and a somber glance; she keeps quiet, says nothing, does not cry, and sees no one, not even Emile. It is in vain that he takes her hands and holds her in his arms; she remains immobile, insensitive to his tears, to his caresses, to everything he does. For her, he is already gone. How much more touching her behavior is than her lover's importunate complaints and noisy regrets! He sees it, he feels it, he is grieved by it. I drag him away with difficulty. If I leave him another moment, he will no longer be willing to part. I am charmed by the fact that he takes this sad image with him. If he is ever tempted to forget what he owes to Sophie, I shall recall her to him as he saw her at the moment of his departure. His heart would have to have changed very much for me not to be able to return it to her.

On Travel

It is asked whether it is good for young people to travel, and there is much dispute about it. If the question were put differently and it were asked whether it is good that men have traveled, perhaps there would not be so much dispute.

The abuse of books kills science. Believing that we know what we have read, we believe that we can dispense with learning it. Too much reading only serves to produce presumptuous ignoramuses. Among all literary ages there has been none in which men read so

much as in this one, and none in which men are less knowledgeable. Among all the countries of Europe there is none in which so many histories and accounts of voyages are printed as in France, and none in which so little is known about the genius and the morals of other nations. So great a number of books makes us neglect the book of the world; or if we still read in it, each sticks to his own page. If the phrase "Can one be Persian?" [57] were unknown to me, I would guess on hearing it that it comes from the country where national prejudices are most prevalent and from the sex which most propagates them.

A Parisian believes he knows men, and he knows only the French. In his city, which is always full of foreigners, he regards each foreigner as an extraordinary phenomenon which has no equal in the rest of the universe. One has to have seen the bourgeoisie of this great city close up and to have lived with them to believe that people with so much cleverness can be so stupid. The bizarre thing is that each of them has read perhaps ten times the description of a country and yet to him one of its inhabitants will be an object of wonder.

It is too much to have to pierce through both the authors' prejudices and our own in order to get to the truth. I have spent my life reading accounts of travels, and I have never found two which have given me the same idea of the same people. In comparing the little that I could observe myself with what I have read, I have ended by dropping the travelers and regretting the time that I gave to informing myself by reading them. I am quite convinced that in matters of observation of every kind one must not read, one must see. This would be true even if all the travelers were sincere, said only what they have seen or what they believe, and disguised the truth only with the false colors it takes on in their own eyes. What is the situation when one has, in addition, to discern the truth through their lies and their bad faith!

Let us then leave the vaunted resource of books to those who are so constituted as to be satisfied by books. Like Raymond Lulle's art, they are good for learning to babble about what one does not know. They are good for training fifteen-year-old Platos to philosophize in polite society and for informing a gathering about the practices of Egypt and India on the testimony of Paul Lucas or Tavernier.[58]

I hold it to be an incontestable maxim that whoever has seen only one people does not know men; he knows only the people with whom he has lived. Hence there is another way of putting the same question about travel: does it suffice for a well-educated man to know only his compatriots, or is it important for him to know men in general? Here there no longer remains either dispute or doubt. Observe how much the solution of a difficult question sometimes depends on the way of posing it!

But if one wants to study men, is it necessary to roam the entire earth? Is it necessary to go to Japan to observe Europeans? Is it necessary to know all the individuals to know the species? No. There are men who have such a strong resemblance to one another that it is not worth the effort to study them separately. Whoever has seen ten Frenchmen has seen them all. Although one cannot say as much of the English and some other peoples, it is nonetheless certain that each

nation has its own specific character which can be inferred from the observation not of a single member but of several. Whoever has compared ten peoples knows men, just as whoever has seen ten Frenchmen knows the French.

To become informed, it is not sufficient to roam through various countries. It is necessary to know how to travel. To observe, it is necessary to have eyes and to turn them toward the object one wants to know. There are many persons who are informed still less by travel than by books, because they are ignorant of the art of thinking; because when they read, their minds are at least guided by the author; and because when they travel, they do not know how to see anything on their own. Others do not become informed because they do not want to be informed. Their aim in traveling is so different that this one hardly occurs to them. It is very much an accident if one sees with exactitude what one does not care to look at. Of all the peoples of the world, it is the French who travel most; but they are so full of the practices of their own country that they confound everything which does not resemble those practices. There are Frenchmen in every corner of the world. There is no country in which one finds more persons who have traveled than in France. Yet in spite of that, of all the peoples of Europe, the one which sees other countries most knows them least. The Englishman travels too, but in another way. These two peoples have to be opposites in everything. The English nobility travels, the French nobility does not. The French people travel, the English people do not. This difference appears to me to do honor to the latter. The French almost always have some self-interest in view in their travels. But the English do not go fortune hunting in other nations, unless it is by means of commerce, and they go with their hands full. When they travel, it is to spend their money, not to work for a living. They are too proud to go away from home and crawl. As a result, they inform themselves better abroad than the French, who always have an entirely different aim in mind. Nevertheless, the English also have their national prejudices. Indeed, they have more of them than anyone, but these prejudices come less from ignorance than from passion. The Englishman has the prejudices of pride, and the Frenchman has those of vanity.

Just as the least cultured peoples are generally the wisest, so those who travel least are the ones who travel best. Since they are less advanced than we are in our frivolous researches and less occupied by the objects of our vain curiosity, they give all their attention to what is truly useful. I know none but the Spanish who travel in this way. While a Frenchman runs to the artists of a country, an Englishman has a sketch made of some antique, and a German carries his notebook around to all the learned men, the Spaniard quietly studies the country's government, morals, and public order, and he is the only one of the four who brings home with him some observation useful to his country.

The ancients traveled little, read little, and wrote few books, and yet one sees in those of their books which remain to us that they observed one another better than we observe our contemporaries. I will not go

back to the writings of Homer, the only poet who transports us to the country he describes. But one cannot deny Herodotus the honor of having depicted manners and morals in his history—even though he does so more in his narratives than in his reflections—and of having depicted them better than all our historians, who burden their books with portraits and characteristics. Tacitus has described the Germans of his times better than any writer has described the Germans of today. Those who are conversant with ancient history incontestably know the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Gauls, and the Persians better than any people of our day knows its neighbors.

It must also be admitted that as the original character of a people fades from day to day, it becomes proportionately more difficult to grasp. To the extent that races are mixed and peoples confounded, one sees the gradual disappearance of those national differences which previously struck the observer at first glance. Formerly each nation remained more closed in upon itself. There was less communication, less travel, fewer common or contrary interests, and fewer political and civil relations among peoples; there were not so many of those royal annoyances called negotiations, and no regular or resident ambassadors; great voyages were rare; there was little far-flung commerce, and what little there was was done by the prince himself who used foreigners for it, or by despised men who set the tone for no one and did not bring the nations together. There is now a hundred times more contact between Europe and Asia than there formerly was between Gaul and Spain. Europe alone used to be more diverse than the whole world is today.

Moreover, the ancient peoples, who for the most part regarded themselves as autochthonous or native to their own country, occupied their homeland long enough to have lost the memory of the distant ages when their ancestors had established themselves there and long enough to have given the climate time to make durable impressions on them. Among us, by contrast, the recent emigrations of the barbarians after the invasions of the Romans have mixed up and confounded everything. Today's Frenchmen are no longer those great blond-haired and white-skinned bodies of the past; the Greeks are no longer those beautiful men made to serve as the models for art. The appearance of the Romans themselves has changed character, just as their nature has. The Persians, who are natives of Tartary, lose their former ugliness every day through the admixture of Circassian blood. The Europeans are no longer Gauls, Germans, Iberians, and Allobroges. They are nothing but Scythians who have degenerated in various ways in their looks and still more in their morals.

This is why the ancient distinctions of races and the qualities of air and soil distinguished the temperaments, looks, morals, and characters of different peoples more strongly than all these things can be distinguished in our day. For today, European inconstancy does not leave any natural cause enough time to make its impressions; and with the forests leveled, the marshes dried up, and the land more uniformly—although worse—cultivated, there is no longer even the same physical difference from land to land and from country to country.

Perhaps on the basis of such reflections we would be in less of a hurry

to subject Herodotus, Ctesias, and Pliny to ridicule for having represented the inhabitants of diverse countries with original features and distinct differences which we no longer see in them. It would be necessary to rediscover the same men in order to recognize the same looks. It would be necessary for nothing to have changed them in order for them to have stayed the same. If we could at one time consider all the men who have ever lived, can it be doubted that we would find that they varied more from age to age than they do today from nation to nation?

At the same time that observations of other peoples become more difficult, they are made more negligently and less well. This is another reason for the slight success of our researches into the natural history of mankind. The instruction that one extracts from travel is related to the aim that causes travel to be undertaken. When this aim is a system of philosophy, the traveler never sees anything but what he wants to see. When this aim is profit, it absorbs all the attention of those who devote themselves to it. Commerce and the arts, which mingle and confound peoples, also prevent them from studying one another. When they know the profit they can make from one another, what more do they have to know?

It is useful for man to know all the places where he can live so that he then may choose where he can live most comfortably. If each man were self-sufficient, the only important thing for him to know would be the land capable of providing him with subsistence. The savage, who needs no one and covets nothing in the world, knows and seeks to know no lands other than his own. If he is forced to wander in order to subsist, he flees the places inhabited by men. He has designs only on beasts and has need only of them to feed himself. But for us to whom civil life is necessary and who can no longer get along without devouring men, our interest is to frequent the countries where the most men are found. This is why all flock to Rome, Paris, and London. It is always in the capitals that human blood is sold most cheaply. Thus one knows only the large nations, and the large nations all resemble one another.

It is said that we have learned men who travel to inform themselves. This is an error. The learned travel for profit like the others. The Platos and the Pythagorases are no longer to be found; or if they do exist, it is quite far away from us. Our learned men travel only by order of the court. They are dispatched, subsidized, and paid to observe such and such an object, which is very surely not a moral object. They owe all their time to this single object. They are too decent to steal their money. If in some country there happen to be men who are curious and travel at their own expense, it is never to study men but rather to instruct them. It is not science they need but ostentation. How would they learn to shake off the yoke of opinion in their travels? They only undertake them for the sake of opinion.

There is a big difference between traveling to see lands and traveling to see peoples. The former is always the object of the curious; the latter is only subsidiary for them. It ought to be exactly the opposite for someone who wants to philosophize. The child observes things while

waiting to be able to observe men. The man ought to begin by observing his kind and then observe things if he has the time.

Therefore, it is bad reasoning to conclude from the fact that we travel badly that travel is useless. But once the utility of travel is recognized, does it follow that it is suitable for everyone? Far from it. On the contrary, it is suitable for only very few people. It is suitable only for men sure enough about themselves to hear the lessons of error without letting themselves be seduced and to see the example of vice without letting themselves be carried away. Travel pushes a man toward his natural bent and completes the job of making him good or bad. Whoever returns from roaming the world is, upon his return, what he will be for his whole life. More men come back wicked than good, because more leave inclined to evil than to good. In their travels ill-raised and ill-guided young people contract all the vices of the peoples they frequent and none of the virtues with which these vices are mixed. But all those who are happily born, whose good nature has been well cultivated, and who travel with the true intention of informing themselves, return better and wiser than they left. It is in this way that my Emile will travel. Thus traveled that young man, worthy of a better age, whose merit an astonished Europe admired; although he deserved to live, he died for his country in the flower of his years, and his grave, adorned by his virtues alone, was not honored until a foreign hand covered it with flowers.[59]

Everything that is done by reason ought to have its rules. Travel—taken as a part of education—ought to have its rules. To travel for the sake of traveling is to wander, to be a vagabond. To travel to inform oneself is still to have too vague an aim. Instruction which has no determined goal is nothing. I would want to give the young man a palpable interest in informing himself, and if this interest were well chosen, it would then determine the nature of the instruction. This is only a continuation of the method I have tried to put into practice all along.

Now that Emile has considered himself in his physical relations with other beings and in his moral relations with other men, it remains for him to consider himself in his civil relations with his fellow citizens. To do that, he must begin by studying the nature of government in general, the diverse forms of government, and finally the particular government under which he was born, so that he may find out whether it suits him to live there. For by a right nothing can abrogate, when each man attains his majority and becomes his own master, he also becomes master of renouncing the contract that connects him with the community by leaving the country in which that community is established. It is only by staying there after attaining the age of reason that he is considered to have tacitly confirmed the commitment his ancestors made. He acquires the right of renouncing his fatherland just as he acquires the right of renouncing his father's estate. Furthermore, since place of birth is a gift of nature, one yields one's own place of birth in making this renunciation. According to rigorous standards of right, each man remains free at his own risk in

whatever place he is born unless he voluntarily subjects himself to the laws in order to acquire the right to be protected by them.

Therefore, I might say to him: "Up to now you have lived under my direction. You were not in a condition to govern yourself. But now you are approaching the age when the laws put your property at your disposition and thus make you the master of your own person. You are going to find yourself alone in society, dependent on everything, even on your patrimony. You plan to settle down. This plan is laudable; it is one of man's duties. But, before marrying, you must know what kind of man you want to be, what you want to spend your life doing, and what measures you want to take to assure yourself and your family of bread. Although one ought not to make such a care his principal business, one must nonetheless think about it once. Do you want to commit yourself to dependence on men whom you despise? Do you want to establish your fortune and determine your status by means of civil relations which will put you constantly at the discretion of others and force you to become a rascal yourself in order to escape from the clutches of other rascals?"

Then I shall describe to him all the possible means of taking advantage of his property, whether in commerce or public office or finance, and I shall show him that every one of them will leave him risks to run, put him in a precarious and dependent state, and force him to adjust his morals, his sentiments, and his conduct to the example and the prejudices of others.

"There is," I shall say to him, "another means of employing one's time and person. That is to join the service—that is to say, to hire yourself out very cheaply to go and kill people who have done us no harm. This trade is in high esteem among men, and they make an extraordinary fuss about those who are good only for this. Furthermore, this trade, far from allowing you to dispense with other resources, only makes them more necessary to you. For one aspect of the honor of the military estate is the impoverishment of those who devote themselves to it. It is true that they are not all impoverished by it. It is even gradually becoming fashionable to enrich oneself in this trade as in the others. But when I explain to you how those who succeed in doing so go about it, I doubt that I will make you eager to imitate them.

"You will also find out that even in this trade the main point is no longer courage or valor, except perhaps with women. On the contrary, the most groveling, the basest, and the most servile is always the most honored. If you take it into your head to really want to perform your trade, you will be despised, hated, and perhaps driven out; at best, you will be overwhelmed by improper treatment and supplanted by all your comrades for having done your service in the trenches while they did theirs in ladies' dressing rooms."

One strongly suspects that all these diverse employments will not be very much to Emile's taste. "What?" he will say to me. "Have I forgotten the games of my childhood? Have I lost my hands? Is my strength exhausted? Do I no longer know how to work? Of what importance to me are all your fine employments and all men's silly opinions? I know no other glory than being beneficent and just. I know no

other happiness than living in independence with the one I love, earning my appetite and my health every day by my work. All these complications you tell me about hardly touch me. I want as all my property only a little farm in some corner of the world. I shall use all my avarice to improve it, and I shall live without worrying. Give me Sophie and my field—and I shall be rich."

"Yes, my friend, a woman and a field that belong to him are enough for the wise man's happiness. But although these treasures are modest, they are not as common as you think. You have found the rarer one. Let us now speak of the other.

"A field which is yours, dear Emile! And in what place will you choose it? In what corner of the earth will you be able to say, 'Here I am master of myself and of the land which belongs to me?' One knows where it is easy to get rich, but who knows where one can get along without being rich? Who knows where one can live independent and free, without needing to harm anyone and without fear of being harmed? Do you believe that it is so easy to find the country where one is always permitted to be a decent man? I agree that if there is any legitimate and sure means of subsisting without intrigue, without involvements, and without dependence, it is to live by cultivating one's own land with the labor of one's own hands. But where is the state where a man can say to himself, 'The land I tread is mine'? Before choosing this happy land, be well assured that you will find there the peace you seek. Be careful that a violent government, a persecuting religion, or perverse morals do not come to disturb you there. Shelter yourself from boundless taxes that would devour the fruit of your efforts and from endless litigation that would consume your estate. Arrange it so that, in living justly, you do not have to pay court to administrators, their deputies, judges, priests, powerful neighbors, and rascals of every kind, who are always ready to torment you if you neglect them. Above all, shelter yourself from vexation by the noble and the rich. Keep in mind that everywhere their lands can border on Naboth's vineyard.[60] If you are unlucky enough to have a man of position buy or build a house near your cottage, can you be sure that he will not find the means, under some pretext, to invade your inheritance in order to round off his own, or that you will not see—perhaps tomorrow—all your resources absorbed into a large highway? And if you preserve influence in order to fend off all these problems, you might as well also preserve your riches, for they are no costlier to keep. Wealth and influence mutually prop each other up. The one is always poorly maintained without the other.

"I have more experience than you, dear Emile. I see the difficulty of your project better. Nevertheless it is a fine and decent one which would really make you happy. Let us make an effort to execute it. I have a proposition to make to you. Let us consecrate the two years until your return to choosing an abode in Europe where you can live happily with your family, sheltered from all the dangers of which I have just spoken to you. If we succeed, you will have found the true happiness vainly sought by so many others, and you will not regret the time you have spent. If we do not succeed, you will be cured of a chimera. You

will console yourself for an inevitable unhappiness, and you will submit yourself to the law of necessity."

I do not know whether all my readers will perceive where this proposed research is going to lead us. But I do know that if Emile, at the conclusion of his travels begun and continued with this intention, does not come back versed in all matter of government, in public morals, and in maxims of state of every kind, either he or I must be quite poorly endowed—he with intelligence and I with judgment.

The science of political right is yet to be born, and it is to be presumed that it never will be born. Grotius, the master of all our learned men in this matter, is only a child and, what is worse, a child of bad faith. When I hear Grotius praised to the skies and Hobbes covered with execration, I see how few sensible men read or understand these two authors. The truth is that their principles are exactly alike. They differ only in their manner of expression. They also differ in method. Hobbes bases himself on sophisms, and Grotius on poets. They have everything else in common.

The only modern in a position to create this great and useless science was the illustrious Montesquieu. But he was careful not to discuss the principles of political right. He was content to discuss the positive right of established governments, and nothing in the world is more different than these two studies.

Nevertheless, whoever wants to make healthy judgments about existing governments is obliged to unite the two. It is necessary to know what ought to be in order to judge soundly about what is. The greatest difficulty in clarifying these important matters is to interest an individual in discussing them by answering these two questions: What importance does it have for me? and, What can I do about it? We have put our Emile in a position to answer both questions for himself.

The second difficulty comes from the prejudices of childhood, from the maxims on which one has been raised, and above all from the partiality of authors who always speak of the truth—which they scarcely care about—but think only of their interest, which they are silent about. Now, the people do not give chairs or pensions or places in academies. You may judge how the peoples' rights are likely to be protected by these men! I have done things in such a way that this is not yet a difficulty for Emile. He hardly knows what government is. The only thing important to him is to find the best one. His aim is not to write books, and if he ever does, it will be not in order to pay court to the powers that be but to establish the rights of humanity.

There remains a third difficulty which is more specious than solid and which I want neither to resolve nor to pose. It is enough for me that it does not daunt my zeal, since I am certain that in researches of this kind great talents are less necessary than a sincere love of justice and a true respect for the truth. If matters of government can be equitably treated, then I believe that the occasion for it is now or never.

Before observing, one must make some rules for one's observations. One must construct a standard to which measurements one makes can be related. Our principles of political right are that standard. Our measurements are the political laws of each country.

Our elements are clear, simple, and taken immediately from the nature of things. They will be formed from questions discussed between us, and we shall convert them into principles only when they are sufficiently resolved.[61]

For example, by first going back to the state of nature, we shall examine whether men are born enslaved or free, associated with one another or independent. Whether they join together voluntarily or by force. Whether the force which joins them can form a permanent right by which this prior force remains obligatory, even when it is surmounted by another. If so, ever since the force of King Nimrod[62] who is said to have subjected the first peoples, all the other forces which have destroyed Nimrod's have been iniquitous and usurpatory, and there are no longer any legitimate kings other than the descendants of Nimrod or his assignees. Or whether, once this force has expired, the force which succeeds it becomes obligatory in turn and destroys the obligation of the other, in such a way that one is only obliged to obey as long as one is forced to do so and is dispensed from it as soon as one can offer resistance—a right which, it seems, would not add very much to force and would hardly be anything but a play on words.

We shall examine whether one cannot say that every illness comes from God, and whether it follows from this that it is a crime to call the doctor.

We shall further examine whether conscience obliges one to give one's purse to a bandit who demands it on the highway, even if one could hide it from him. For, after all, the pistol he holds is also a power.

Whether the word *power* on this occasion means anything other than a legitimate power, one that consequently is subject to the laws from which it gets its being.

Assuming that one rejects this right of force and accepts the right of nature, or paternal authority, as the principle of societies, we shall investigate the extent of that authority, how it is founded in nature, and whether it has any other ground than the utility of the child, his weakness, and the natural love the father has for him. Whether when the child's weaknesses comes to an end and his reason matures, he does not therefore become the sole natural judge of what is suitable for his preservation, and consequently his own master, as well as become independent of every other man, even of his father. For it is even more certain that the son loves himself than it is that the father loves his son.

Whether when the father dies, the children are obliged to obey the eldest among them or someone else who will not have a father's natural attachment for them; and whether there will always be a single chief in each clan whom the whole family is obliged to obey. In which case we would investigate how the authority could ever be divided, and by what right there would be more than one chief on the whole earth governing mankind.

Assuming that peoples were formed by choice, we shall then distinguish right from fact; since men have thus subjected themselves to their brothers, uncles, or parents not because they were obliged to but because they wanted to, we shall ask whether this sort of society is not always simply a case of free and voluntary association.

Moving next to the right of slavery, we shall examine whether a man can legitimately alienate himself to another without restriction, without reserve, without any kind of condition: that is to say, whether he can renounce his person, his life, his reason, his *I*, and all morality in his actions—in a word, whether he can cease to exist before his death in spite of nature, which gives him immediate responsibility for his own preservation, and in spite of his conscience and his reason, which prescribe to him what he ought to do and what he ought to abstain from doing.

And if there is some reserve or restriction in the transaction of enslavement, we shall discuss whether this transaction does not then become a true contract in which each of the parties, having no common superior in this capacity,* remains his own judge as to the conditions of the contract; and whether each consequently remains free in this respect and master of breaking the contract as soon as he considers himself injured.

If a slave, then, cannot alienate himself without reserve to his master, how can a people alienate itself without reserve to its chief? And if the slave remains judge of whether his master observes their contract, will the people not remain judge of whether their chiefs observe their contract?

Forced to retrace our steps in this way, and examining the sense of the collective word *people*, we shall investigate whether the establishment of a people does not require at least a tacit contract prior to the one we are supposing.

Since the people is a people before electing a king, what made it such if not the social contract? Therefore the social contract is the basis of every civil society, and the nature of the society it forms must be sought in the nature of this transaction.

We shall investigate what the tenor of this contract is and whether it can be summed up in this formula: *Each of us puts his goods, his person, his life, and all his power in common under the supreme direction of the general will, and we as a body accept each member as a part indivisible from the whole.*

Assuming this, we shall note, in order to define the terms we need, that this act of association produces—in place of the particular person of each contracting party—a moral and collective body composed of as many members as the assembly has voices. This public person, understood generally, takes the name *body politic*; its members call it *state* when it is passive, *sovereign* when it is active, and *power* when it is compared with other bodies politic. Speaking of the members collectively they take the name *people*; individually they are called both *citizens*, as members of the city or participants in the sovereign authority, and *subjects*, as subject to the same authority.

We shall note that this act of association contains a reciprocal commitment of the public and the individuals, and that each individual,

* If they had one, this common superior would be none other than the sovereign; and then the right of slavery would be founded on the right of sovereignty and would not be its source.

who is, so to speak, contracting with himself, is committed in two respects—as a member of the sovereign, to the individuals; as a member of the state, to the sovereign.

We shall further note that since no one is held to commitments made only with himself, public deliberation—which can obligate all the subjects with respect to the sovereign because of the two different relations in which each of them is envisaged—cannot obligate the state to itself. From which one can see that there neither is nor can be any other fundamental law properly speaking than the social pact alone. This does not mean that the body politic cannot in certain respects commit itself to another; for with respect to foreigners, it becomes a simple being, an individual.

Since the two contracting parties—that is, each individual and the public—have no common superior who can judge their differences, we shall examine whether each party remains the master of breaking the contract when it pleases him—that is to say, of renouncing it as soon as he believes himself injured.

In order to clarify this question, we shall observe that according to the social pact the sovereign is able to act only by common and general wills and that therefore its acts ought similarly to have only general and common objects. From this it follows that an individual could not be directly injured by the sovereign without everyone's being injured; but this cannot be, since it would be to want to harm oneself. Thus the social contract never has need of any guarantee other than the public force, because the injury can come only from individuals; and in that case they are not thereby free from their commitment but are punished for having violated it.

In order to decide all such questions, we shall be careful always to remind ourselves that the social pact is of a particular and unique nature, in that the people contracts only with itself—that is to say, the people as sovereign body contracts with the individuals as subjects. This condition constitutes the whole artifice of the political machine and sets it in motion. It alone renders legitimate, reasonable, and free from danger commitments that otherwise would be absurd, tyrannical, and subject to the most enormous abuses.

Inasmuch as the individuals have subjected themselves only to the sovereign, and the sovereign authority is nothing other than the general will, we shall see how each man who obeys the sovereign obeys only himself, and how one is more free under the social pact than in the state of nature.

After having compared natural liberty to civil liberty with respect to persons, we shall, with respect to possessions, compare the right of property with the right of sovereignty, individual domain with eminent domain. If the sovereign authority is founded on the right of property, this right is the one it ought to respect most. The right of property is inviolable and sacred for the sovereign authority as long as it remains a particular and individual right. But as soon as it is considered as common to all the citizens, it is subject to the general will, and this will can suppress it. Thus the sovereign has no right to touch the possessions

of one or more individuals. But it can legitimately seize the possessions of all, as was done at Sparta in the time of Lycurgus; the abolition of debts by Solon, on the other hand, was an illegitimate act.[63]

Since nothing obligates the subjects except the general will, we shall investigate how this will is manifested, by what signs one is sure of recognizing it, what a law is, and what the true characteristics of law are. This subject is entirely new: the definition of law remains to be made.

The moment the people considers one or more of its members individually, the people is divided. A relation is formed between the whole and its part which makes them into two separate beings: the part is one, and the whole, less this part, is the other. But the whole less a part is not the whole. Therefore, as long as this relation subsists, there is no longer a whole but two unequal parts.

By contrast, when the whole people makes a statute applying to the whole people, it considers only itself; and if a relation is formed, it is between the whole object seen from one point of view and the whole object seen from another point of view, without any division of the whole. Then the object applying to which the statute is made is general, and the will which makes the statute is also general. We shall examine whether there is any other kind of act that can bear the name of law.

If the sovereign can speak only by laws, and if the law can never have anything but a general object—one that relates equally to all the members of the state—it follows that the sovereign never has the power to make any statute applying to a particular object. But since it is important for the preservation of the state that particular things also be decided, we shall investigate how that can be done.

The acts of the sovereign can only be acts of general will—that is, laws. There must next be determining acts—acts of force or of government—for the execution of these same laws, and these acts can have only particular objects. Thus the act by which the sovereign decrees that a chief will be elected is a law, and the act by which that chief is elected in execution of the law is only an act of government.

Here, then, is a third relation in which the assembled people can be considered—as magistrate or executor of the law that it has declared in its capacity as sovereign.*

We shall examine whether it is possible for the people to divest itself of its right of sovereignty in order to vest that right in one or more men. For, since the act of election is not a law, and in this act the people itself is not sovereign, it is hard to see how it can transfer a right it does not have.

Inasmuch as the essence of sovereignty consists in the general will, it is also hard to see how one can be certain that a particular will always will agree with this general will. One ought rather to presume that the particular will will often be contrary to the general will, for private interest always tends to preferences, and the public interest

* Most of these questions and propositions are extracts from the treatise *The Social Contract,* itself an extract from a larger work that was undertaken without consulting my strength and has long since been abandoned. The little treatise I have detached from it—of which this is the summary—will be published separately.

always tends to equality. And even if such agreement were possible but not necessary and indestructible, that would suffice for making it impossible for sovereign right to result from it.

We shall investigate whether the chiefs of the people, under whatever name they may be elected, can ever, without violating the social pact, be anything but officers of the people whom the people direct to execute the laws; and whether these chiefs owe the people an account of their administration and are themselves subject to the laws whose observance they are charged with ensuring.

If the people cannot alienate its supreme right, can it entrust that right to others for a time? If it cannot give itself a master, can it give itself representatives? This question is important and merits discussion.

If the people can have neither a sovereign nor representatives, we shall examine how it can declare its laws by itself; whether it ought to have many laws, whether it ought to change them often, and whether it is easy for a large populace to be its own legislator.

Whether the Roman populace was not a large populace.

Whether it is good to have large populaces.

It follows from the preceding considerations that within the state there is an intermediate body between the subjects and the sovereign. This intermediate body, which is formed of one or more members, is in charge of public administration, the execution of the laws, and the maintenance of civil and political liberty.

The members of this body are called *magistrates* or *kings*—that is, governors. The whole body is called *prince* when considered with regard to the men who compose it, and *government* when considered with regard to its action.

If we consider the action of the whole body acting upon itself—that is, the relation of the whole to the whole or of the sovereign to the state—we can compare this relation to that of the extremes of a continuous proportion which has the government as its middle term. The magistrate receives from the sovereign the orders he gives to the people; and when everything is calculated, his product or power is of the same magnitude as the product or power of the citizens, who are on the one hand subjects and on the other sovereigns.[64] None of the three terms could be altered without immediately breaking the proportion. If the sovereign wants to govern, or if the prince wants to give laws, or if the subject refuses to obey, disorder replaces order, and the state is dissolved, falling into despotism or anarchy.

Let us suppose the state to be composed of ten thousand citizens. The sovereign can be considered only collectively and as a body. But each individual, as a subject, has a personal and independent existence. Thus the sovereign is to the subject as ten thousand is to one. That is, each member of the state has only a ten-thousandth part of the sovereign authority as his share, although he is totally subjected to that authority. If the people is composed of one hundred thousand men, the condition of the subjects does not change, and each always endures the whole empire of the laws, but his suffrage, which is reduced to a one-hundred-thousandth share, has ten times less influence in drawing up the laws. Thus, while the subject always remains one, the ratio of the

sovereign to the subject increases in proportion to the number of citizens. From this it follows that the more the state expands, the more liberty diminishes.

Now, the less the particular wills correspond to the general will—that is, the less morals correspond to laws—the more the repressing force ought to increase. From another point of view, a larger state gives the depositories of public authority greater temptations and more means for abusing them; therefore the more force the government has in order to contain the people, the more force the sovereign ought to have in order to contain the government.

It follows from this double relation that the continuous proportion among the sovereign, the prince, and the people is not an arbitrary idea but a consequence of the nature of the state. Further, it follows that since one of the extremes—that is, the people—is fixed, every time the doubled ratio increases or decreases, the simple ratio increases or decreases in turn, which cannot happen without the mean term changing the same number of times.[65] From this we can draw the conclusion that there is not a single and absolute constitution of government, but that there ought to be as many governments differing in nature as there are states differing in size.

If it is the case that the more numerous the people are, the less morals correspond to the laws, we shall examine whether, by an evident enough analogy, it can also be said that the more numerous the magistrates are, the weaker the government is.

In order to clarify this maxim, we shall distinguish three essentially different wills in the person of each magistrate. First, there is the personal will of the individual, which is directed only to his own particular advantage. Second, there is the common will of the magistrates, which relates solely to the profit of the prince; this will can be called the "will *de corps*," [66] which is general in relation to the government and particular in relation to the state of which the government is a part. In the third place, there is the will of the people or the sovereign will, which is general both in relation to the state considered as the whole and in relation to the government considered as part of the whole. Where there is perfect legislation, the particular and individual will ought to be almost nonexistent, and the will *de corps* belonging to the government ought to be very subordinate; consequently the general and sovereign will is the standard for all the others. However, according to the natural order, these different wills become more active to the extent that they are concentrated. The general will is always the weakest, the will *de corps* has the second rank, and the particular will is preferred over all others. The result is that each man is first of all himself, and then a magistrate, and then a citizen—a gradation directly opposed to that which the social order demands.

Once this has been granted, we shall suppose the government in the hands of a single man. Here the particular will and the will *de corps* are perfectly united, and consequently the latter has the highest degree of intensity it can have. Now, since the use of force depends on this degree of intensity, and since the absolute force of the government

—which is always that of the people—does not vary, it follows that the most active government is that of a single man.

Alternatively, let us unite the government to the supreme authority, making the sovereign into the prince and the citizens into so many magistrates. Then the will *de corps,* which is perfectly confounded with the general will, will not be more active than the general will and will leave the particular will with all its force. Thus the government, although it always possesses the same absolute force, will be at its *minimum* level of activity.

These rules are incontestable, and other considerations serve to confirm them. For example, one sees that the magistrates are more active in the body of magistrates than the citizen is in the citizen body. Consequently the particular will has much more influence in the body of magistrates, for each magistrate is almost always in charge of some particular function of government, while each citizen, taken separately, has no particular function of sovereignty. Furthermore, the more the state expands, the more its real force increases, although it does not increase in proportion to its extent. But when the state remains the same, it is vain to multiply the number of magistrates; the government does not thereby acquire a greater real force, because it is the depository of the state's force which we are supposing is still the same. Thus, as a result of the greater number of magistrates, the government's activity decreases without its force being able to increase.

After having found that the government slackens to the extent that the magistrates multiply, and that the more people there are the more the repressive force of the government ought to increase, we shall conclude that the ratio of magistrates to government ought to be inverse to that of subjects to sovereign. In other words, the more the state expands, the more the government ought to contract, so that the number of chiefs decreases in proportion to the increase in the size of the people.

Next, in order to fix this diversity of forms under more precise denominations, we first shall note that the sovereign can entrust the government to the whole people or to the greater part of the people, so that there are more citizens who are magistrates than citizens who are simple individuals. The name *democracy* is given to this form of government.

Or it can confine the government in the hands of a lesser number, so that there are more simple citizens than magistrates. This form bears the name *aristocracy.*

Finally, it can concentrate the whole government in the hands of a single magistrate. This third form is the most common and is called *monarchy* or *royal government.*

We shall note that all these forms—or at least the first two—are susceptible to degrees of more and less, and even have a rather great latitude in this respect. Democracy can embrace the whole people or can be confined to as little as half of it. Aristocracy, in turn, can be confined to any number from half the people down to the smallest group. Even royalty someimes admits of division, whether between father and son or beween two brothers, or otherwise. There were always two kings in

Sparta, and up to eight emperors were seen at the same time in the Roman Empire without its being possible to say that the empire was divided.[67] There is a point where each form of government is confounded with the next one; and under these three specific denominations government is really capable of as many forms as the state has citizens.

What is more, since each of these governments can be subdivided in certain respects into diverse parts—with one administered in one way and another in another way—the combinations of these three forms can give rise to a multitude of mixed forms, each of which is multipliable by all the simple forms.

There has always been much dispute about the best form of government, without its being considered that each is best in certain cases and worst in certain others. But if the number of magistrates * in the different states ought to be inverse to the number of citizens, we shall conclude that generally democratic government is suitable for small states, aristocratic government for medium-sized states, and monarchic government for large states.

By following the thread of these researches, we shall come to know what the duties and the rights of citizens are, and whether the former can be separated from the latter. We shall also learn what the fatherland is, precisely what it consists in, and how each person can know whether or not he has a fatherland.

Once we have thus considered each species of civil society in itself, we shall compare them in order to observe their diverse relations: some large, others small; some strong, others weak; attacking, resisting, and destroying one another, and in this continual action and reaction, responsible for more misery and loss of life than if men had all kept their initial freedom. We shall examine whether the establishment of society accomplished too much or too little; whether individuals—who are subject to laws and to men, while societies among themselves maintain the independence of nature—remain exposed to the ills of both conditions without having their advantages; and whether it would be better to have no civil society in the world than to have many. Is it not this mixed condition which participates in both and secures neither *per quem neutrum licet, nec tanquan in bello paratum esse, nec tanquam in pace securum*? [68] Is it not this partial and imperfect association which produces tyranny and war; and are not tyranny and war the greatest plagues of humanity?

Finally, we shall examine the kind of remedies for these disadvantages provided by leagues and confederations, which leave each state its own master within but arm it against every unjust aggressor from without. We shall investigate how a good federative association can be established, what can make it durable, and how far the right of confederation can be extended without jeopardizing that of sovereignty.

The Abbé de Saint-Pierre proposed an association of all the states of Europe in order to maintain perpetual peace among them. Was this association feasible? And if it had been established, can it be presumed that

* It will be remembered that I mean to speak here only of supreme magistrates or chiefs of the nation; the others are only their substitutes in this or that function.

it would have lasted? * These investigations lead us directly to all the questions of public right which can complete the clarification of the questions of political right.

Finally, we shall lay down the true principles of the right of war, and we shall examine why Grotius and the others presented only false ones.

I would not be surprised if my young man, who has good sense, were to interrupt me in the middle of all our reasoning and say, "Someone might say that we are building our edifice with wood and not with men, so exactly do we align each piece with the ruler!" "It is true, my friend, but keep in mind that right is not bent by men's passions, and that our first concern was to establish the true principles of political right. Now that our foundations are laid, come and examine what men have built on them; and you will see some fine things!"

Then I make him read *Telemachus* while proceeding on his journey. We seek the happy Salente and the good Idomeneus, made wise by dint of misfortunes. On our way we find many Protesilauses, and no Philocles. Adrastus, king of the Dorians, is also not impossible to find.[70] But let us leave the readers to imagine our travels—or to make them in our stead with *Telemachus* in hand; and let us not suggest to them invidious comparisons that the author himself dismisses or makes in spite of himself.

Besides, since Emile is not a king and I am not a god, we do not fret about not being able to imitate Telemachus and Mentor in the good that they did for men. No one knows better than we do how to keep in our place, and no one has less desire to leave it. We know that the same task is given to all, and that whoever loves the good with all his heart and does it with all his power has fulfilled his task. We know that Telemachus and Mentor are chimeras. Emile does not travel as an idle man, and he does more good than if he were a prince. If we were kings, we would no longer be beneficent. If we were kings and were beneficent, we would do countless real evils without knowing it for the sake of an apparent good that we believed we were doing. If we were kings and were wise, the first good thing that we would want to do for ourselves and others would be to abdicate our royal position and become again what we are.

I have said why travel is not fruitful for everyone. What makes it still more unfruitful for young people is the way they are made to do it. Governors, who are more interested in their own entertainment than in their pupils' instruction, lead them from city to city, from palace to palace, from social circle to social circle; or, if the governors are learned and men of letters, they make their pupils spend their time roaming libraries, visiting antique shops, going through old monuments, and transcribing old inscriptions. In each country the pupils are involved with another century. It is as if they were involved with another country. The result is that, after having roamed Europe at great expense, abandoned to frivolities or boredom, they return without hav-

* Since I wrote this, the arguments *for* have been expounded in the extract from the Abbé's project; the arguments *against*—at least those which appeared solid to me—are to be found in the collection of my writings that follows this extract.[69]

ing seen anything which can interest them or learned anything which can be useful to them.

All capitals resemble one another. All peoples are mixed together in them, and all morals are confounded. It is not to capitals that one must go to study nations. Paris and London are but the same city in my eyes. Their inhabitants have some different prejudices, but an equal share of them, and all their practical maxims are the same. One knows what kinds of men must gather in courts and what morals must everywhere be produced by the crowding together of the people and the inequality of fortunes. As soon as I am told of a city of two hundred thousand souls, I know beforehand how people live there. Whatever else I would find out on the spot is not worth the effort of going to learn.

One must go to the remote provinces—where there is less movement and commerce, where foreigners travel less, where the inhabitants move around less and change fortune and status less—in order to study the genius and the morals of a nation. See the capital in passing, but go far away from it to observe the country. The French are not in Paris, they are in Touraine. The English are more English in Mercia than in London, and the Spanish are more Spanish in Galicia than in Madrid. It is at these great distances from the capital that a people reveals its character and shows itself as it is without admixture. There the good and bad effects of the government are more strongly felt, just as the measurement of arcs is more exact at the end of a longer radius.

The necessary relations between morals and government have been so well expounded in the book *The Spirit of the Laws* that one can do no better than have recourse to this work to study these relations. But in general, there are two easy and simple rules for judging the relative goodness of governments. One is population. In every country which is becoming depopulated the state is tending toward its ruin; and the country which has the highest rate of population growth, even if it is the poorest, is infallibly the best governed.[71]

But for this to be the case, it is necessary that the size of a country's population be a natural effect of its government and morals. For if population growth is accomplished by bringing in colonists or by other accidental and temporary means, they would prove the disease by the need for the remedy. When Augustus proclaimed laws against celibacy, these laws already showed the decline of the Roman Empire.[72] It is necessary that the goodness of the government incline the citizens to marry rather than that the law constrain them to do so. One should not examine what is done by force; for the law which combats the constitution is evaded and becomes vain. Instead, one should examine what is accomplished by the influence of morals and by the natural bent of the government, for these means alone have a constant effect. It was the policy of the good Abbé de Saint-Pierre always to seek a small remedy for each individual ill instead of going back to a common source and seeing that all the ills can only be cured together. It is a matter not of treating separately each ulcer that appears on a sick man's body but of purging the bulk of the blood that produces all the ulcers. It is said that in England there are prizes for agriculture. I need no more evidence. That alone proves to me that agriculture will not flourish there for long.

The second sign of the relative goodness of government and laws is also drawn from population, but in another way—namely, from its distribution, and not from its quantity. Two states equal in size and in the number of men can be very unequal in strength; and the most powerful of the two is always the one whose inhabitants are most evenly distributed over its territory. The one which does not have such big cities, and which is consequently less brilliant, will always defeat the other. It is big cities which exhaust a state and cause its weakness. The wealth they produce is only apparent and illusory—a lot of money that has little effect. It is said that the city of Paris is worth a province to the king of France. I believe that it costs him several, that Paris is fed by the provinces in more than one respect, and that most of their revenues are paid out in this city and stay there without ever returning to the people or the king. It is inconceivable that in this age of calculators there is none who can perceive that France would be much more powerful if Paris were annihilated. The uneven distribution of the people is not only disadvantageous to the state, it is even more ruinous than depopulation itself; for depopulation results only in a product which is nonexistent, whereas badly arranged consumption results in a negative product. When I hear a Frenchman and an Englishman, very proud of the size of their capitals, disputing between them whether Paris or London contains the most inhabitants, it seems to me as though they were disputing together about which of the two peoples has the honor of being the worst governed.

Study a people outside of its cities; it is only in this way that you will know it. You gain nothing by seeing the apparent form of a government disguised by the machinery of administration and the jargon of administrators if you do not also study its nature by the effects it produces on the people and throughout all the levels of administration. Since the difference between form and substance is distributed throughout all the levels, it is only by embracing them all that this difference is known. In one country you begin to sense the spirit of the ministry by the maneuvers of the subdelegates. In another you have to see the members of parliament elected in order to judge whether it is true that the nation is free. In no land whatever is it possible for someone who has seen only the cities to know the government, given that its spirit is never the same in the city and the country. Now, it is the country which constitutes the land, and it is the people of the country who constitute the nation.

This study of diverse peoples in their remote provinces and in the simplicity of their original genius results in a general observation quite favorable to my epigraph [73] and quite consoling to the human heart. It is that all nations appear much better when they are observed in this way. The closer they are to nature, the more their character is dominated by goodness. It is only by closing themselves up in cities and corrupting themselves by means of culture that they become depraved and exchange a few defects that are more coarse than harmful for appealing and pernicious vices.

From this observation there results a new advantage for the way of traveling I propose. By sojourning less in big cities where a horrible

corruption reigns, young people are less exposed to being corrupted themselves. Among simpler men and in smaller societies they preserve a surer judgment, a healthier taste, and more decent morals. But in any event, this contagion is hardly to be feared for my Emile. He has all that is needed to guarantee him against it. Among all the precautions I have taken in this respect I give great weight to the attachment he bears in his heart.

People no longer know what true love is capable of doing to the inclinations of young people because those who govern them, understanding true love no better than their pupils do, turn them away from it. Nevertheless, a young man must either love or be debauched. It is easy to deceive by appearances. Countless young people will be cited who are said to live very chastely without love. But let someone name to me a grown man who is truly a man and who says in good faith that he has spent his youth this way. In regard to all the virtues and all our duties only the appearance is sought. I seek the reality, and I am mistaken if there are other means of getting at it than those I give.

The idea of getting Emile to fall in love before making him travel is not my invention. Here is the incident which suggested it to me.

I was in Venice visiting the governor of a young Englishman. It was winter, and we were sitting around the fire. The governor received his letters from the post. He read them and then reread one letter aloud to his pupil. It was in English, and I understood none of it. But during the reading I saw the young man tear off the very fine lace cuffs he was wearing and throw them one after the other into the fire. He did this as gently as he could so as not to be noticed. Surprised by this caprice, I looked him in the face and believed I saw some emotion there. But the external signs of the passions, which are quite similar in all men, nonetheless have national differences about which it is easy to be mistaken. Peoples have diverse languages on their faces as well as in their mouths. I awaited the end of the reading; then I showed the governor his pupil's naked wrists—which the young man nevertheless did his best to hide—and I said, "Is it possible for me to know what this means?"

The governor, seeing what had happened, started laughing and embraced his pupil with an air of satisfaction. After having obtained the latter's consent, he gave me the explanation I wished.

"The cuffs which Monsieur John has just torn off," he said to me, "are a present given to him by a lady of this city not long ago. Now you should know that Monsieur John is promised to a young lady in his country whom he loves very much and who deserves his love even more. This letter is from his beloved's mother, and I am going to translate for you the passage which caused the damage you witnessed.

" 'Lucy does not cease working on Lord John's cuffs. Miss Betty Roldham came yesterday to spend the afternoon with her and insisted on joining in her work. Knowing that Lucy had risen earlier today than usual, I wanted to see what she was doing, and I found her busy undoing all that Miss Betty had done yesterday. She does not want a single stitch in her gift to be done by a hand other than her own.' "

Monsieur John went out a moment later to put on other cuffs, and

I said to his governor, "You have a pupil with an excellent nature. But tell me the truth, wasn't the letter from Miss Lucy's mother arranged? Is it not an expedient you devised against the lady of the cuffs?" "No," he answered, "the thing is real. I have not put so much art in my efforts. I have made them with simplicity and zeal, and God has blessed my work."

The incident involving this young man did not leave my memory. It was not apt to produce nothing in the head of a dreamer like me.

It is time to finish. Let us take Lord John back to Miss Lucy—that is to say, Emile back to Sophie. With a heart no less tender than it was before his departure, Emile brings back to her a more enlightened mind, and he brings back to his country the advantage of having known governments by all their vices and peoples by all their virtues. I have even seen to it that in each nation he is connected with some man of merit by a treaty of hospitality, after the fashion of the ancients. I would not be vexed if he were to cultivate these acquaintances by an exchange of letters. Not only is it sometimes useful and always agreeable to carry on correspondences with distant countries, but it is also an excellent precaution against the empire of national prejudices which attack us throughout life and sooner or later get some hold on us. Nothing is more likely to deprive such prejudices of their hold than disinterested interchange with sensible people whom one esteems. Since they do not have our prejudices and combat them with their own, they give us the means to pit one set of prejudices unceasingly against the other and thus to guarantee ourselves from them all. It is not the same thing to associate with foreigners in our country as it is in theirs. In the former case they always have a certain discretion about the country where they are living which makes them disguise what they think of it or which makes them think favorably of it while they are there. When they get back home, they reconsider and are merely just. I would be quite glad if the foreigner whom I consult had seen my country, but I will only ask him his opinion of it in his own country.

After having employed almost two years in roaming some of the great states of Europe and more of the small ones, after having learned Europe's two or three principal languages, and after having seen what is truly worthy of curiosity—whether in natural history, or in government, or in arts, or in men—Emile is devoured by impatience and warns me that the end is approaching. Then I say to him, "Well, my friend, you remember the principal object of our travels. You have seen and observed. What is the final result of your observations? What course have you chosen?" Either I am mistaken in my method, or he will answer me pretty nearly as follows:

"What course have I chosen! To remain what you have made me and voluntarily to add no other chain to the one with which nature and the laws burden me. The more I examine the work of men in their institutions, the more I see that they make themselves slaves by dint of wanting to be independent and that they use up their freedom in vain efforts to ensure it. In order not to yield to the torrent of things, they

involve themselves in countless attachments. Then as soon as they want to take a step, they cannot and are surprised at depending on everything. It seems to me that in order to make oneself free, one has to do nothing. It suffices that one not want to stop being free. It is you, my master, who have made me free in teaching me to yield to necessity. Let it come when it pleases. I let myself be carried along without constraint, and since I do not wish to fight it, I do not attach myself to anything to hold me back. In our travels I have sought to find some piece of land where I could be absolutely on my own. But in what place among men does one not depend on their passions? All things considered, I have found that my very wish was contradictory; for, were I dependent on nothing else, I would at least depend on the land where I had settled. My life would be attached to this land like that of dryads was to their trees. I have found that dominion and liberty are two incompatible words; therefore, I could be master of a cottage only in ceasing to be master of myself.

Hoc erat in votis modus agri non ita magnus.[74]

"I remember that my property was the cause of our investigations. You proved very solidly that I could not keep my wealth and my freedom at the same time. But when you wanted me to be free and without needs at the same time, you wanted two incompatible things, for I could withdraw myself from dependence on man only by returning to dependence on nature. What will I do then with the fortune my parents left me? I shall begin by not depending on it. I shall loosen all the bonds which attach me to it. If it is left with me, it will stay with with me. If it is taken from me, I shall not be carried along with it. I shall not worry about holding on to it, but I shall remain firmly in my place. Rich or poor, I shall be free. I shall not be free in this or that land, in this or that region; I shall be free everywhere on earth. All the chains of opinion are broken for me; I know only those of necessity. I learned to bear these chains from my birth, and I shall bear them until my death, for I am a man. And why would I not know how to bear them as a free man since, if I were a slave, I would still have to bear them and those of slavery to boot?

"What difference does it make to me what my position on earth is? What difference does it make to me where I am? Wherever there are men, I am at the home of my brothers; wherever there are no men, I am in my own home. As long as I can remain independent and rich, I have property to live on, and I shall live. When my property subjects me, I shall abandon it without effort. I have arms for working, and I shall live. When my arms fail me, I shall live if I am fed, and I shall die if I am abandoned. I shall also die even if I am not abandoned. For death is not a punishment for poverty but a law of nature. At whatever time death comes, I defy it. It will never surprise me while I am making preparations to live. It will never prevent me from having lived.

"This, my father, is my chosen course. If I were without passions, I would, in my condition as a man, be independent like God himself; for I would want only what is and therefore would never have to struggle against destiny. At least I have no more than one chain. It is the only one

I shall ever bear, and I can glory in it. Come, then, give me Sophie, and I am free."

"Dear Emile, I am very glad to hear a man's speeches come from your mouth and to see a man's sentiments in your heart. This extravagant disinterestedness does not displease me at your age. It will decrease when you have children, and you will then be precisely what a good father of a family and a wise man ought to be. Before your travels I knew what their effect would be. I knew that when you looked at our institutions from close up, you would hardly gain a confidence in them which they do not merit. One aspires in vain to liberty under the safeguard of the laws. Laws! Where are there laws, and where are they respected? Everywhere you have seen only individual interest and men's passions reigning under this name. But the eternal laws of nature and order do exist. For the wise man, they take the place of positive law. They are written in the depth of his heart by conscience and reason. It is to these that he ought to enslave himself in order to be free. The only slave is the man who does evil, for he always does it in spite of himself. Freedom is found in no form of government; it is in the heart of the free man. He takes it with him everywhere. The vile man takes his servitude everywhere. The latter would be a slave in Geneva, the former a free man in Paris.

"If I were speaking to you of the duties of the citizen, you would perhaps ask me where the fatherland is, and you would believe you had confounded me. But you would be mistaken, dear Emile, for he who does not have a fatherland at least has a country. In any event, he has lived tranquilly under a government and the simulacra of laws. What difference does it make that the social contract has not been observed, if individual interest protected him as the general will would have done, if public violence guaranteed him against individual violence, if the evil he saw done made him love what is good, and if our institutions themselves have made him know and hate their own iniquities? O Emile, where is the good man who owes nothing to his country? Whatever country it is, he owes it what is most precious to man —the morality of his actions and the love of virtue. If he had been born in the heart of the woods, he would have lived happier and freer. But he would have had nothing to combat in order to follow his inclinations, and thus he would have been good without merit; he would not have been virtuous; and now he knows how to be so in spite of his passions. The mere appearance of order brings him to know order and to love it. The public good, which serves others only as a pretext, is a real motive for him alone. He learns to struggle with himself, to conquer himself, to sacrifice his interest to the common interest. It is not true that he draws no profit from the laws. They give him the courage to be just even among wicked men. It is not true that they have not made him free. They have taught him to reign over himself.

"Do not ask then, 'What difference does it make to me where I am?' It makes a difference to you that you are where you can fulfill all your duties, and one of those duties is an attachment to the place of your birth. Your compatriots protected you as a child; you ought to love them

as a man. You ought to live amidst them, or at least in a place where you can be useful to them insofar as you can, and where they know where to get you if they ever have need of you. There are circumstances in which a man can be more useful to his fellow citizens outside of his fatherland than if he were living in its bosom. Then he ought to listen only to his zeal and to endure his exile without grumbling. This exile itself is one of his duties. But you, good Emile, on whom nothing imposes these painful sacrifices, you who have not taken on the sad job of telling the truth to men, go and live in their midst, cultivate their friendship in sweet association, be their benefactor and their model. Your example will serve them better than all our books, and the good they see you do will touch them more than all our vain speeches.

"I do not exhort you to go to live in the big cities for this purpose. On the contrary, one of the examples good men ought to give others is that of the patriarchal and rustic life, man's first life, which is the most peaceful, the most natural, and the sweetest life for anyone who does not have a corrupt heart. Happy is the country, my young friend, where one does not need to seek peace in a desert! But where is this country? A beneficent man can hardly satisfy his inclination in the midst of cities. There he finds he can exercise his zeal almost only on behalf of schemers or rascals. The greeting that cities give to the idlers who come there to hunt their fortunes succeeds only in completing the devastation of the country which instead ought to be repopulated at the expense of the cities. All men who withdraw from the hub of society are useful precisely because they withdraw from it, since all its vices come from its being overpopulated. They are even more useful when they can bring life, cultivation, and the love of their first state to forsaken places. I am moved by contemplating how many benefactions Emile and Sophie can spread around them from their simple retreat, and how much they can vivify the country and reanimate the extinguished zeal of the unfortunate village folk. I believe I see the people multiplying, the fields being fertilized, the earth taking on a new adornment. The crowd and the abundance transform work into festivals, and cries of joy and benedictions arise from the midst of the games which center on the lovable couple who brought them back to life. The golden age is treated as a chimera, and it will always be one for anyone whose heart and taste have been spoiled. It is not even true that people regret the golden age, since those regrets are always hollow. What, then, would be required to give it a new birth? One single but impossible thing: to love it.

"It seems to be already reborn around Sophie's dwelling. You will do no more than complete together what her worthy parents have begun. But, dear Emile, do not let so sweet a life make you regard painful duties with disgust, if such duties are ever imposed on you. Remember that the Romans went from the plow to the consulate. If the prince or the state calls you to the service of the fatherland, leave everything to go to fulfill the honorable function of citizen in the post assigned to you. If this function is onerous to you, there is a decent and sure means to free yourself from it—to fulfill it with enough integrity so that it will

not be left to you for long. Besides, you need have little fear of being burdened with such a responsibility. As long as there are men who belong to the present age, you are not the man who will be sought out to serve the state."

Why am I not permitted to paint Emile's return to Sophie and the conclusion of their love or rather the beginning of the conjugal love which unites them—love founded on esteem which lasts as long as life, on virtues which do not fade with beauty, on suitability of character which makes association pleasant and prolongs the charm of the first union into old age? But all these details might be pleasing without being useful, and up to now I have permitted myself only those agreeable details which I believed were of some utility. Shall I abandon this rule at the end of my task? No; I also feel that my pen is weary. I am too weak for works requiring so much endurance and would abandon this one if it were less advanced. In order not to leave it imperfect, it is time for me to finish.

Finally I see dawning the most charming of Emile's days and the happiest of mine. I see my attentions consummated, and I begin to taste their fruit. An indissoluble chain unites the worthy couple. Their mouths pronounce and their hearts confirm vows which will not be vain. They are wed. In returning from the temple, they let themselves be led. They do not know where they are, where they are going, or what is done around them. They do not hear; they respond only with confused words; their clouded eyes no longer see anything. O delirium! O human weakness! The sentiment of happiness crushes man. He is not strong enough to bear it.

There are very few people who know how to adopt a suitable tone with newly-weds on their wedding day. The gloomy propriety of some and the light remarks of others seem equally out of place to me. I would prefer to let these young hearts turn in on themselves and yield to an agitation that is not without charm rather than to cruelly distract them in order to make them gloomy by a false seemliness or embarrass them by tasteless jokes. For even if such jokes were to please at all other times, they would very surely be importunate on such a day.

In the sweet languor which excites them, my two young people seem to hear none of the speeches made to them. Would I, who want every day of life to be enjoyed, let them lose such a precious one? No, I want them to taste it, to savor it, and to enjoy its delight by themselves. I tear them away from the tactless crowd harassing them and take them for a walk. I bring them back to themselves by speaking to them about themselves. I wish to speak not only to their ears but to their hearts. I am not ignorant of the sole subject which can occupy them on this day.

Taking them both by the hand, I say to them, "My children, three years ago I saw the birth of this lively and pure flame which causes your happiness today. It has grown constantly. I see in your eyes that it is at its highest degree of intensity. It can only become weaker." Readers, do you not see Emile's transports, his fury, his vows; do you not see the disdainful air with which Sophie disengages her hand from

mine and the tender protestations they make to each other with their eyes that they will adore each other until their last breath? I let them go on, and then I continue.

"I have often thought that if one could prolong the happiness of love in marriage, one would have paradise on earth. Up to now, that has never been seen. But if the thing is not utterly impossible, you both are quite worthy of setting an example that you will not have been given by anyone and that few couples will know how to imitate. Do you want me to tell you, my children, a means which I imagine can achieve that, a means which I believe to be the only possible one?"

They look at each other, smiling and making fun of my simplicity. Emile thanks me curtly for my recipe, saying he believes Sophie has a better one, and that so far as he is concerned, that one is enough for him. Sophie approves his response and appears just as confident. However, beneath her mocking manner I believe I detect a bit of curiosity. I examine Emile. His ardent eyes devour the charms of his wife. This is the only thing he is curious about, and all my remarks do not upset him at all. I smile in turn, saying to myself, "I shall soon be able to make you attentive."

The almost imperceptible difference between these secret emotions is the sign of a most characteristic difference between the two sexes, one quite contrary to the received prejudices. It is that men generally are less constant than women and grow weary of happy love sooner than they do. The woman has a presentiment of the man's inconstancy and is uneasy about it. This is also what makes her more jealous. When he begins to become lukewarm, she is forced, in order to keep him, to give him all the attentions he formerly gave to her; she cries and she humiliates herself in her turn, but rarely with the same success. Attachment and attentions win hearts, but they rarely regain them. I return to my recipe against the cooling off of love in marriage.

"The means is simple and easy," I continue. "It is to go on being lovers when one is married." "Quite so," Emile says, laughing secretly. "It won't be hard for us."

"It will be harder for you who are doing the talking than you may think. I beg you, give me the time to explain myself.

"Knots that one wants to tighten too much will burst. This is what happens to the marriage knot when one wants to give it more strength than it ought to have. The fidelity it imposes on the two spouses is the holiest of all rights, but the power it gives to each of the two over the other is too great. Constraint and love go ill together, and pleasure is not be to be commanded. Do not blush, Sophie, and do not think of fleeing. God forbid that I should want to offend your modesty. But the destiny of your life is at issue. For so great a matter, tolerate speech between a husband and a father that you would not tolerate elsewhere.

"It is not so much possession as subjection which satiates, and a man stays attached to a kept woman far longer than to a wife. How could a duty be made of the tenderest caresses and a right be made of the sweetest proofs of love? It is mutual desire which constitutes the right. Nature knows no other. Law can restrict this right, but it cannot extend it. Voluptuousness is so sweet in itself! Should it receive from

painful constraint the strength it could not draw from its own attractions? No, my children, hearts are bound in marriage, but bodies are not enslaved. You owe each other fidelity, not compliance. Each of you ought to belong only to the other. But neither of you ought to be the other's more than he pleases.

"If it is true, then, dear Emile, that you want to be your wife's lover, let her always be your mistress and her own. Be a fulfilled but respectful lover. Obtain everything from love without demanding anything from duty, and always regard Sophie's least favors not as your right but as acts of grace. I know that modesty flees formal confessions and asks to be conquered. But does the lover who has delicacy and true love make mistakes about his beloved's secret will? Is he unaware when her heart and her eyes accord what her mouth feigns to refuse? Let each of you always remain master of his own person and his caresses and have the right to dispense them to the other only at his own will. Always remember that even in marriage pleasure is legitimate only when desire is shared. Do not fear, my children, that this law will keep you at a distance. On the contrary, it will make both of you more attentive to pleasing each other, and it will prevent satiety. Since you are limited solely to each other, nature and love will bring you sufficiently close together."

Upon hearing these remarks and others of the kind, Emile becomes irritated and protests. Sophie is ashamed; she holds her fan over her eyes and says nothing. The most discontented of the two is perhaps not the one who complains the most. I insist pitilessly. I make Emile blush at his lack of delicacy. I stand as guarantor for Sophie's accepting the treaty on her side. I provoke her to speak. One can easily guess that she does not dare to give me the lie. Emile uneasily consults the eyes of his young wife. He sees that beneath their embarrassment they are full of a voluptuous agitation which reassures him about the risk he takes in trusting her. He throws himself at her feet, ecstatically kisses the hand she extends to him, and swears that, with the exception of the promised fidelity, he renounces every other right over her. "Dear wife," he says to her, "be the arbiter of my pleasures as you are of my life and my destiny. Were your cruelty to cost me my life, I would nonetheless give to you my dearest rights. I want to owe nothing to your compliance. I want to get everything from your heart."

Good Emile, reassure yourself: Sophie is too generous herself to let you die a victim of your generosity.

That evening, when I am ready to leave them, I say to them in the gravest tone possible for me, "Remember, both of you, that you are free, and that the question here is not one of marital duties. Believe me, let there be no false deference. Emile, do you want to come with me? Sophie gives you permission." Emile is in a fury and would like to hit me. "And you, Sophie, what do you say about it? Should I take him away?" The liar, blushing, says yes. How charming and sweet a lie, worth more than the truth!

The next day . . . The image of felicity no longer attracts men. The corruption of vice has depraved their taste as much as it has depraved their hearts. They no longer know how to sense what is touching nor

how to see what is lovable. You who wish to paint voluptuousness and can only imagine satisfied lovers swimming in the bosom of delights, how imperfect your paintings still are! You have captured only the coarsest half of it. The sweetest attractions of voluptuousness are not there. O who among you has never seen a young couple, united under happy auspices, leaving the nuptial bed? Their languid and chaste glances express all at once the intoxication of the sweet pleasures they have just tasted, the lovable assurance of innocence, and the certitude—then so charming—of spending the rest of their days together. This is the most ravishing object which can be presented to man's heart. This is the true painting of voluptuousness! You have seen it a hundred times without recognizing it. Your hardened hearts are no longer capable of loving it. Sophie is happy and peaceful, and she passes the day in the arms of her tender mother. This is a very sweet rest to take after having passed the night in the arms of a husband.

On the day after that, I already perceive some change of scene. Emile wants to appear a bit discontented. But beneath this affectation I note such tender eagerness and even such submissiveness that I augur nothing very distressing. As for Sophie, she is gayer than the day before. I see satisfaction gleaming in her eyes. She is charming with Emile. She is almost flirtatious with him, which only vexes him more.

These changes are hardly noticeable, but they do not escape me. I am uneasy about them. I question Emile in private. I learn that, to his great regret and in spite of all his appeals, he had had to sleep in a separate bed the previous night. The imperious girl had hastened to make use of her right. Explanations are given. Emile complains bitterly, and Sophie responds with jests. But finally, seeing him about to get really angry, she gives him a glance full of sweetness and love; and, squeezing my hand, she utters only these two words, but in a tone which goes straight to the soul: "The ingrate!" Emile is so dumb that he understands none of this. I understand it. I send Emile away, and now I speak to Sophie in private.

"I see the reason for this caprice," I say to her. "One could not have greater delicacy nor make a more inappropriate use of it. Dear Sophie, reassure yourself. I have given you a man. Do not fear to take him for a man. You have had the first fruits of his youth. He has not squandered it on anyone. He will preserve it for you for a long time.

"My dear child, I must explain to you what my intentions were in the conversation all three of us had the day before yesterday. You perhaps perceived in my advice only an art of managing your pleasures in order to make them durable. O Sophie, it had another object more worthy of my efforts. In becoming your husband, Emile has become the head of the house. It is for you to obey, just as nature wanted it. However, when the woman resembles Sophie, it is good that the man be guided by her. This is yet another law of nature. And it is in order to give you as much authority over his heart as his sex gives him over your person that I have made you the arbiter of his pleasures. It will cost you some painful privations, but you will reign over him if you know how to reign over yourself; what has happened already shows me that this difficult art is not beyond your courage. You will reign by means of love for a long

time if you make your favors rare and precious, if you know how to make them valued. Do you want to see your husband constantly at your feet? Then keep him always at some distance from your person. But put modesty, and not capriciousness, in your severity. Let him view you as reserved, not whimsical. Take care that in managing his love you do not make him doubt your own. Make yourself cherished by your favors and respected by your refusals. Let him honor his wife's chastity without having to complain of her coldness.

"It is by this means, my child, that he will give you his confidence, listen to your opinions, consult you about his business, and decide nothing without deliberating with you about it. It is by this means that you can bring him back to wisdom when he goes astray; lead him by a gentle persuasion; make yourself lovable in order to make yourself useful; and use coquetry in the interests of virtue and love to the benefit of reason.

"Nevertheless, do not believe that even this art can serve you forever. Whatever precautions anyone may take, enjoyment wears out pleasures, and love is worn out before all others. But when love has lasted a long time, a sweet habit fills the void it leaves behind, and the attraction of mutual confidence succeeds the transports of passion. Children form a relationship between those who have given them life that is no less sweet and is often stronger than love itself. When you stop being Emile's beloved, you will be his wife and his friend. You will be the mother of his children. Then, in place of your former reserve, establish between yourselves the greatest intimacy. No more separate beds, no more refusals, no more caprices. Become his other half to such an extent that he can no longer do without you, and that as soon as he leaves you, he feels he is far from himself. You were so good at making the charms of domestic life reign in your paternal household; now make them reign in your own. Every man who is pleased in his home loves his wife. Remember that if your husband lives happily at home, you will be a happy woman.

"As for the present, do not be so severe with your lover. He has merited more obligingness. He would be offended by your fears. No longer be so careful about his health at the expense of his happiness, and enjoy your own happiness. You must not expect disgust, nor rebuff desire. You must refuse not for refusing's sake but to give value to what is granted."

Then I reunite them, and I say to her young husband in her presence: "It is necessary to bear the yoke which you have imposed on yourself. Try to merit having it made light for you. Above all, sacrifice to the graces, and do not imagine that you make yourself more lovable by pouting." It is not difficult to make peace between them, and everyone can easily figure out the terms. The treaty is signed with a kiss. Then I say to my pupil, "Dear Emile, a man needs advice and guidance throughout his life. Up to now I have done my best to fulfill this duty toward you. Here my long task ends, and another's begins. Today I abdicate the authority you confided to me, and Sophie is your governor from now on."

Little by little the first delirium subsides and allows them to taste

the charms of their new condition in peace. Happy lovers! Worthy couple! To honor their virtues and to paint their felicity, one would have to tell the history of their lives. How many times, as I contemplate my work in them, I feel myself seized by a rapture that makes my heart palpitate! How many times I join their hands in mine while blessing providence and sighing ardently! How many kisses I give to these two hands which clasp each other! How many times have these hands felt the tears I shed on them! The young couple share my raptures, and they too are moved. Their respectable parents once again enjoy their youth in that of their children. They begin, so to speak, to live again in them—or rather they come to know the value of life for the first time. They curse their former wealth which prevented them from tasting so charming a fate at the same age. If there is happiness on earth, it must be sought in the abode where we live.

A few months later Emile enters my room one morning, embraces me, and says, "My master, congratulate your child. He hopes soon to have the honor of being a father. Oh, what efforts are going to be imposed on our zeal, and how we are going to need you! God forbid that I let you also raise the son after having raised the father. God forbid that so holy and so sweet a duty should ever be fulfilled by anyone but myself, even if I were to make as good a choice for my son as was made for me. But remain the master of the young masters. Advise us and govern us. We shall be docile. As long as I live, I shall need you. I need you more than ever now that my functions as a man begin. You have fulfilled yours. Guide me so that I can imitate you. And take your rest. It is time."

End

1. Cf. Genesis 2:18.

2. *Some Thoughts,* in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings,* paragraph 215.

3. Julia, who would only commit adultery when pregnant so that her infidelities would remain undiscovered. Brantôme, *La Vie des dames galantes* (Paris: Garnier, 1960), p. 105.

4. Deuteronomy 22:23–27.

5. Thespitius, king of Athens, contrived for Hercules to sleep with his fifty daughters in order that they have children by such a great hero. According to one version, he did so in one night (sparing one who was a priestess); or, according to another version, he took fifty nights (Diodorus Siculus *Biblioteca Historica* IV 29; Apollodorus *Biblioteca* II 10). It is doubtful whether Hercules understood these to be rapes. For the murder of Iphitus he was commanded to serve Queen Omphale of Lydia who dressed him in woman's clothes and made him do woman's work. Nevertheless she had children by him (Diodorus Siculus IV 31). For Samson and Delilah, cf. Judges 16.

6. Plato *Republic* V 451D–452B, 457A.

7. Cf. note 21 below.

8. Plutarch *Lycurgus* XIV.

9. Minerva threw away the flute because it distorted her face. Ovid *Fasti* VI 703.

10. Fénelon, *Education des Filles,* chap. 5. Fénelon's book is the parallel in the girl's education to Locke's in the boy's education. Fénelon's didactic novel, *Telemachus,* is Sophie's *Robinson Crusoe;* cf. note 32 below.

11. Rousseau probably refers to *Iliad* XIV 153–223.

12. Clement of Alexandria *Pedagogue* II xii 125.

13. A famous Parisian dressmaker.

14. In French *toilette.* Great ladies in the last reigns of the French monarchy made a ceremony out of dressing—akin to the king's levée—and received callers, particularly gentlemen, while performing it. The *toilette* was an integral part of the elaborate conventions governing coquetry in the *ancien régime.*

15. Matthew 6:7. This is the part of the Sermon on the Mount introducing the Lord's Prayer.

16. Solomon Gessner, *The Death of Abel,* published in German in 1758. Gessner was a German Swiss much admired by men such as Lessing and Goethe as well as by Rousseau. The poem is an epic, not unlike *Paradise Lost* in character, and presents a very gentle reading of the biblical account of the first death.

17. Tasso *Jerusalem Delivered* IV 87: "Woman uses every art in order to catch

a new lover in her web. Neither with all men nor always with each one does she keep the same aspect, but she changes attitudes and visage according to the time."

18. Virgil *Eclogues* III 64–72.

19. Cf. *Dernière Response, O.C.* III, pp. 93–94.

20. "When a woman has given up her chastity, she refuses nothing else." Tacitus *Annals* IV 3.

21. Ninon de Lenclos (1615–1705) was a leading lady of Parisian society, loose in love and frank and generous in friendships. Saint-Évremond called her an *honnête homme,* a decent man, a gentleman. She tried to liberate herself from the constraints of her condition. Involved with many of the great literary and political figures of her time, she protected the young Voltaire and was championed by him.

22. "Who eats and wipes her mouth and says: 'I have not done evil.'"

23. Rousseau refers particularly to Plutarch's *Lycurgus* XIV–XV for Sparta and Tacitus *Germania* 7–8, 18 for Germany. The Roman stories can be found in Livy *Roman History*: the rape of Lucretia and consequent fall of the Tarquin monarchy, I 58–60; the suggestion of Licinius' wife that led to his agitation for plebeian admission to consular rank, VI 34; the lust of Appius Claudius for Virginia and his downfall, III 44–48; the embassy of Veturia and Volumnia to the rebel Coriolanus, II 40.

24. Paladins are the twelve peers or famous warriors of Charlemagne's court, of whom the Count Palatine was foremost. By extension, any hero of a medieval romance is a paladin.

25. Cf. p. 349 and note 92 above.

26. "She who does not do something because it is forbidden, does it." Ovid *Amores* III iv 4; cf. Montaigne *Essays* II 16.

27. In an earlier draft Rousseau had added this sentence here: "Show them the qualities that he ought to honor in them, for what reasons they can deserve his esteem and solidify his attachment. Lead them to virtue by means of *amour-propre.*"

28. Plutarch *Lycurgus* XIV.

29. I cannot find this story in Brantôme (cf. note 3 above). Matteo Bandello (1480–1562) tells, in his *Novelle* (III 17), the story of Madonna Zilia who made a similar demand on a lover. Given the enormous popularity of Bandello and the number of writers who used his stories (e.g., Shakespeare for *Romeo and Juliet*), the tale Rousseau tells here probably goes back in one way or another to Bandello.

30. "The terrible anger of the son of Peleus who does not know how to yield." Horace *Odes* I vi 5–6.

31. This epithet of the beautiful, seductive Apollo was used proverbially in French to describe a clever, fast talker.

32. Cf. note 10 above. This modern epic should be consulted in any careful reading of Book V. Telemachus is the hero with whom Sophie is in love and with whom she identifies Emile. She, unlike Emile, is given a literary basis for her taste. Telemachus has a tutor, Mentor, who is the parallel to Jean-Jacques. Just as *Telemachus* is Sophie's guide in love, it becomes Emile's guidebook in his travels, hence in politics. Fénelon wrote *Telemachus* for the instruction of Louis XIV's grandson and heir-apparent, the Duc de Bourgogne, whose tutor Fénelon was.

33. *Telemachus,* Book VI.

34. "You ask Galla, why I do not want to marry you? You are eloquent." Martial *Epigrams* XI 19.

35. François Barrême (1638–1703) was a French arithmetician who published a series of accounting handbooks.

36. Cf. *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality,* note x.

37. Daubenton (1716–1800) was a collaborator of Buffon in the preparation of his treatise on natural history.

38. Fénelon *Telemachus* VI; cf. p. 404 and note 33 above.

39. Fénelon *Telemachus* XV–XVI.

40. "She does not show it, although she rejoices in her heart." Tasso *Jerusalem Delivered* IV 33.

41. The French word is *roman,* most ordinarily translated by novel. Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloise* is a *roman.* The first novels were stories of love and chivalry, hence the identity of *romance* and *novel.*

42. Cf. *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality, O.C.* III, p. 133; Masters, ed., *The Discourses,* pp. 103–104.

43. Homer *Odyssey* VII 114–132.

44. *Odyssey* VI, beginning, esp. 273–289.

45. Francesco Albani (1578–1660), a Bolognese painter noted for his painting of mythological subjects and called "the painter of the Graces."

46. In the place of this paragraph Rousseau originally wrote: "The imaginary history of my young lovers ought not to make me forget the aim of my book. Let me be permitted a short digression on jealousy which will not take me far from them."

47. O.C. III, pp. 157–160, 168–169; Masters, ed., *The Discourses,* pp. 134–137, 146–147. Cf. Lucretius *On the Nature of Things* IV 1030–1287.

48. Cf. note 5 above.

49. Hero and Leander were lovers famous in antiquity, best known to us by the poem of Musaeus (sixth century A.D.). Leander of Abydos was in love with Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite at Sestos, whose parents were opposed to the marriage. Every night he swam the Hellespont to meet her clandestinely—following a light she set out by the shore. One night the wind blew out the lamp and Leander drowned. When Hero found his body, she drowned herself.

50. Vergil *Aeneid* V 286–361.

51. Atalanta would only marry a man who could vanquish her in running. Melanion won her hand by trickery in a race. She killed all suitors who failed in such contests. Ovid *Metamorphoses* X 568.

52. Cf. p. 360–361 and note 5 above.

53. Homer *Odyssey* X 274–399. This story is the theme of the frontispiece of Book V and also of the text.

54. Cf. Plato *Republic* III 387, and X 603 ff.

55. Cf. p. 404 and note 33 and p. 431 above.

56. *The Spectator* was a periodical, written by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele during 1711 and 1712, devoted to commentary on the life and literature of the times. It was enormously influential, and the entire collection has been available continuously in book form. There was already a French translation in 1714, and it was one of the young Rousseau's favorite books.

57. Montesquieu *Persian Letters* 30.

58. Raymond Lull, a Spaniard (1235–1315), wrote a treatise on logic entitled *Ars Magna* (The Great Art) which claimed to reduce all the learning of all the sciences to a few basic formulae. He hoped to convert the infidels with his art. Descartes said ". . . the art of Lull [is better fitted] for speaking about the things one does not know than for learning them" (*Discourse on Method* II). Paul Lucas (1664–1737) and Jean-Baptiste Tavernier (1605–1689) were travelers who wrote accounts of their voyages.

59. Rousseau, in response to Mme. de la Tour who asked to whom he referred here, on September 27, 1762, wrote that, "I meant M. de Gisors, of course. I did not believe it possible to mistake my reference. We do not have the good fortune to live in an age when this kind of praise can be given to many young people" (M. R. A. Leigh, ed., *Correspondence complete de J. J. Rousseau* [Geneva: Publications de l'Institut et Musée Voltaire, 1971] vol. XIII, p. 122). The Comte de Gisors (1732–1758) was an exceptionally virtuous youth and intrepid soldier who commanded a regiment at seventeen and died at twenty-six, leading his troops during the Seven Years War. Gisors is probably the lad referred to in the last two paragraphs of Book II. Rousseau, the foreigner, makes up for the neglect Gisors suffers in France.

60. I Kings 21:1–16.

61. For the following passage the *Social Contract* should be consulted. The account of politics given to Emile closely follows that of the *Social Contract* with some notable omissions (particularly the legislator and the civil religion, *Social Contract* II 7 and IV 8).

62. Genesis 10:8–9.

63. Solon abolished debts prior to giving his laws; whereas Lycurgus, as part of the establishment of a new polity, took over all the property of all the Spartans and redistributed it equally to all. Solon's decree discriminated against the rich; Lycurgus' measure was general. Cf. Plutarch *Lycurgus* VII–X and *Solon* XV–XVI.

64. "Continuous proportion" is a French mathematical expression for a proportion in which the consequent of the first ratio is the same as the antecedent of the second, as in A:B = B:C. In this case the proportion would be *So* (sovereign): *g* (government) = *g*: *Su* (subject). The equation formulated in the second sentence is, since $So/g = g/Su$, then $g^2 = So \times Su$.

65. The mathematical formulation here is obscure. What Rousseau means by simple and doubled ratios is difficult to determine and to relate to usage in French mathematical language. The example of a "doubled ratio" seems to be $So\ Su/g^2$ which is derived from the equation $g^2 = So \times Su$ established on the preceding page. It in turn was derived by cross multiplying $So/g = g/Su$, which apparently are simple ratios. This doubled ratio expresses the relation between government and citizens considered under their double aspect of members of the sovereign and subjects. Since *Su* (the people, considered as the individual subject and hence always as unity) is fixed, an increase or decrease in *SoSu* is necessarily an increase or decrease in *So*, and hence in the value of the simple ratio So/g. But $So/g = g/Su$, so when the simple ratio varies, the value of *g* must vary accordingly. In this way Rousseau constructs his demonstration that government must vary as the sovereign varies. The sequel shows that an increase in the sovereign (an increase in the

number of citizens) necessitating an increase in the government (an increase in its intensity or force) actually means a decrease in the number of magistrates.

66. By analogy to *ésprit de corps*, which is difficult to translate but easy to understand.

67. In 307–308 A.D. there were six Roman emperors at the same time. Cf. Gibbon *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* XIV.

68. "In which it is neither permitted to be prepared in war nor to be secure in peace." Seneca *De tranquillitate animi* I 1.

69. Rousseau edited the Abbé de Saint Pierre's *Extrait du Projet de Paix Perpetuelle* (published in 1761) and wrote a critique of it (*Jugement sur le Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*) which appeared posthumously. For Rousseau's opinions on the Abbé's thought cf. *Confessions*, O.C. I, IX, pp. 422–424; Everyman's II, pp. 72–75. This project provided the inspiration for Kant's *Perpetual Peace*. Cf. p. 67 and note 28 above.

70. The misfortunes of Idomeneus (his sacrifice of his son, and his expulsion from Crete) are recounted in *Telemachus*, Book V. Salente is the new city over which Idomeneus rules after his expulsion from Crete. Telemachus arrives there in Book IX. The loyalty of Philocles, a true friend of Idomeneus, and the perfidy of Protesilaus, a false friend, are recounted in Books XIII–XIV. The attack of Adrastus upon the allied forces whom Telemachus aids is described in XVI–XVII, XX. Rousseau says in *Confessions* XII, O.C. I, p. 593; Everyman's II, p. 233, that he intended that Frederick II of Prussia be recognized under his description of Adrastus. He thereby makes clear that *Telemachus* is indeed intended to make the "invidious comparisons" he mentions in the next sentence.

71. The early manuscripts had the following notes: "I know only one exception to this rule. It is China. The author of the Spirit of the Laws excepted it too." Cf. Montesquieu *Spirit of the Laws* VIII 21.

72. Cf. Montesquieu *Spirit of the Laws* XXIII 21.

73. Cf. p. 31 and Preface, note 2.

74. "These are my wishes: a piece of land of moderate size." Horace *Satires* II 6. This line is also the epigraph of Book VI of the *Confessions*.